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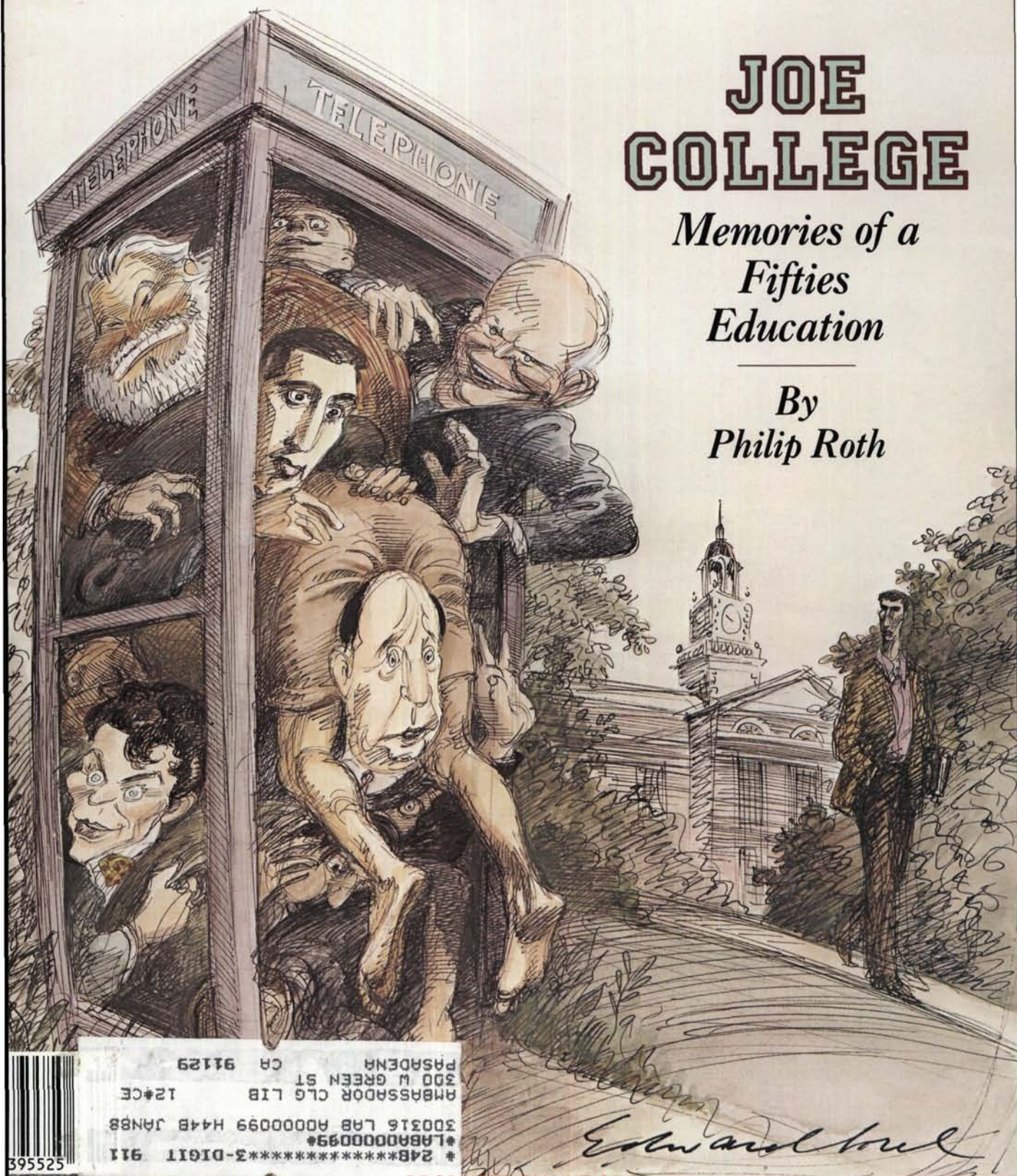
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A COOK'S CONVERSION TO MICROWAVE / THE REVOLUTION IN ZOO DESIGN

JOE COLLEGE

*Memories of a
Fifties
Education*

By
Philip Roth



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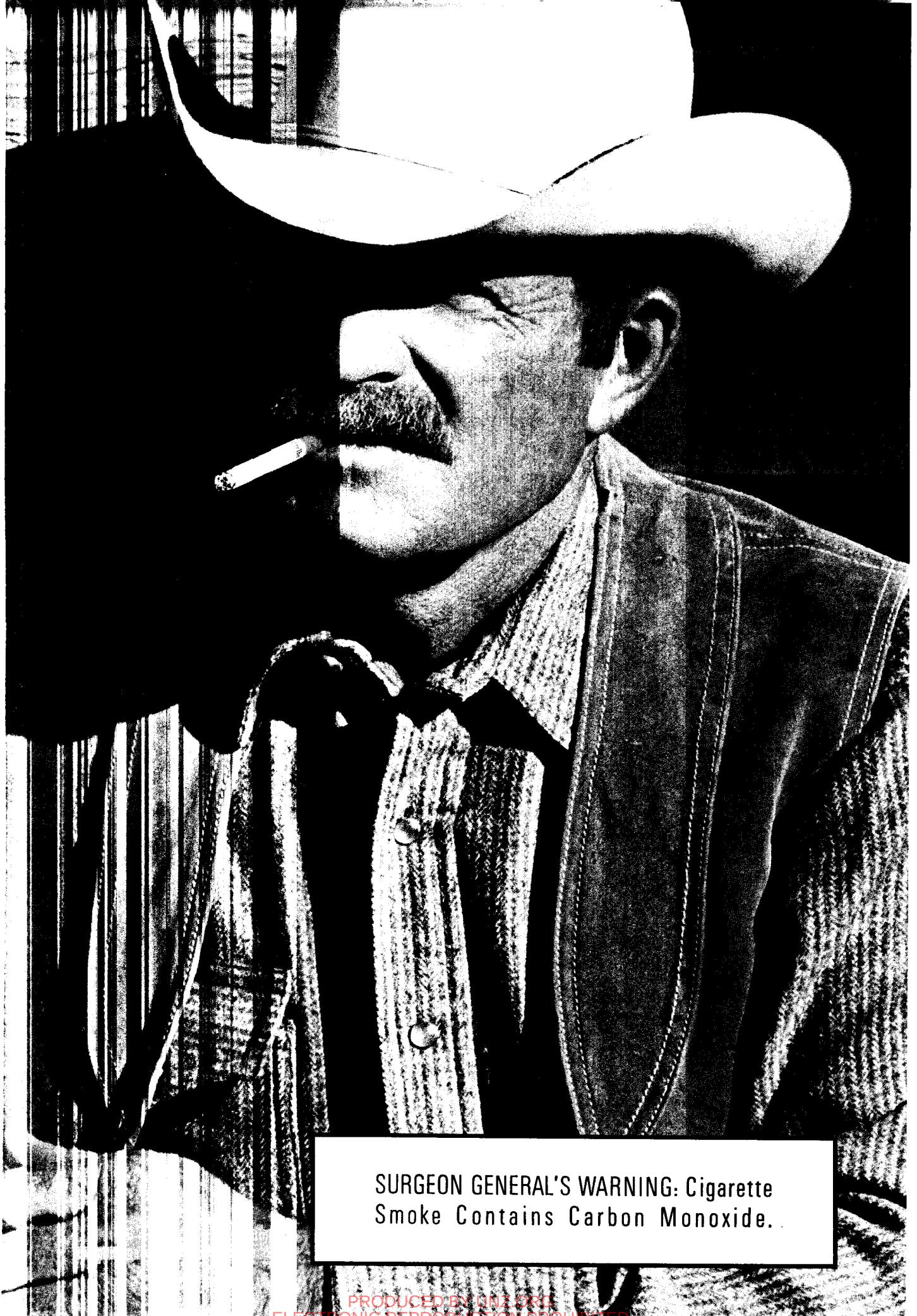
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DECLINE OF AMERICA

Paul Kennedy's treatise "The (Relative) Decline of America" (August *Atlantic*) is confusing.

Are we truly to believe that the restructuring of basic manufacturing in the United States is partial evidence of irreversible economic decline? Kennedy instructs us that this is one symptom and adds—tenuously—that the loss of a robust manufacturing base and a corps of skilled craftsmen has made it well-nigh impossible for us to fight a protracted major war similar to the Second World War. Or are we to believe that government spending for defense saps our economy of the vitality required to maintain our relative position in the global economy—another assertion in a labyrinthian argument? Although it has to be one or the other that is dragging us down, Kennedy says that both are spoiling our ability to fulfill the political—and, by extension, military—commitments we have made.

It seems to me that spending for defense props up certain types of basic manufacturing that might wither still more in the absence of spending. Tanks are made of steel, and steel for tanks is made in Pittsburgh. Without government demand, perhaps the steel industry would be worse off than it is. But Kennedy's logic is that we need basic manufacturing but we should avoid too much government spending on armaments, although defense spending stimulates the basic industries we need.

Unreasonable comparisons are made between the relative position of the United States in 1945 and in 1987. In 1945 the United States presided over a world ravaged by an enormously destructive war. Four decades of an approximation of peace have intervened. Frankly, I would expect our relative position to have declined. Japan and Germany grew from a destroyed industrial base, and the newly industrialized countries grew from no base at all. To maintain our relative position in steel, textiles, or electronics, capacity in these industries would have had to increase immensely: it doesn't take too much smarts to realize that to double a ten-ton steel plant takes less money than to increase a hundred-ton plant by half.

Kennedy also insists repeatedly on relating U.S. military outlays to world GNP. Why? U.S. GNP is the relevant measure if we are to judge the ability of the U.S. economy to support our political and military objectives (unless Kennedy believes that we are spending not enough because world GNP has grown too large). Anyway, the facts do not belie Kennedy out when he claims that our expenditures have become too great relatively. In 1955 the United States spent 9.6 percent of its GNP on national defense. In 1984 it spent 6.2 percent. Contrary to Kennedy's assertion, we are not spending an ever rising proportion of our national wealth on trying to defer ourselves and support our goals in an unruly world.

Finally, historical determinism is invoked to demonstrate the inevitability of U.S. decline. If, indeed, our fall from eminence is predestined by the mechanics of history, then why are so many arguments required to prove that it is happening again? And if Kennedy's arguments, confusing in their premise and are to be adhered to in their conclusion, all that is demanded on our part is to shrug our shoulders and offer an oath of resignation and accommodation. But perhaps we should not throw in the towel just yet: after all, there is a lot going on in that "complex, integrated world" which does not deserve the hospitality of being accommodated. Does Kennedy believe that we should just make room for apartheid in the panoply of ideologies, for example?

THOMAS C. KEENE
Cambridge, Ma

Paul Kennedy advocates that we reduce our military commitments abroad and use the savings to make our domestic economy stronger and more competitive. But national security and economic growth can be maintained without disengaging ourselves from the world—through America's foreign-economic-assistance program.

The U.S. bilateral economic-aid program languishes as the seventeenth largest among the world's donor nations relative to gross national product. Scandinavian countries contribute more than one percent of their GNP to developing countries, while the United States

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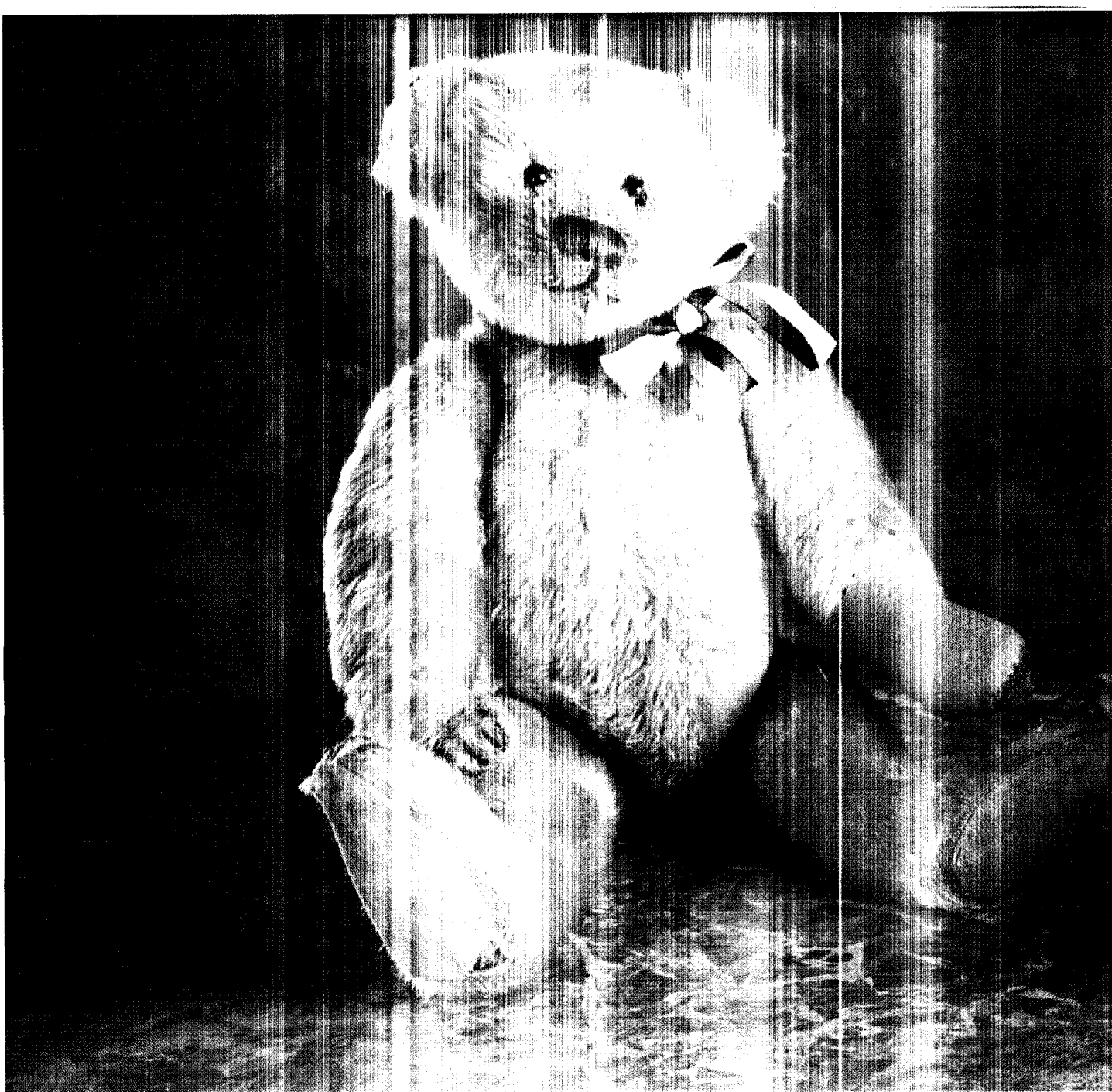
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can't muster one quarter of one percent. If foreign economic assistance had no value for U.S. economic and security objectives, this would be proper policy. But the program is vital to both kinds of American objectives.

Developing countries hold great potential for American exporters. They represent, for example, the fastest growing market for U.S. agricultural commodities and already buy half of our cereal and grain exports.

Overall, these countries buy 40 percent of U.S. exports. When their economies slow down, the U.S. balance of trade worsens. Our \$29 billion trade surplus with Latin America in 1981 became a \$23 billion trade deficit in 1986, largely because of a Latin American recession, which inhibited imports from the United States. That \$52 billion shift represents thousands of American jobs lost.

Economic growth in these nations is central to America's future commercial vitality. U.S. economic assistance supports that growth. In the Reagan Administration economic assistance has been targeted to stimulate broad-based economic development and is being used to help developing countries undertake difficult but long overdue economic-policy reforms.

U.S. economic aid also contributes to our national security. It promotes free enterprise and democracy in the developing world, and thwarts Marxism. In Haiti, where dictatorship was the norm, U.S. aid is being used to support the first attempt at open elections. In Central America economic aid helps stabilize volatile democracies by contributing to their economic health. But while U.S. economic assistance to the region has increased substantially under the Reagan Administration, the level of it is reportedly less than half the level of Soviet-bloc assistance received by Cuba and Nicaragua.

In the months and years ahead the debate on America's appropriate international role will become increasingly salient. Many will advocate a reduced U.S. presence in the world on the grounds that we have overextended ourselves and that we should focus on productive investment. U.S. foreign economic assistance is just that. It promotes our national and economic security. It happens to be one of America's most productive investments.

BEN POWELL
Agency for International Development
Washington, D.C.

I was amazed to read in Paul Kennedy's recent article that the United States spends approximately \$170 billion yearly on the defense of Europe and the Far East. The implications of this annual gift would be comical if they weren't so tragic. The U.S. deficit is roughly \$170 billion and is enhanced primarily by foreign borrowing (for example, from Japan and Europe). The net effect, then, is that the United States borrows from Western European countries and Japan, uses the money to pay the defense bills of those countries, and is saddled with a huge addition to its debt each year. The ultimate irony is that Japan and Europe, freed from the bulk of their military obligations, can devote more resources to developing and marketing superior products and services. The time has come for Europe and Japan, having done so well in the consumer marketplace, to take the responsibility for all their own defense as well.

KEVIN CLEWLEY
Greenwich, Conn.

Paul Kennedy argues persuasively in "The (Relative) Decline of America" that American power is eroding. He is less compelling in his analysis of the difficulty the United States faces in reformulating its "grand strategy." Here he launches, in this bicentennial of the Constitution, an Oliver North-type attack on the pillars of the democratic system. He argues that the electoral system, interest-group access, the media, social culture, and the separation of powers and its concomitant checks and balances are obstacles to the creation and implementation of a "coherent, long-term American grand strategy." Our adversaries "enjoy far fewer constraints." This is the same argument proffered by North and Poindexter to justify their crimes against U.S. democracy. American power exists to protect U.S. national security, the American way of life. The core and essence of this way of life is the political system. The logic of Kennedy's argument turns this reality upside down. It would have us change the political system to preserve the empire. This logic extended to its extreme would have us throw out the baby and preserve the bathwater. Fortunately, as the recent Contragate hearings demonstrate, the traditional political system has enough fight in it yet to give our homegrown contras fits.

WALTER L. GORDON, III
Los Angeles, Calif.

Paul Kennedy replies:

Thomas Keene's scatter-gun attack caused me to re-read my article to see if it contained all the contradictions he detected. Its final paragraph—which my friends have told me was too optimistic—hardly accords with Keene's description of "historical determinism." And while he is correct that the share of GNP this country now allocates to defense is less than the share in 1955, the much more pertinent facts (as I remarked in my article) are that America's shares of global production and wealth were at that time around twice what they are today and, more particularly, that the American economy was not then facing challenges to either its traditional or its high-technology manufactures. A strong man, like an unrivaled economy, can bear a heavy burden; when he is weaker even a lesser burden may be too much. Why does Keene find that "confusing"?

Keene's first two paragraphs point out contradictions that aren't really there. To be sure, Pentagon contracts prop up certain types of basic manufacturing, but is hardly reassuring to consider that such "kept industries" would shrivel further without those special supports. When one recalls that internationally competitive American industry could "surge" forward from 1941 to 1945 under the demands of war, is not today's erosion of manufacturing plant and skilled labor a national concern? The point is that having a flourishing productive base that can be called upon to support the armed services where necessary is far better than using Defense Department contracts to bolster declining industries.

I have no disagreement with Ben Powell's proposal to boost America's foreign economic-assistance program, since the prosperity of developing countries clearly helps our capital-goods exports.

Kevin Clewley's suggestion that the Japanese and the Europeans assume a larger share of the West's overall defense burden is also valid—up to a point. But it ignores other aspects of "burden-sharing" (such as the social cost of maintaining conscription in a country like West Germany). It may be presuming too cheerily that if those other nations increased their defense spending by \$1 billion, this country's total would be chopped by a similar amount. And it ignores certain delicate and rarely asked political questions, such as, "What might be the long-term consequences for America of encouraging the Japanese to spend as much as several hundred billion

on on their armed forces each year?"

Walter Gordon's polemic is pitched at different level. He appears to believe that any criticism of the workings of the U.S. Constitution in respect of strategic and foreign affairs is *ipso facto* insidious and proceeds from right-wing ("Oliver North-type") circles. I was thinking about uncontestedly democratic constitutions that nevertheless operate along different, and usually smoother, lines—such as, for example, in a Cabinet system of government. My guess is that all democratic systems have constitutional strengths and weaknesses, and that the American one may be better at (say) protecting local government than at carrying out grand strategy. If Gordon's ethnocentricity makes him believe that the present arrangements of the U.S. Constitution are superior in *all* respects, there will be no persuading him otherwise.

CAT CITY

Thank you very much for Cullen Murphy's insightful and entertaining "Going to the Cats" (August *Atlantic*).

tic). It is the clearest evidence yet that "morning in America" has come and gone. The feline trend is so strong that my normally sensible brother, who grew up with a series of wonderful dogs, now sits around with a cat in his lap—and claims to like it! I hope Murphy will take a look at the struggle between wood and aluminum baseball bats.

BENNETT H. BEACH
Bethesda, Md.

Although I realize that red-neck Florida country is not necessarily typical of the nation as a whole, it is difficult to accept Cullen Murphy's premise that cats now outnumber dogs.

People are so afraid of burglars that they are obtaining dogs faster than firearms. Whether they always buy dog food for them is questionable.

In my block of eight houses, six of them occupied year-round, I know of fourteen dogs and eighteen people. This does not count the thirteen dogs immediately across the street from my home. After frequently riding a bicycle around this town of 6,000 people, I would estimate about the same ratio of

people to dogs. As for cats, I have seen only three different ones, counting an old tom who was destroyed by a pack of dogs.

As long as Americans continue to be so frightened, there will be no widespread reduction in the number of dogs. The joke is that ownership of a dog, or even of several vicious ones, rarely keeps the homeowner from being robbed.

WILLIAM M. WILKERSON
Florida City, Fla.

ICELANDIC WATERS

In his report on Iceland's struggle for cultural self-determination ("A Nonesuch People," September *Atlantic*) Brad Leithauser writes that regulations like the one requiring nationalized Icelanders to take new, Icelandic names would be regarded as infringements of civil liberties in the United States. Indeed, one would expect that in the United States, which is a hundred times the size of Iceland and occupies a predominant cultural and political role in the

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world, such measures would not be necessary.

What to make, then, of the forcible "Americanization" of names at Ellis Island, the prohibition against French in Louisiana, and the current drive to protect the official status of English in the southwestern United States? How big and important does a country have to be before it has enough self-confidence to avoid trampling on the cultural toes of its own residents?

MARC A. SCHINDLER
Gloucester, Ontario

Brad Leithauser writes, "The first settlers are believed to have been troglodytic Irish monks who arrived around the sixth century A.D. and mysteriously vanished before the year 1000." What's mysterious to me is not that they vanished but that an isolated colony of celibates managed to survive for nearly 400 years (or did it merely *seem* that long to them?).

JOHN HEINEGG
Bellows Falls, Vt.

I very much enjoyed Brad Leithauser's study of Iceland. However, I question his assertion that Icelandic is the oldest living European language. I was always led to believe that my native language, Welsh, claimed that distinction, and I am supported in my belief by Jan Morris, who makes the same claim in her book *The Matter of Wales*.

GWENITH MUNRO
Humboldt, Saskatchewan

AIDS AND INSECTS

Katie Leishman is quite right: AIDS raises more questions than it answers ("AIDS and Insects," September *Atlantic*).

Why did the Centers for Disease Control rule out pubic lice as an epidemiological factor in the spread of AIDS? Ms. Leishman quotes Terri Meinking as saying that she would not put it past a crab louse (to transmit AIDS). Anorectal syphilis and anorectal gonorrhea were at epidemic proportions among gay men until recent times. It is very likely that infection with crabs was also quite prevalent among gay men. Why not investigate the capability of pubic lice to transmit HIV?

Kaposi's sarcoma seen in AIDS in the United States is confined almost exclusively to gay men. They account for

about 95 percent of KS AIDS cases. Two facts to note about KS AIDS are that the rate of increase is declining in both the United States and Haiti, which is puzzling the CDC, and that it is known that blood from donors who later developed KS has been used in transfusions but that the recipients did not develop KS. These two facts may indicate that another factor, apart from infection with HIV, is responsible for the development of KS in gay men and Haitians with AIDS.

If the CDC is really serious about investigating the role of arthropods in transmitting AIDS, then I suggest it send its research entomologist to the dunes and groves on Fire Island between The Pines and Cherry Grove, where many a gay man has been bitten by mosquitoes and other unknown insects. The entomologist may also wish to examine the bird droppings in that area. Some of the organisms that cause other opportunistic infections seen in AIDS are known to be carried in bird droppings.

PETER PATRICK
Washington, D.C.

Thank you for Katie Leishman's article on the AIDS research establishment's closed-mindedness when it comes to alternative theories of the cause of the disease. Certain of Leishman's statements, however, conflict directly with the "facts" of AIDS as I have learned them. She says that current tests "measure not the HIV virus itself but an enzyme associated with it, reverse transcriptase." But the most common test of AIDS patients documents the presence of the HIV antibody (not reverse transcriptase). Indeed, the presence of the HIV antibody is what is meant by seroconversion. It merely indicates exposure, at some time, to HIV, not the current presence of the virus.

Leishman writes that "generally, the HIV virus has been detected in no more than half of AIDS cases." But detection of the actual virus, through cell cultures, is a very expensive and not very common process. Does Leishman mean detection of the actual virus? In that case, her statement is misleading, since cell cultures have been performed in only a small percentage of cases. Or does she mean detection of the AIDS antibody? In that case, I believe the statement is mistaken and I would like to know her sources for that information.

BRAD ASHER
Linden, N.J.

Katie Leishman replies:

Mr. Asher is writing about the screening test used to establish whether or not a person has been exposed to the virus. My article was describing laboratory assays to measure the virus for experimental purposes. The observation about detection of HIV in AIDS cases concerns various studies in which attempts have been made to culture the virus from lymphocytes taken from AIDS patients.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD

James Fallows ("Japan: Playing by Different Rules," September *Atlantic*) is wrong when he asserts that Korean workers are "willing to work for low wages." In fact Korean workers have never willingly acquiesced in exploitive labor policies. The Korean government crushed every attempt by workers to better their lot. Their "willingness" to work sixty- or seventy-hour weeks producing automobiles they couldn't afford to own was a myth. The fact is that the unions were brutally repressed.

The AFL-CIO has cared—and complained—about the denial of trade union rights to Korean workers. And now the means is at hand to bring some real pressure to bear. In 1985 America labor used its influence in the legislative process to get workers'-rights language into laws governing trade privileges. The Korean economy benefits from duty-free importing (to the tune of \$2.5 billion) under the Generalized System of Preferences alone. The U.S. special trade representative will be examining the case of Korea (as well as those of Turkey, Indonesia, Thailand, and Taiwan) to see if workers are given a fair chance to form unions and bargain effectively and also enjoy other internationally recognized labor standards. The beleaguered Federation of Korean Trade Unions has been fighting for years for genuine reform of the nation's labor code.

CHARLES D. GRAHAM
*Asian-American Free Labor Institute
Washington, D.C.*

James Fallows's article in the September *Atlantic* set forth options for dealing with the trade imbalance with Japan very clearly and gave us a lot of interesting information on Japan and the Japanese, but he did Adam Smith a disservice in suggesting that Japanese people do not conform to the usual model of economic man. The confusion arose

from Fallows's reference to the decisions and preferences of "Japan" as opposed to "the Japanese people" or "the Japanese government." In fact the behavior that he describes is almost entirely that of the Japanese government. I found only one example of individual behavior that seems odd by U.S. standards: that of the glass-company executive who insisted on buying soda ash from his school chum—and he is protected from the consequences by government policies that restrict imports of *his* products.

Governments, not consumers, adopt mercantilist policies. If history is any guide, this policy has about run its course in Japan, and the trade imbalance will rectify itself—but only if President Reagan's budget deficits are reduced, principally by cutting defense spending.

JOHN V. BUFFINGTON
Philadelphia, Pa.

DIETARY FAT

I enjoyed reading Ellen Ruppel Shell's article "Snake Oil" (August *Atlantic*). In general, the article's conclusions are well founded; such pointedly good advice is rare in nutrition writing.

Shell's cursory dismissal of the benefits of omega-3 fish oils is, however, poorly founded. More than 200 epidemiologic and clinical research studies are beginning to confirm the importance of two omega-3 fatty acids, EPA and DHA, in our diets. Shell's inference that omega-3s lower cholesterol in the way that other polyunsaturated fats do is correct. However, positive associations between fish-oil consumption and the absence of many other diseases and conditions have been demonstrated. Omega-3s have been shown to have beneficial effects on blood pressure, blood "thickness," blood triglycerides, arthritis, migraine headaches, and neo-pre-natal eye and brain development. These positive effects are far more extensive than those enjoyed when aspirin is consumed regularly. Further, the statement that "much of the fish sold in this country is taken from polluted waters" is irresponsible.

The National Institutes of Health, which makes recommendations based on medical and scientific consensus, calls for Americans to increase their consumption of fish in order to encourage lower-fat meals and the introduction of omega-3s into the diet.

The substitution of fish and fish oils

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for other sources of protein and fat should be an important part of a responsible, well-balanced diet.

RICHARD DEVEREAUX KILEY
The OmegaSource Corporation
Minneapolis, Minn.

Will Ellen Ruppel Shell explain her statement that fish oil “may, theoretically, reduce heart-attack risk by interfering with blood clotting”? I ask this because of my understanding that fish oil is high in vitamin K, a dearth of which is supposed to depress the human-blood clotting mechanism. Hence, anticoagulant therapy is said to be impeded by a diet high in vitamin K.

J. MACDONALD
Mahwah, N.J.

Ellen Ruppel Shell replies:

Omega-3 fatty acids found in fish oil do seem to lower serum cholesterol levels in humans. However, the dose required for this effect is very large: the equivalent of fifteen to twenty fish-oil capsules a day. Fish oil may also be of minimal benefit in the treatment of rheumatoid arthritis, but, again, the dose required is very large: fifteen capsules a day. The effects of such high doses of fish oil are unknown, and the consumption of capsules of it is not recommended by any medical authority. The National Institutes of Health has called for a decrease in the consumption of all fats, an end that would not be served by eating fatty fish-oil supplements.

J. MacDonald is correct in his or her understanding that vitamin K promotes blood clotting and that fish oil, like all oil, is a good source of vitamin K. However, fish oil also contains eicosapentaenoic acid (EPA), which in large doses is an effective anticoagulant. The effect of EPA overrides that of vitamin K in fish oil. However, the anticoagulant action of large doses of EPA is potentially as dangerous as it is beneficial.

ADVICE & CONSENT

In her letter to the editor in the September *Atlantic*, Colleen Farrell wondered about the legality and morality of using a word in Scrabble for which one does not know the definition. A question of even greater moral complexity, still to be solved by the great minds of the game, is, Should a player use a combination of letters which he or she knows is *not* a word?

Use of the *Official Scrabble Players Dictionary*, which has re-introduced words that Chaucer might have considered quaint, together with the rule that allows one player to challenge the legitimacy of an opponent's word, has not rendered the question moot. Paradoxically, the player with great familiarity with the *OSPD* gains a greater advantage in making up words. Remember, the penalty for an unsuccessful challenge is loss of a turn. When across the table from a player suspected of doing even a fraction of the memorization that Barry Chamish suggests makes for expert play, one would think twice before challenging an unfamiliar letter combination.

Is the point of Scrabble to gain as high a score as possible in pursuit of victory, or to challenge your facility with the (genuine) language? I suspect that when you've bothered to devote any portion of your life to memorizing all of the four-letter words, you've given up all claims to the latter in pursuit of the former.

ANDY SILOW CARROLL
Rego Park, N.Y.

Nicholas Lemann (“Hard Times in the Big Easy,” August *Atlantic*) would be even less sanguine about the future of New Orleans if he had lived there at all recently. While he is surely right to remark that not the least of his home town's problems arise from the fact of its being located in Louisiana, rather than in any other of the United States, sympathetic observers may be forgiven for wondering if, left to its own miserable devices, New Orleans would be able to improve upon whatever appalling solution is finally handed down by the wretched Solomons in Baton Rouge. In this blind corner of the Caribbean, sad to relate, the one-eyed man is everywhere king.

Any serious approach to the problem accepts the futility of reform. In New Orleans no less than in Louisiana, where acts of God alone have the power to challenge the authority of willful ignorance, the very concept goes begging for sense. If, therefore, the Mississippi should burst its banks near Natchez—as the Army Corps of Engineers fully anticipates will happen within the next fifty years—and resume its historical southerly course through the Atchafalaya Basin to the Gulf of Mexico, bypassing New Orleans and cutting off the southeastern part of Louisiana from the north and southwest, a great opportunity will present itself.

In that event Louisiana may be divided, like Caesar's Gaul, into three parts which should then be annexed to the neighboring states, Texas taking the mineral-rich bayous west of the Mississippi's new course as far north as Alexandria, Arkansas taking the poor agraria territory lying above this latitude, and Mississippi taking the timbered low lands and swamp to the east of the river including New Orleans.

This particular solution—causing Louisiana to cease to exist—is recommended not only by its elegance but also by a great many practical advantages. I will therefore be dismissed as absurd by both friends and enemies of New Orleans. Those, however, who wish to arrest the otherwise irreversible decline of this most distinctive of American cities will find themselves obliged by what the earliest residents would have called *la force des choses* to welcome it as a very modest proposal indeed.

M. DEBEVOISE
Tokyo, Japan

I was amazed to read in Cullen Murphy's “The Longest Day” (June *Atlantic*) that a British archaeologist said that the windows of the Oval Office might be shown to be a primitive observatory. That is not possible, at least not in the manner of Stonehenge. The Oval Office does not have stone archways in side to make the backsight. Nor do I think one can see the summer sunrise from there.

Ever since 1963, when I showed the astronomical connection, a few archaeologists in the U.K. have taken potshots at my theory. Twenty-four years later they continue to say that the pointing of the ancient stones and archways to the standstills of the sun and moon is the hapless result of chance. That argument was laid to rest, mathematically speaking, by the British astrophysicist Douglas Hoggie, who calculated the odds as better than 10,000 to one in favor of the sight lines being real and intended.

Stonehenge marks the sun and moon today approximately as it did 4,000 years ago. Earth would have to topple on its axis to make those alignments go away.

No doubt, though, for those “Longest Day” archaeologists, the game will linger on, for such is their prejudice toward the intellect of ancient Britons, and such is their vested interest in the old idea about Stonehenge.

GERALD S. HAWKIN
Washington, D.C.

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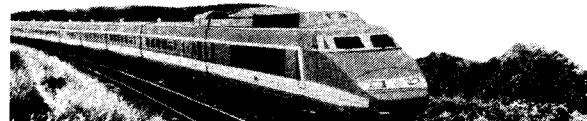
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THE DECEMBER ALMANAC



DEMOGRAPHICS

The number of Americans offering to lend a hand in shelters and soup kitchens reaches an annual peak this month. The Americans most likely to do volunteer work, a recent Gallup survey found, are disproportionately white, female, aged 35 to 49, residents of the West and Midwest, and affluent. People who have children under age 18 are more likely to contribute time than those who do not. If Americans were paid the average hourly wage (\$9.61) by the government for all the hours they spend volunteering, the federal deficit would increase by \$110 billion, or roughly half.

GOVERNMENT

December 31, on this day some 70 metropolitan areas across the nation will fail to meet a deadline for reducing their levels of atmospheric ozone (to 0.12 parts per million) and carbon monoxide (to 9 parts per million) mandated by the 1970 Clean Air Act. Also on this day a law that earmarks money for the Airport and Airway Trust Fund expires, though Congress is set to renew it. The fund's current balance is about \$6 billion; 90 percent of this has come from an 8 percent tax on every domestic airline ticket sold in the past 10 years. The money, which is supposed to be used to improve and develop airport facilities and the air-traffic-control system, is being withheld by the Administration because the surplus, which may reach \$10 billion by 1990, appears to reduce the size of the federal deficit.



HEALTH & SAFETY

December 3, the 20th anniversary of the first successful human heart transplant. The operation was performed by Dr. Christiaan Barnard at Groote Schuur Hospital, in Cape Town, South Africa. The recipient was 55-year-old Louis Washkansky, who received the heart of a 25-year-old woman who had died in an automobile accident. Last year some 1,600 heart transplants were performed worldwide, most of them in the United States. The 5-year survival rate, with current immuno-suppressive technology, is 86 percent, comparable to the survival rate for double-bypass heart surgery. Ninety-four hospitals in the United States are equipped to perform heart transplants. As many as 20,000 Americans a year could benefit from such surgery; it is the number of available donor hearts that limits the number of operations. A new federal law, known as Required Request, may ease the situation. It requires hospitals to approach all patients or their families about the possibility of donating organs; it also outlines uniform criteria for their distribution.



THE SKIES

December 5, Full Moon, also known this month as the Yule or Long Night Moon. 20, New Moon. 22, the Winter Solstice, the day the Sun stands still (*solstice*) at the southernmost part of its journey through the sky. The day of the Winter Solstice was the main day of the Yule Girth festival of the Goths and Saxons, when great bonfires were lit to celebrate the impending return of the Sun. It was called Midwinter's Day in medieval times. Also on this day Venus and the Moon form a pretty picture in the southwest, only 2 degrees apart.

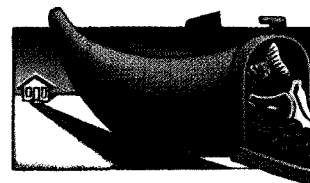
ARTS & LETTERS

December 10, the Nobel Prizes to be awarded for physics, chemistry, physiology and medicine, literature, and economics, in Stockholm, Sweden; and for peace, in Oslo, Norway. 14, the fourth annual list of the 10 most boring celebrities—based on "massive media overexposure"—to be released today by the Boring Institute, of Maplewood, N.J. Last year's No. 1 slot went to Joan Rivers; the Meese Pornography Commission took No. 10. The finalists this year include Oliver North, Jim and Tammy Bakker, Donna Rice, Bruce Willis, Max Headroom, and the British royal family. Our nominee: the U.S. Constitution.



ENVIRONMENT

"The sun that brief December day/Rose cheerless over hills of gray,/And, darkly circled, gave at noon/A sadder light than waning moon."—John Greenleaf Whittier. December 16, the National Audubon Society's annual Christmas Bird Count gets under way. Throughout North and Central America as many as 41,000 birdwatchers will conduct an inventory of all the birds within certain prescribed areas. The final tallies are invaluable to ornithologists and good indicators of the overall health of the environment. During the past decade Audubon birdwatchers have confirmed the recovery of the populations of raptors most affected by DDT (the bald eagle, the osprey, and the peregrine falcon), the flourishing of the house finch in the East, and the dramatic expansion of the tufted titmouse into the Northeast. Vagrants are always found. Last year Audubon birdwatchers found a brown shrike and an Oriental greenfinch, both natives of Asia, in California.



FOOD

At least half the food the Americans order through catalogues is shipped during the holiday season. The 3 most popular categories, to judge from the volume of sales, are dairy (mostly cheese), fruit, and meats and fish. The \$16 million worth of cheese the Americans ship to themselves at holiday time contains a amount of pure cholesterol—1 billion milligrams—equal to the mass of two Indian elephants.

25 YEARS AGO

C. G. Jung, writing in the December, 1962, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "A man should be able to say he has done his best to form a conception of life after death, or to create some image of it—even if he must confess his failure. Not to have done so is a vital loss. . . . Reason sets the boundaries far too narrowly for us, and would have us accept only the known—an that, too, with limitations—an live in a known framework, just as if we were sure how far life actually extends. As a matter of fact, day after day we live far beyond the bounds of our consciousness; without our knowledge, the life of the unconscious is also going on within us. The more the critical reason dominates, the more impoverished life becomes; but the more of the unconscious and the more of myth we are capable of making conscious, the more of life we integrate. Overvalued reason has this in common with political absolutism under its dominion the individual is pauperized."



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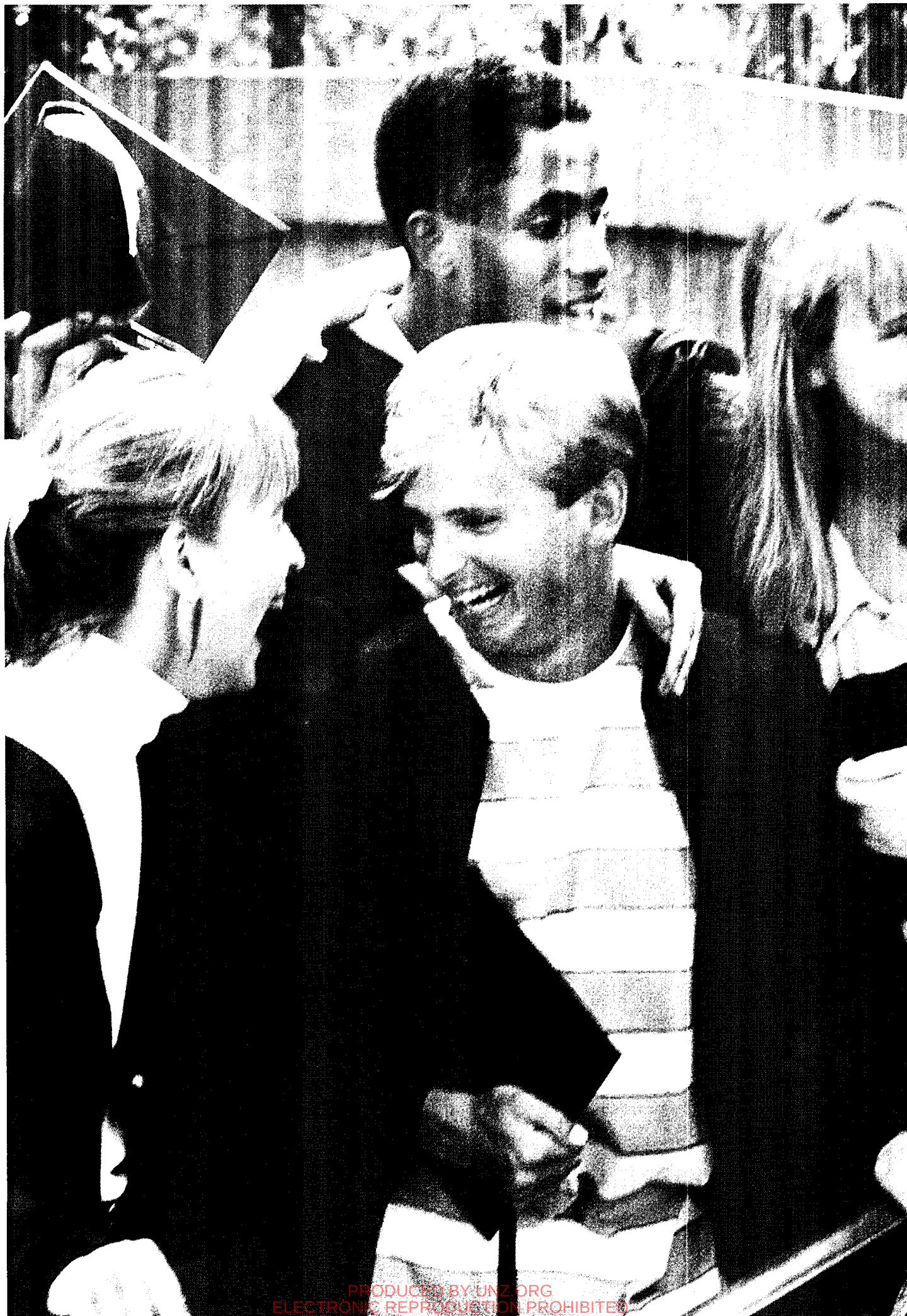


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NOTES

THE SPEECH

For political strategists, one of the newest weapons in the quest to understand how Americans react to candidates and their ideas is a personal computer that measures an audience's response instantly and then calculates changes from second to second. Proponents of the system say that the device can produce the sort of fast, detailed information that candidates and their consultants have craved.

—The New York Times

MAYOR CLARK, Sheriff Ogilvie, my fellow Americans: I come before you today here in lovely Torpedos County as a candidate for the nation's highest office. And I want to talk about an issue that deeply worries everyone in this community—the troubled state of America's farm economy.

Friends, I can tell from my . . . from your faces that this country's farm problems don't bother you in the least. But they are a frightening symptom of the nation's larger economic malaise. This may also, I am willing to concede, be of no more than passing concern, but it directly affects America's conduct of foreign policy in places as diverse as Afghanistan, Central America, the Philippines, and the Middle East. It is becoming clear that . . . indeed, it is now quite clear that you don't care about any of these places, and yet the way in which our great party—a party that, I feel constrained to admit, also has its share of flaws; even, dare I say?, even, let me be the first to say, gross defects—the way in which this party has been handling such difficult global issues could mean the difference between the re-election of lo-

cal officeholders like Sheriff Ogilvie, who has admirably served this community for seventeen . . . between the defeat of Sheriff Ogilvie, who in seventeen years has branded many in this room with the grim stamp of oppression, and the election of a far better candidate. Ours is, we all must recognize, an interdependent world (applause).

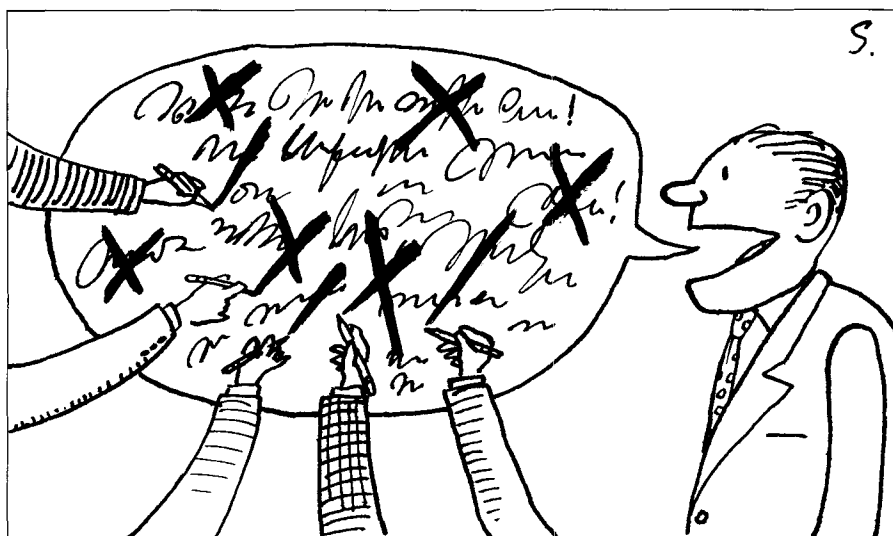
Friends, I'd like to seize this opportunity to dwell on the deeper moral issues—abortion, pornography, prayer in the schools—that trouble everyone in this audience, although apparently not that much. And so I will be blunt: environmental issues are of as much concern to me as they are to you. Let us talk, therefore, about arms control. Let us quickly go on to nuclear waste. And let us skip over welfare, hospital-cost containment, and trade with Canada. For I want to talk to you today about tax reform. And I think I can say without fear of contradiction that the time for such talk has passed (applause).

We were discussing protectionism. In that connection I'd like to touch on

Third World debt—and I guess I just have. The challenges posed by the European Economic Community are enormous. And yet what about acid rain? It may fall far away and much to the north, but . . . and that is a good thing. The federal deficit, on the other hand, falls heavily on us all. The deficit doesn't interest you a bit, I sense, and yet our indebtedness is deep, as deep as the swiftly running waters of the Rio Torpedos will be when harnessed behind the new dam. I have grave reservations about this project, which will drive many valley residents from the homes they have . . . from the ramshackle eyesores that have been a source of embarrassment to many of you in Hillside for more than a century. And so I say, dam the Torpedos, full speed ahead (applause).

Ladies and gentlemen, we have looked the tough issues square in the face. But the real issue in any campaign comes down, of course, to character. Thank you, and good night (standing ovation).

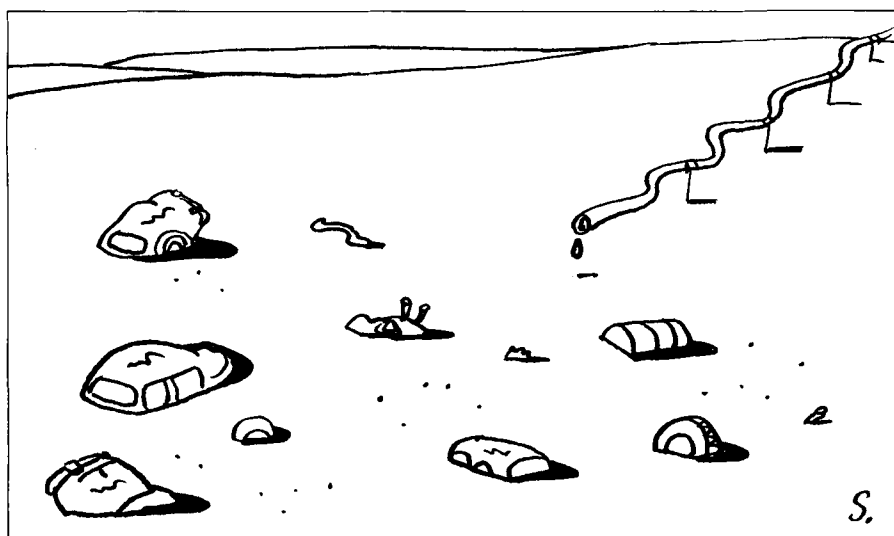
—Cullen Murphy



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THE UNITED STATES, having pumped more oil for longer than any other country, has largely depleted its cheapest oil. More oil can be found, but only at higher cost and in more remote and fragile places. Foreign oil now costs less to find and extract than ours, and despite American technological prowess, the cost gap will gradually widen. Only three responses to this trend seem to be available at present: protectionism, trade, and substitution.

The protectionist option. Many U.S. oil companies, like companies in other industries whose products can no longer compete in global markets, want tariffs that will make imported oil look as costly as domestic, or a restoration of recently reduced government subsidies that made domestic oil look as cheap as imported, or both. Tariffs would encourage, and subsidies discourage, the more efficient use of oil. Either move would stimulate domestic exploration and extraction of oil, but with side effects. Either move would make Americans pay more for oil than others pay, making the U.S. economy less competitive. Worse, by making new domestic oil look cheaper than it really is—at least, relative to foreign oil—either move would

speed up the very depletion that was supposedly such a worry in the first place.

A more thoughtful variation on the protectionist theme would be to raise the taxes on gasoline and other oil products to discourage consumption. This wouldn't affect oil companies' choices between drilling for oil at home and importing it from abroad: they would do whatever was least expensive—namely, import. It could, however, keep domestic oil companies in business longer, because reduced consumption would slow oil depletion. Unfortunately, though tax increases would spur oil savings by those who could afford to buy more-efficient cars (half our oil is used on the highway), they would burden those who can barely afford the cars they have. More generally, any tax on final energy products is disproportionately hard on people with low incomes, because they spend a larger fraction of their income on fuel. An oil tax would also further distort investment and purchasing choices between oil and other fuels. Both these problems could be avoided by uniformly taxing *all* depletable fuels as they come out of the ground or into the country. That might be a good idea, and it could greatly enrich the Treasury, but it's an oblique, long-term response to the depletion of low-cost U.S. oil.

The trade option. The free-trade alternative to protectionism is to buy the cheapest oil, even if it's foreign. Americans are doing just that. Last year net imports rose to 33 percent of all oil used in the United States—less than throughout 1973–1981, much less than the all-time high of 46 percent, which occurred in 1977, but a bit above the recent low of

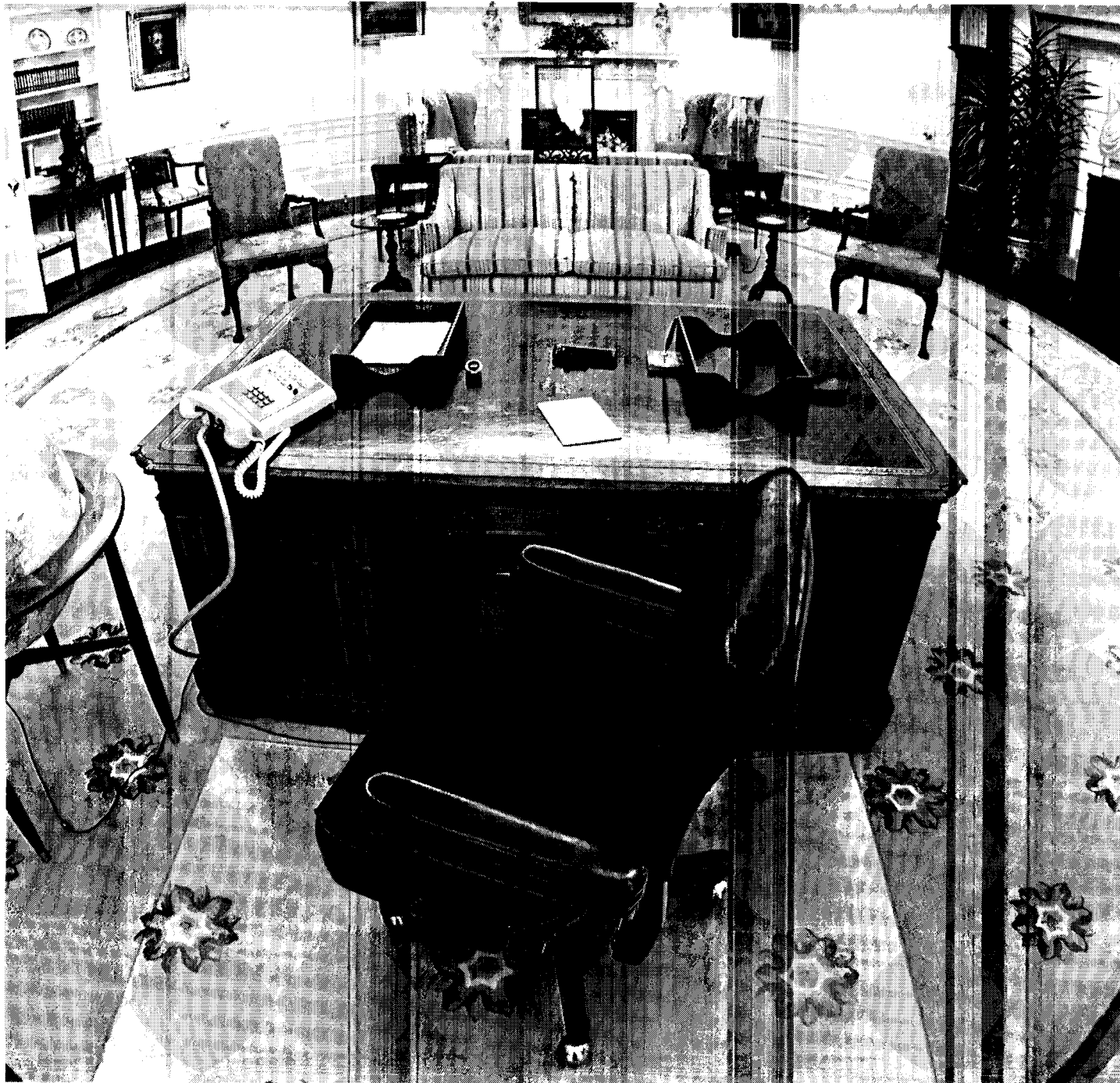
27 percent, achieved in 1985. The halving of world oil prices last year, brought about largely by the previous decade U.S. oil savings, prompted a temporary 3.5 percent boost in domestic oil use while discouraging costly domestic output. If these two trends were to continue (unlikely, since oil prices have about doubled again), they could drive imports above 50 percent of the oil we will use in the 1990s.

Of course, the United States already imports many commodities that others produce better or more cheaply than we do: in 1986, for example, we imported 75 percent of the nickel we used, 92 percent of the bauxite, 70 percent of the tungsten, and 83 percent of the tin. We import coffee and cattle, fish and cheese, perfume and beer, cars and televisions. To pay for these or any other imports, we must export something else that others prefer to buy from us. As Japan has demonstrated, a major industrial power can import nearly all its oil, but we did that, we would have to match Japan's export success as well. To be sure, the potential balance-of-trade burden is easily exaggerated: the U.S. trade deficit for energy, having peaked at \$75 billion in 1980, had fallen to \$29 billion last year. This was a striking reduction, but those gains were more than offset by this year's \$110 billion deficit on *non-energy* imports. Nonetheless, if oil again costs \$24 a barrel, as U.S. oil did in 1980, and if we imported as much of it as we did in the 1977 peak, the dollar outflow would match that of 1980.

A deeper fear is that foreign oil can be cut off by war or politics, much as the United States has embargoed wheat and soybean exports to previously trusting trading partners. For many Americans, the possibility of oil cutoffs suggests not just the inconvenience of gas lines but a threat to this nation's military power—although the latter idea is probably an exaggeration, since the Department of Defense uses less than three percent of the nation's oil and is so unconcerned about oil cutoffs that it is depleting its Naval Petroleum Reserve.

National security is too important to be cheapened by invoking it for special pleading. Those who say that national security requires the substitution of costlier domestic oil for foreign oil are glossing over three sets of basic facts.

First, conditions today bear little relation to those of 1973. OPEC now provides only 30 percent of the world's oil output, not 56 percent, and the Persian



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Gulf only 19 percent, not 37 percent. Oil is plentiful, not in short supply; the oil market favors buyers, not sellers. Once-rich oil exporters, now struggling with budget deficits, can hardly sacrifice revenues, let alone destroy the value of the Western assets that harbor their shrinking cash reserves.

Supplies, stocks, and transportation and marketing arrangements have also become enormously more diverse and flexible than they were fourteen years ago. Overland routes to Red Sea and Mediterranean ports now exist, and other parts of the world (Venezuela, Mexico, Nigeria, Indonesia) have two to three million barrels a day of spare output capacity. Five million barrels of oil a day could be immediately forthcoming if needed. In the first half of this year only about seven million barrels a day came through the Strait of Hormuz—roughly half the early-1980s level.

Second, four specific precautions or countermeasures against oil cutoffs are now available: friendly relations, diversification, stockpiling, and military intervention.

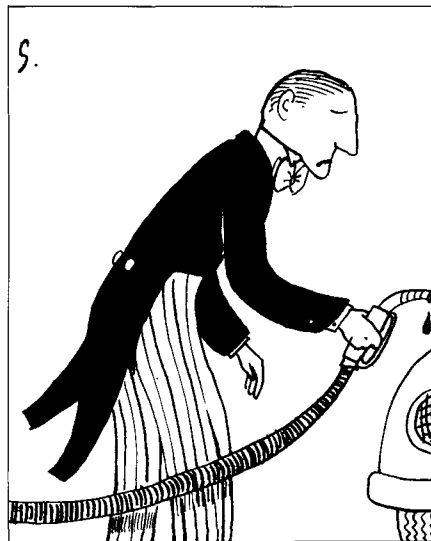
The most effective approach would be simply to behave so that others want to continue doing business with us—specifically, those others with whom we have interests in common. In the 1990s, when most U.S. oil imports will probably come from Mexico, Venezuela, and Canada, we may wish we had devoted to those countries' prosperity, stability, and friendship a tenth of the attention we're now lavishing on arguably less vital relationships in the Persian Gulf. Instead, our policies on such issues as immigration, debt, trade, Nicaragua, and acid rain are souring relations in the Western Hemisphere for decades to come.

The United States has already diversified its oil sources. More than half of our net oil imports last year came from the Western Hemisphere and Britain. Of all oil used by the United States in 1986, just 17 percent came from OPEC (including such countries as Nigeria, Indonesia, and Venezuela), seven percent from Arab countries, and less than six percent from the Persian Gulf.

Another basic precaution—stockpiling, in the 530-million-barrel Strategic Petroleum Reserve and in private reserves—has already been taken, and not just by the United States. Japan, for example, has about 150 million barrels of crude oil in anchored tankers—a month's worth of oil, for all uses, for the country. Government stockpiles among

twenty-one advanced nations now contain about 800 million barrels—more than four times the 1979 level. This very large reserve, bought at high cost, can make up for more than a year the net deficit that might be caused by a sudden cutoff of shipments through the Strait of Hormuz. A year is long enough for fuel-switching and the reactivation of shut-in wells to fill the gap: the noncommunist world's spare oil-extracting capacity on such a time scale is about 10 million barrels a day, or more than a fifth of the same countries' total oil demand.

Still remaining is the option (assuming it is considered moral, effective, and safe) of threatening to use or using force to maintain access to foreign oil. This card, however, has already been overplayed, and the stakes are high. Earl Ravenal, of the Georgetown University



School of Foreign Service, found that in fiscal year 1985 alone, before the *Stark* attack, the United States spent \$47 billion projecting power into the Persian Gulf: \$468 per barrel imported from the Gulf in that year, or eighteen times the \$27 or so that we paid for the oil itself.

Of course, more is at stake in the Gulf than simply the flow of oil to the United States. We are, however, paying a heavy price to ensure that oil is shipped—from a war zone partly of our own making—to ourselves (we receive about 10 percent of the Gulf's oil) and to our business competitors (about 90 percent). What's more, we're paying the price in money borrowed from those competitors and from the oil exporters themselves.

Persian Gulf oil, whose total purchase-plus-military cost in fiscal year 1985 was \$495 a barrel plus interest, is hardly a competitive fuel for the Ameri-

can economy. Today some 25,000 members of the U.S. military are in the Gulf region. The costs of that expanded presence and its military risks, even spread over more barrels imported from the Gulf, still amount to hundreds of dollars per barrel. To paraphrase a cartoon by Dan Wasserman, we're spending money we don't have, to defend ships that aren't ours, to ship oil we don't use, for allies who won't pay, in pursuit of a policy we haven't formulated.

Third, the premise underlying the national-security argument—that foreign oil is less secure than domestic—is not necessarily valid. Six years ago our study for the Pentagon (published as *Brittle Power: Energy Strategy for National Security*, summarized in *The Atlantic* of November, 1983) found that a handful of people could cut off three fourths of the oil and gas supply to the eastern states—so efficiently that it would take upward of a year to restore it—in one evening's work, without even leaving Louisiana. That remains true. Twenty-three percent of all crude oil extracted and 16 percent of all crude oil used in the United States flows through the Trans-Alaska Pipeline System—two and a half times as much as we're importing from the Persian Gulf. Yet the pipeline has already been repeatedly, if incompetently, attacked, and the Army has declared it indefensible. The pipeline is far easier to disrupt and harder to mend than Middle Eastern oil facilities and tanker shipments. We know of many alternative routes for Middle Eastern oil—the Saudis, for example, are completing their second pipeline to the Red Sea, avoiding the Gulf altogether—but none for Alaskan oil. Far more of our oil supply, therefore, is now unavoidably at risk from a single, simple, unattributable act by a lone saboteur in Alaska than could possibly be cut off by an all-out war in the Strait of Hormuz. Seeking additional oil in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, where the odds of cost-effectively finding any are at best one in five, therefore would be not just uneconomic; it would also perpetuate one of the gravest threats to U.S. energy security.

The substitution option. The third option, though largely ignored, works better and costs less. It avoids *all* the problems of the first two options. It increases security instead of risks, saves money instead of spending it, and avoids the damage to our economy and environment that would come from rap-

dly depleting our domestic oil reserves. This option is to avoid using oil in the first place—that is, to reduce oil use through increases in efficiency, or to substitute alternative liquid fuels, or both.

The lower forty-nine states have two supergiant oil fields, each bigger than the biggest in Saudi Arabia, both nearly as economical (only a few dollars a barrel), and both about four-fifths unapped. They are the “weatherization oil field” in our attics and the “accelerated-scrappage-of-gas-guzzlers oil field” in Detroit. By saving oil, or natural gas that can replace oil, we could *eliminate* U.S. oil imports. We could do so before any new power plant or synfuel plant ordered now could be built and before production from any new Arctic oil field could begin—and at a fivefold to tenfold lower cost. In fact, if we spent as much to make buildings heat-tight as we now spend in *one year* on the military forces meant to protect the Middle Eastern oil fields, we could eliminate the need to import any oil from the Middle East.

(An impractical kind of oil saving is sometimes proposed instead: building more coal or nuclear power stations. Since less than five percent of our electricity is made from oil, and less than five percent of our oil is used to make electricity, the two have almost no connection. Power plants are virtually irrelevant to the oil problem—except that the huge expense involved in building new ones would draw money away from investment in effective oil savings. The modest amounts of oil and gas still burned in power plants—and, for that matter, most of the coal and all of the uranium, too—can be cost-effectively displaced by superefficient new lights, motors, appliances, and building components.)

Saving oil isn't just theoretical. From 1977 to 1985 real U.S. GNP grew 21 percent, the number of registered vehicles grew 20 percent, but total oil use *fell* 15 percent. The oil saving in 1985 equaled *three times* our 1986 imports from the Persian Gulf.

Americans now use 38 percent less oil and gas to produce a dollar of GNP than they did in 1973—and they achieved that saving mainly with caulk guns, duct tape, and slightly more fuel-efficient cars, not with the powerful new technologies that can now save even more energy at even lower cost. For example, full use of American-made superwindows,

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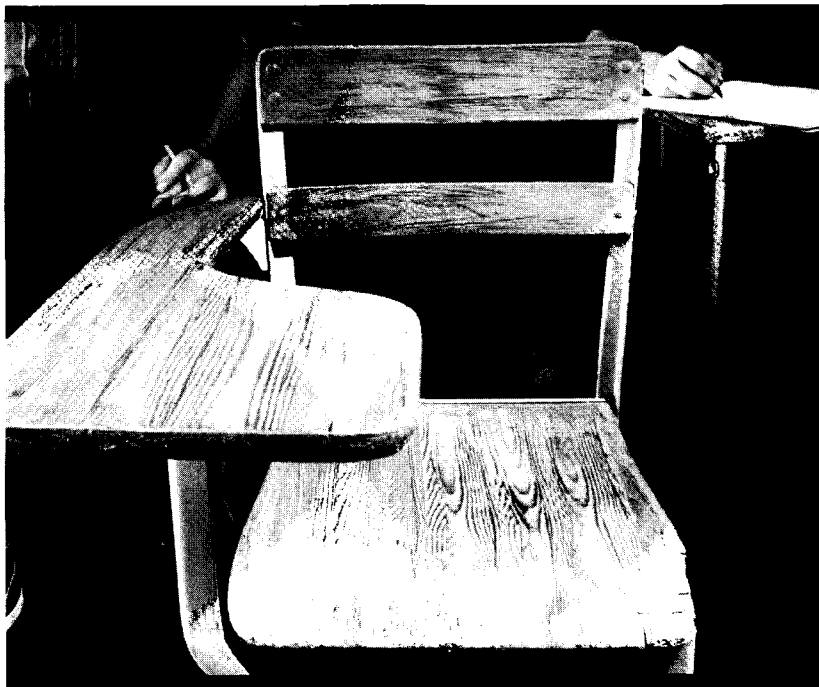
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which insulate two to four times better than triple glazing, could save the nation more oil and gas than Alaska now supplies. Widespread use of these efficiency measures would cost less, protect the environment, and deplete no critical resource.

Last year the thirteen-year-old "energy-efficiency industry" produced, in effect, two-fifths more energy than the century-old oil industry. We're getting less domestic oil at higher costs each year, but more efficiency at lower costs. Reserves of oil are dwindling, but reserves of efficiency are expanding. Why, then, does federal policy emphasize depleting oil quickly and saving it slowly? The 1986 rollback of new-car efficiency standards, from 27.5 to 26 miles a gallon, is wasting more oil than the areas currently off limits in Alaska and offshore California might yield.

Conversely, improvements in the efficiency of the car fleet in use between 1973 and 1986 (from 13.1 to only about 18 miles per gallon) saved over twice as much oil last year as we imported from the Persian Gulf, or slightly more than Alaska's total output. We can do much better: the most efficient four-to-five-passenger cars in 1985 were getting more than 55 miles per gallon in commercial models and 70 to 100 mpg in prototypes.

AFTER TWO PREVIOUS oil crises, in 1973-1974 and 1979-1980, the United States tried ignoring efficiency and boosting supply. The result was overbuilt and insolvent supply industries that couldn't respond to the gush of energy savings produced in the marketplace. Today, with the potential for savings bigger than ever, the Reagan Administration seems determined to make the same mistake. When Donald Hodel, now Secretary of the Interior, was head of the Bonneville Power Administration, he proclaimed imminent electricity shortages in the Pacific Northwest and promoted the now notorious nuclear project WPPSS. Instead of the shortage prophesied, the northwestern states found themselves with a seemingly permanent surplus, triggering a \$7 billion default. Now Hodel wants to inflict the same genius on the struggling oil industry.

"Drilling" for oil in our inefficient cars and buildings isn't instant or free. But it's faster and much cheaper, safer and far surer, than drilling anywhere else. Energy savings have already cut the national energy bill by some \$150 billion a

year. That's an average of more than \$1,700 a year cash savings for each household in the United States—tax-free extra income that largely recirculates in our local economies, supporting local jobs and local multipliers.

But this achievement represents a mere fraction of the amount of energy efficiency available and worth buying. If Americans were now as efficient as our Japanese and Western European competitors are—and even they have a long way to go—we'd save an additional \$200 billion a year, which is more than last year's federal budget deficit. Buying the economically optimal amount of energy efficiency for the rest of this century could lead to net savings of several trillion dollars—enough, in principle, to pay off the entire national debt.

Energy inefficiency costs American jobs in world markets. Japan's higher energy efficiency, for example, gives all its exports an automatic cost advantage over ours, averaging about five percent—much more for energy-intensive products. Conversely, whether measured per unit of energy saved or per dollar invested, buying energy efficiency creates several times as many American jobs as supplying more energy: not jobs in boom-and-bust frontier towns but jobs right in the communities of the people who need them.

The efficient use of oil can also buy time for the decades-long switch to the renewable sources that, one way or another, we'll adopt as oil becomes too costly. This transition won't be quick or cheap, but that's all the more reason for getting started now—before the cheap oil and the cheap money made from it are gone. Already, American oil is becoming costlier than imported oil, and the faster oil is used, the sooner other oil-supplying nations will find their oil becoming costlier than OPEC's huge reserves. The problem that we have now, others will have later, though Saudi Arabia (according to our present knowledge of petroleum geology) will have it last of all.

The short-term oil savings and diversification in our sources of oil extraction that have resulted from the past two oil shocks now offer a unique opportunity: roughly a two-decade-long respite (longer if the exploration of new areas is unexpectedly successful, shorter if federal policy continues to stifle gains in efficiency) from Middle Eastern dominance of the global oil supply. If this interval is frittered away, it could end with the

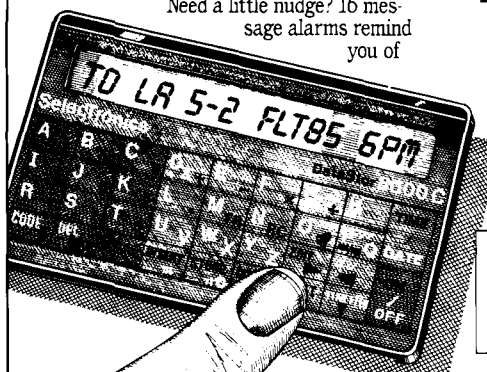
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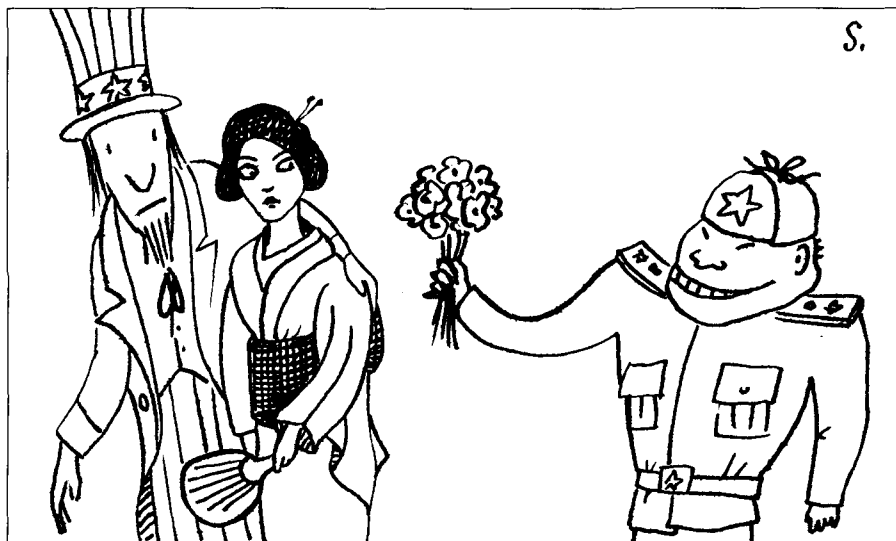
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United States, its alternative options expired, needing Middle Eastern oil more than ever. If, instead, we increase our oil efficiency and make sensible use of diverse alternative fuels, this grace period could expire on a United States that no longer substantially depends on oil from the Middle East or anywhere else outside our borders. Without efficient cars, no liquid-fuel future makes sense for long. With efficient cars, alcohols and

other liquid fuels made from natural gas and sustainably grown biofuels—abundant or even inexhaustible resources, whose use poses little or no risk to the world's climate—can meet our energy needs at reasonable cost. Efficiency and alternative fuels are natural partners. With both, we can, with confidence, buy American.

—Amory B. Lovins
and L. Hunter Lovins



THE SOVIET UNION MOSCOW TURNS EAST

The Soviet Union is also an Asian and Pacific country.

—Mikhail Gorbachev, July 28, 1986

EVEN THOUGH TWO THIRDS of the USSR lies in Asia, the Soviets have never enjoyed significant influence there. Through neglect, economic isolationism, and political brutishness, Russian leaders have alienated most Asian capitals. Now, in a historic turnabout, Mikhail Gorbachev has discovered the importance of Asia; his decision to eliminate all medium- and short-range missiles from Soviet Asia was only the latest in a series of eastward steps designed to bring the Soviet Union closer to the flourishing economies of the Far East.

In 1986 Gorbachev reversed Soviet policy and sent Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze to Japan, as part of a determined effort to warm relations with Tokyo. Notwithstanding recent contretemps, both the Japanese and the Sovi-

ets are hopeful that Gorbachev himself will visit Tokyo for a summit meeting, an event that would confirm Moscow's new interest in and respect for the region. As a major enticement in the Soviets' open courtship of China, Gorbachev publicly acknowledged the Chinese claim that the border between the two countries is the "main channel" of the Amur and Ussuri rivers, not the Chinese bank of the rivers, as the Soviets had long asserted. (The two countries shed blood over islands in the Ussuri River in 1969.) The Soviets have resumed technological aid to China after a hiatus of decades, and have talked of restarting work on a railroad line connecting the two countries.

Gorbachev has advanced Soviet relations with India by conducting his first summit in Asia there, in November of 1986, and signing an agreement to increase Soviet-Indian trade by 150 percent. In the South Pacific the Soviets have established fishing treaties with two small island nations, giving Moscow its first political entrée to the region and sounding alarms in the U.S. State Department. Soviet endorsement of a South Pacific nuclear-free zone has been particularly well received. Last March, Shevardnadze went to Indonesia, Laos,

Thailand, Kampuchea, Vietnam, and Australia—the first such visit by a top Soviet official in forty years—heralding the new Soviet approach.

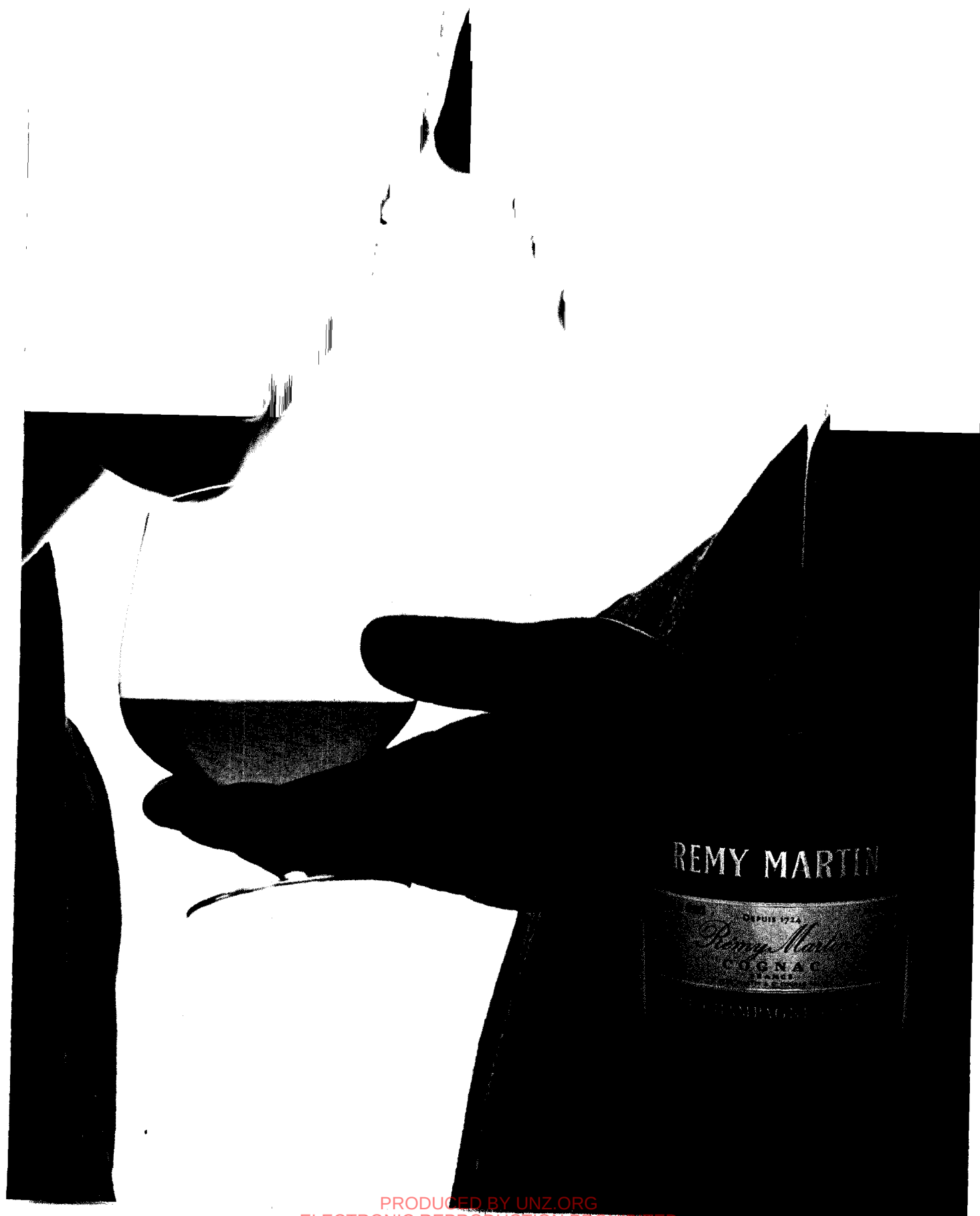
To carry out his new Asian policy, Gorbachev has rebuilt the Soviet foreign-policy structure and put new people inside it. He got rid of the American-centered Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko (who was despised in Asia for the undisguised contempt with which he dealt with Asian emissaries) and the longtime deputy foreign minister for Asia, Mikhail Kapitsa. He replaced inert ambassadors to China and Japan and created new departments within the Foreign Ministry for South Asia, the Pacific Ocean, and international economic affairs. A leading Soviet specialist on the Pacific region, Vladimir Lukin, summed up these developments by saying that Gorbachev has "signaled a decisive turn of the country" to the "Asian-Pacific region."

There are many obstacles that could stop the Soviet leadership's turn east. The legacy of past conflicts with Japan and China and the present Soviet connection with Vietnam make many Asian-Pacific states wary. The United States can block the way by using economic threats to intimidate countries that might be tempted to do business with the Soviets. Over the summer Japan froze its relations with Moscow to soothe American outrage over the sale of sensitive submarine technology to the Soviets by the Japanese conglomerate Toshiba.

Still, American and Asian scholars and government officials acknowledge that Gorbachev has already made previously unimaginable headway. Even where the going is roughest, with Japan, both sides are striving to keep on course. During the Toshiba scandal, for example, when each side expelled diplomats on espionage charges, Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone clearly sought to cushion the shock and keep relations improving.

ECONOMIC INTERESTS are what drive the Soviets today in Asia. "Almost everything Gorbachev has done so far in the Far East is to create conditions for economic reform," the Sovietologist Rajan Menon, of Lehigh University, says. The Soviet economy must be thoroughly restructured, Gorbachev said in a recent speech. This cannot happen, he added, unless capitalist states and businesses are enlisted to help modernize the Soviet economy.

To anticipate such cooperation—or



non-obstruction—from longtime opponents of the USSR may seem quixotic, but it fits the Soviets' new analysis of world conditions. The Soviets see the capitalist world as becoming ripe for economic engagement with socialist states. This assessment is presented most cogently by Alexander Yakovlev, the rising star of the Soviet elite. Appointed to the Politburo last January, Yakovlev, in his early sixties, has gone in just four years from virtual exile as ambassador to Canada to secretary of the Central Committee's propaganda department and now to the Politburo. His office initiated and oversees the widely publicized *glasnost* within the USSR, while he personally devotes much attention to foreign policy. Yakovlev is now regarded by some Western specialists as the second most influential man in the Soviet Union.

Yakovlev, a blunt critic of the United States, argues that America's capitalist rivals are increasingly resistant to U.S. pressure on trade, for example, and will be compelled by self-interest to do business with the Soviets. "The United States in the beginning of the next century will remain the main capitalist power

in the military-political sense, but will cease to be the unconditionally commanding center of the capitalist world economy," Yakovlev wrote in *Kommunist* last year. Japan and Western European states are "attaining more equality in their international-political position with their remarkably growing economic strength." These new "centers of capitalist power" cannot help but see how U.S. trade policies harm them economically. Japan, the Western Europeans, and also India will loosen America's grip on the capitalist world. They and the less-developed capitalist countries will do business with an increasingly open Soviet Union. This will in turn fuel the economic modernization that the Soviet Union needs in order to be a first-rate world power in the high-tech age.

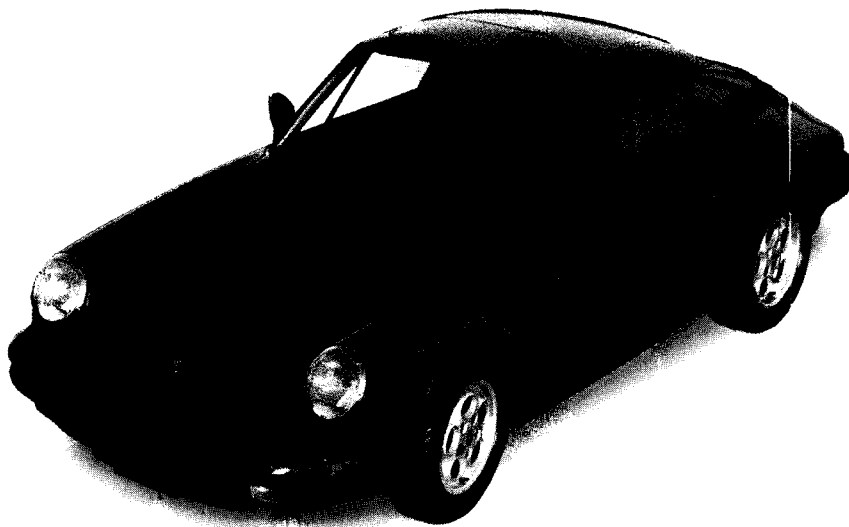
In accord with Yakovlev's vision, Mikhail Gorbachev unveiled the Soviet design for the East in a major speech on July 28 last year. Speaking in the Pacific port city of Vladivostok, Gorbachev emphasized that Soviet foreign policy starts at home, with economics, and that plans to reform the economy depend heavily on developing the Soviet Far East. This

huge region, he said, has "special significance" for the country. It is uniquely rich in natural resources—nonferrous metals, gold, silver, fish, timber, and fuel. More important, the Soviet Far East should develop an export-based regional economy that will connect the USSR with the rapidly developing economic and political world of the Asian Pacific region.

Exports are the key to the Soviet economic rebuilding effort. Gorbachev hopes to follow the Japanese model of developing competitive technologies by forcing firms and ministries to compete in world markets, while buffering domestic markets against outsiders. Gorbachev spoke from the Japanese script in Vladivostok when he emphasized the "possibilities for the export direction of the development of the Far East's economy will have to be fully used. . . . What is needed here are cardinal changes and new approaches in order to invigorate coastal and border trade."

The "new approaches" Gorbachev has in mind are primarily joint ventures Approved by the Politburo on December 25, 1986, and published in *Pravda*

Where we got the idea that something small
could be powerful.



ast January 27, joint-enterprise legislation allows foreign investors to own up to 49 percent of the equity in Soviet enterprises. The businesses will operate under Soviet law, and the chairmen of the board and chief operating officers are required to be Soviet citizens.

Joint ventures are seen as a means of bringing foreign capital, expertise, and technology into the Soviet economy without expending precious hard currency. In the past the Soviets simply bought finished Western technologies and handed them over to Soviet management, which, disappointingly, went about business as usual, failing to build on the expensive foundation imported from the West. By transplanting not only Western—and Far Eastern—hardware but also foreign *management* into the Soviet economy, Soviet leaders hope to induce their managers, engineers, and laborers to adopt an innovative mentality that will eventually spread throughout the economy.

Soviet foreign-trade officials today are fervently promoting joint enterprises, especially to the Japanese, but also to the Chinese and Indians. So far foreign

industrialists have not rushed to participate. Their caution derives in part from uncertainty over how willing the Soviets are to allow joint ventures to sell goods to the Soviet market—the principal incentive for outsiders to invest in the Soviet Union. Japanese businessmen, in particular, are holding back while reverberations from the Toshiba scandal and subsequent spying charges play themselves out.

Some analysts doubt that the Soviets will ever decentralize economic decision-making enough so that joint ventures will be highly attractive to foreigners. Others, such as Robert Scalapino, an Asian specialist at the University of California at Berkeley, believe that in the long run the Soviets have no choice: the growing economic importance of East Asia will require the Soviets to adapt to the regional economy.

SOVIET ECONOMIC modernization cannot occur without demilitarizing international relations, particularly between the two superpowers. "Yes, we need peace," Gorbachev told his Vladivostok audience. "We understand, of

course, that the arms race . . . serves . . . objectives whose essence is to exhaust the Soviet Union economically." But instead of launching a verbal attack on the United States, Gorbachev looked within the Soviet Union. "All this dictates and makes urgent the need for a fundamental break with many customary approaches to foreign policy, a break with the traditions of political thinking and of views on the problems of war and peace, on the defense and security of individual states and international security."

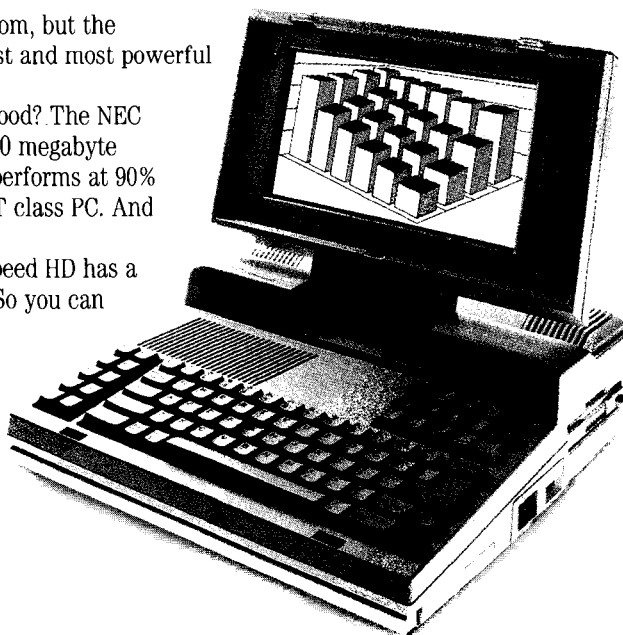
Where better to try new approaches, Gorbachev suggested, than in the Asian-Pacific region? "The Pacific region as a whole has not yet been militarized to the extent that the European region has. However, the potential for its militarization is truly enormous, and the consequences would be extremely dangerous." If, as many Sovietologists have come to agree, the Soviets have concluded that the superpower buildup in Europe—the Soviets' deployment of intermediate-range missiles, begetting America's matching deployment; the growth of Soviet tank armies, begetting more NATO anti-tank weapons—has de-

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bilitated the Soviet Union and helped create the mess Gorbachev is trying to break away from with his arms-reduction proposals, it is imperative to avoid a similar fate in Asia and the Pacific. A major test of Gorbachev's ability to avoid this pattern in Asia will be the way he deals with the buildup of Soviet naval forces in the region. This buildup greatly worries the U.S. Navy, though U.S. naval superiority is not in doubt. The question is, Will Gorbachev be able to persuade not only his own military but also the United States to constrain the growth of the new naval competition in the Pacific?

"In Asia, the centerpiece is clearly China," says Donald Zagoria, a Sovietologist at Hunter College. The principal causes of Chinese-Soviet enmity since the mid-1950s have been border disputes and the struggle for leadership in the Third World. Today the Chinese list three conditions Moscow must meet before relations can be normalized: resolution of the border disputes, including Soviet troop cuts; a Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan; and Soviet intercession with Vietnam to end the occupation of Kampuchea. "The Soviets have now begun to address all three conditions," Zagoria says. In the Vladivostok speech Gorbachev announced a troop withdrawal from Mongolia, a Soviet satellite lying between China and the USSR. The withdrawal began last April and affects 10,000 men.

The Soviets have also become more flexible on Afghanistan and Kampuchea. "The Russians are looking at both Afghanistan and Indochina somewhat differently than before," the Asian specialist Robert Scalapino says. "The key word before was *irreversible*. But now the phrase is *political settlement*." Soviet leaders have not yet been willing to act as decisively, and perhaps self-defeatingly, to end the occupation of Afghanistan and the Vietnamese occupation of Kampuchea as China (and the United States) would like, but they have registered a clear desire to close the books on the 1970s and get on with new business, which they hope will be more stable and profitable. As the new Soviet deputy foreign minister Igor Rogachev told *Le Monde* last April, there is "a general trend in Asia: those who are favorable to dialogue are coming to the fore." The Soviets include themselves in this trend and see dialogue as the way to extricate themselves from the intractable hostilities in Afghanistan and Kampuchea.

"I think frankly that if you view normalization as a process, it is going on now between the Soviets and China," Scalapino concludes. Alexander Almasov, the public-affairs adviser in the U.S. State Department's bureau of East Asian and Pacific affairs, agrees: "Clearly, relations are better between the two now than in a long time."

JAPAN IS THE other focal point in the East. Japan's economic might gives Tokyo great leverage in the region's affairs, both political and strategic. In the future, Alexander Yakovlev wrote in *Kommunist*, Japan "will strengthen its pressure on the countries of the Pacific and Southeast Asia." If this pressure is not to be anti-Soviet, Moscow must do all it can to make Tokyo see the mutual advantages of friendly relations with the USSR. Gorbachev has accepted this challenge but has failed to overcome long-held Japanese resistance to the Soviets. Japan shares, though less passionately, China's position on Kampuchea and Afghanistan. The Japanese have fewer economic incentives than the Chinese do for improving relations with the Soviets. And, unlike the Chinese, who wish to remain independent of both Moscow and Washington, the Japanese welcome thorough integration into American military planning for the region.

Nevertheless, the Japanese have more reasons than they like to admit for promoting cooperation with the Soviets. "In a democracy," Minoru Tamba, the Japanese consul general to the United States in Boston, says, "the public becomes restless if you are doing nothing to improve relations" with the Soviet Union. The pressure to improve relations grows as Moscow appears genuinely to seek deep reductions in the superpowers' nuclear arsenals, a position to which many Japanese are sympathetic. In addition, Tamba says, there is a "reservoir" of interest among Japanese businessmen in projects in the USSR.

The Japanese wish for closer ties with the Soviet Union was never clearer than in the excitement generated by the prospect that Gorbachev would be coming to Tokyo for a summit. Last year both governments announced that Gorbachev and Nakasone hoped to exchange capital visits in January of 1987. (Today the summit is unscheduled, reportedly because the two sides could not agree on an agenda.) A temporary political condition and two long-standing issues lie in the way. The political condition is the

recent change in Japanese leadership brought on by the retirement of Nakasone. The Soviets must wait until the new Tokyo government is settled before they can propose meaningful initiatives.

More formidable problems are posed by a territorial dispute between Tokyo and Moscow over the Kurile Islands and by the inseparability of Soviet-Japanese relations from U.S.-Japanese relations. Under the Yalta agreement, the Soviet Union gained possession of the Kurile Islands, which had long been held by Japan. The Japanese objected, but were in no condition to press their claim. As Japanese confidence grew, however, Tokyo became more adamant and sought the return of the four southern islands of the chain, which they consider their Northern Territories. The Soviets have always rejected the Japanese position outright, and they have by now installed important military facilities on the two northernmost of the four southern islands, to protect the entrance to the Sea of Okhotsk, where Soviet nuclear-missile-carrying submarines are positioned to deter an American nuclear attack on the USSR.

In Moscow there have been rumors that the Soviets are willing to exchange the two southern islands for closer Japanese-Soviet relations, the prime measure of which would be increased trade. Minoru Tamba says, "If the Soviets give Japan the two southern islands and say they will negotiate the return of the other two over a given period, this would give us a positive stance toward trade. This sort of concession is necessary for entering a long-term economic cooperation agreement." Such unanticipated moves are becoming Gorbachev's trademark.

Tokyo's willingness to deal, however, depends partly on the course of Soviet-American relations. "The Soviets cannot have a separate détente with Japan," the Sovietologist Rajan Menon says. Menon and other specialists explain that the Japanese sense of military security derives from close relations with the United States. The Japanese resist what are obvious Soviet attempts to play Japan off against America. And when the Soviets get between Washington and Tokyo, as in the Toshiba affair, the Japanese leap hastily to Washington's side. Yakovlev's prediction about deepening conflicts among the capitalist powers has clearly not come true, though mounting strains over the Japanese-American trade imbalance are an ominous sign.

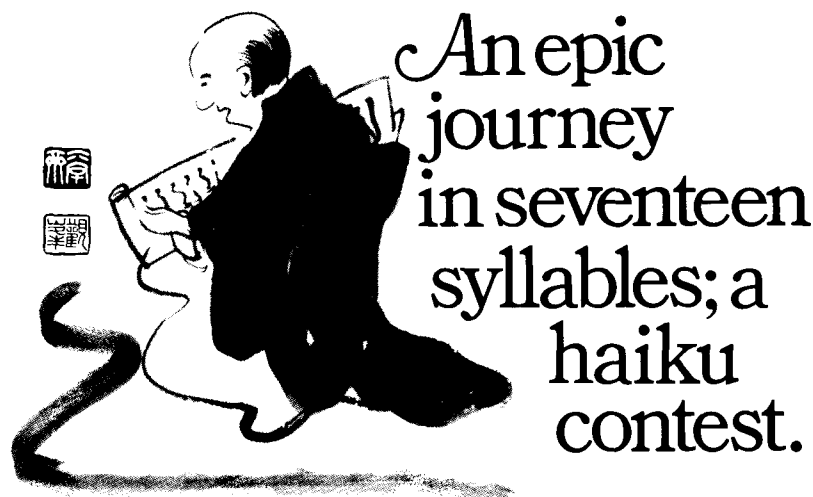
ULTIMATELY, Gorbachev's attempts to draw closer to Japan, China, and other states in Asia and the Pacific cannot succeed without concomitant improvements in relations with the United States. The United States has such economic clout in the region that it can decisively obstruct Soviet diplomacy, particularly by influencing key parties in the conflicts in Afghanistan and Kampuchea (and also in Korea). Gorbachev recognized all this in his call for a Helsinki-like international conference on Asian-Pacific security and cooperation, when he insisted that the United States, as a great Pacific power, must be involved. (The United States dismissed the conference proposal.)

The Soviets need for the United States to take a realistic, businesslike attitude toward regional issues. Whether the United States is prepared to accommodate significant Soviet involvement in Asian-Pacific economic and political affairs is unclear. To date the United States has thought and acted as if U.S.-Soviet relations were a zero-sum game. Accordingly, the Soviet initiatives in Asia and the Pacific have been seen almost exclusively in military-strategic terms. The assistant secretary of state for East Asian and Pacific affairs, Gaston Sigur, wrote in the *Department of State Bulletin* last December that "as they probe incessantly for weak points in the U.S. defense alliance system, the Soviets attempt to expand their own political and military tactical maneuverability."

While the Soviets certainly oppose any expansion or consolidation of American military power, and welcome any setbacks to what they perceive as a primarily militaristic American foreign policy, Sigur's view of Soviet intentions in the East discounts the economic core of Gorbachev's domestic and foreign policy. It denies what many Sovietologists acknowledge is a markedly new Soviet approach to security, one that seeks to diminish military competition while flexibly promoting economic and political development.

American political leaders have long called for the Soviets to abandon their militaristic foreign policy and pursue their aims instead through trade and diplomacy. In the Pacific that is precisely what the Soviets are doing. It appears that here, as elsewhere in U.S.-Soviet relations, the United States may just have to take "da" for an answer.

—George Perkovich



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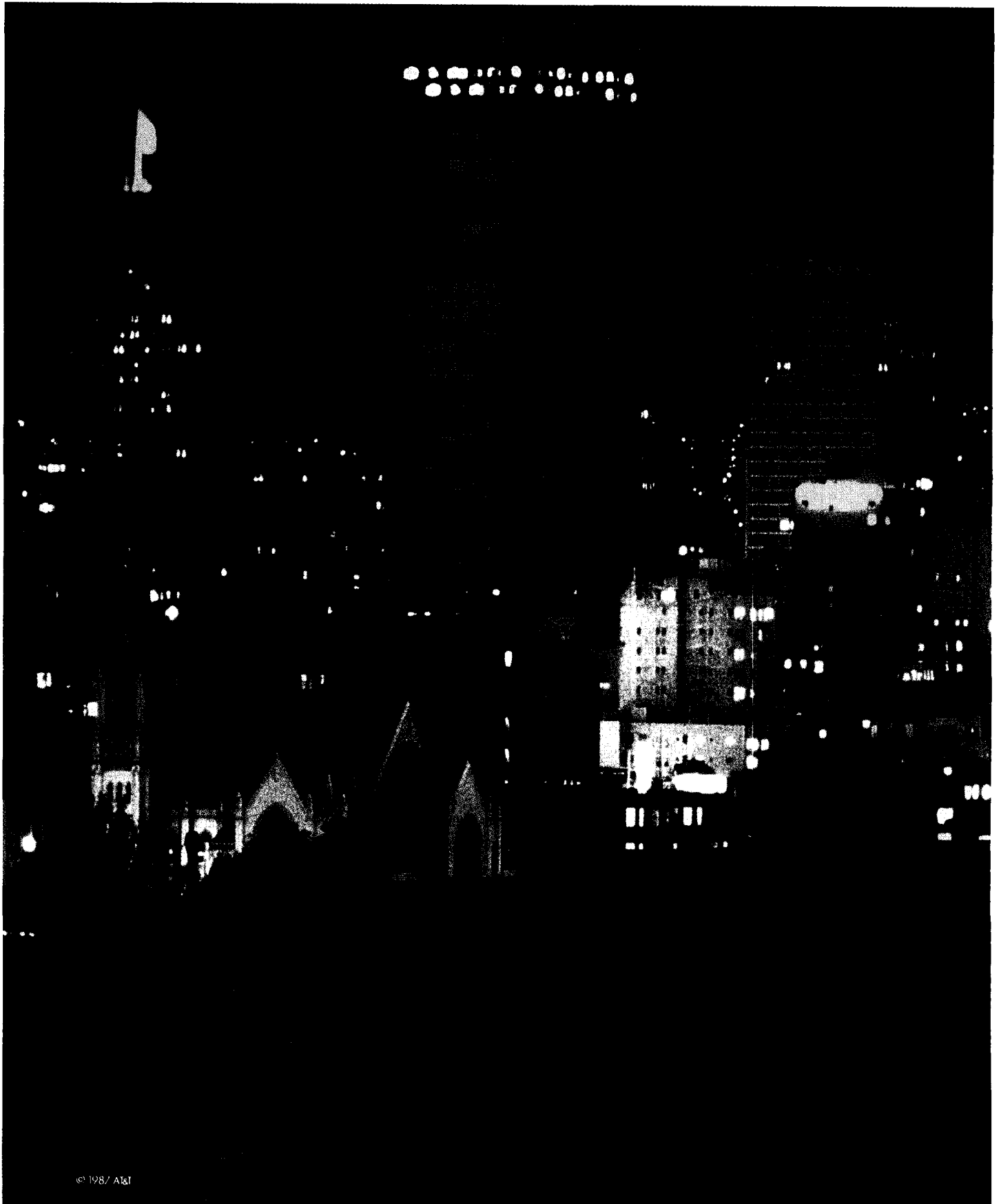
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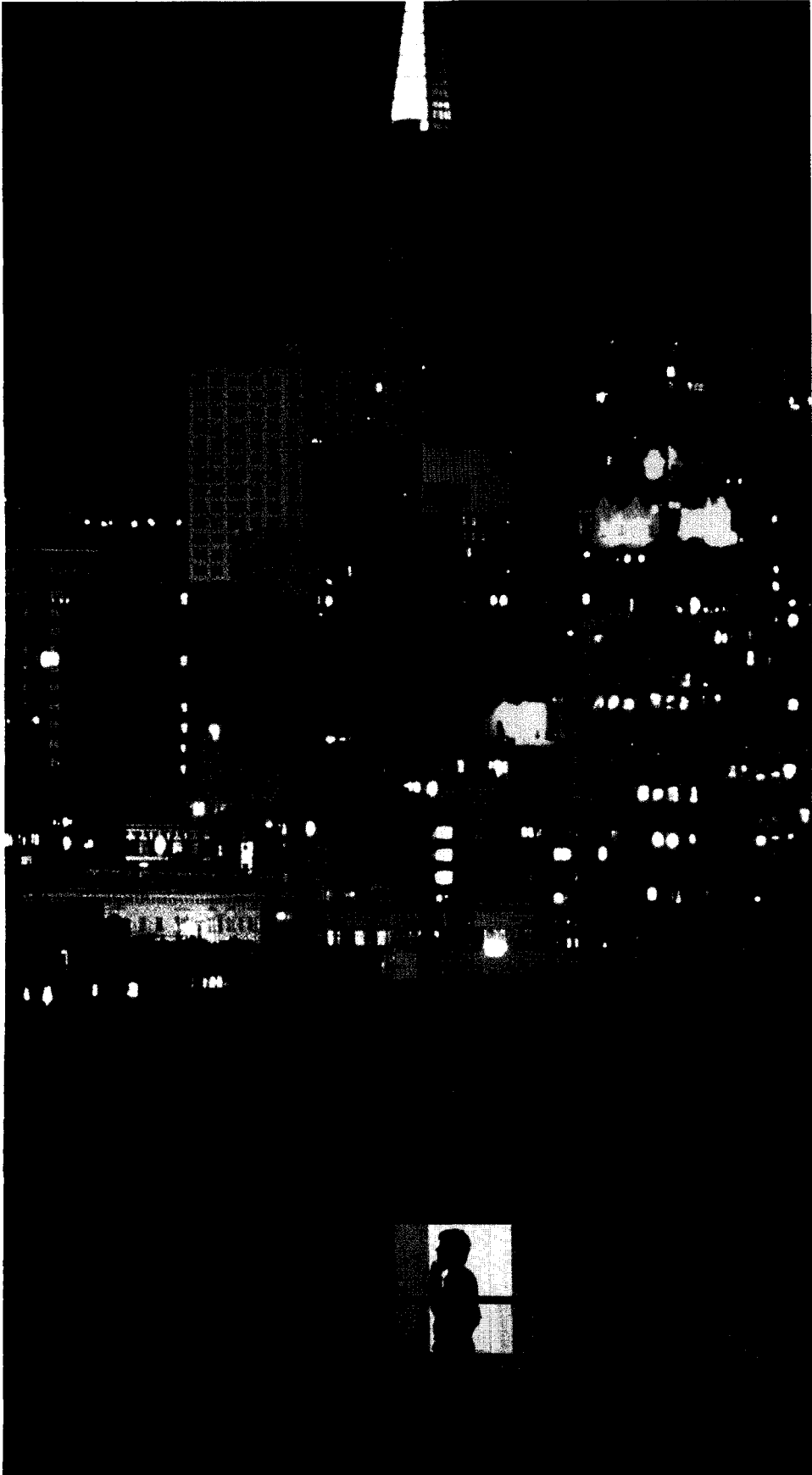


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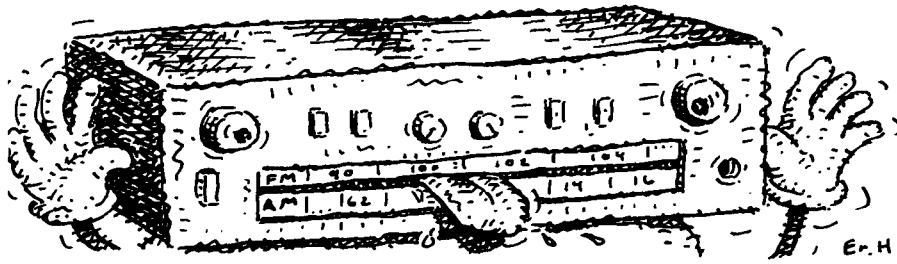
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TODAY'S RADIO SELECTIONS

BY JILL CRANE



7:00 a.m., WDED: News, weather, traffic.

8:00 a.m., WBVX: Dr. Louise Monk. Call-in psychologist on the topic "Have American attitudes toward sex changed?"

10:00 a.m., WTNT: Bob Puget talks about the 1960s.

Noon, WQPD: Shellye Winkler discusses relationships and infidelity.

1:06 p.m., WWR: Tippy Olsen. Single parenthood and other modern lifestyles.

2:06 p.m., WRUG: Gil Glass answers questions on finance, real estate, personal problems.

4:06 p.m., WQPD: Ask Dr. Eddy. Call-in psychologist.

7:06 p.m., WTNi: Dr. Fred Scully. Nutrition and diet talk.

8:00 p.m., WRUG: Philip Tardoff. "Do You Have a Problem?" Call-in finance, real estate, sex, attitudes.

Midnight, WBVX: Dr. Louise Monk talks about her own personal problems.

1:06 a.m., WQPD: Shellye Winkler talks about marriage and houseplants.

1:07 a.m., WRUG: Philip Tardoff. "Do You Have a Problem? Who Cares?"

1:09 a.m., WTNi: Dr. Fred Scully. Call-in problems caused by good nutrition.

2:00 a.m., WTNT: Bob Puget confesses he knows nothing about the 1960s.

2:06 a.m., WQPD: Ask Dr. Eddy. Call-in problems about call-in psychologists.

3:00 a.m., WRUG: Gil Glass discusses Philip Tardoff's bad advice.

3:06 a.m., WRUG: Philip Tardoff talks about how Gil Glass has to sit on a phone book to reach the microphone.

3:08 a.m., WRUG: Gil Glass tells about the time Philip Tardoff bought some oceanfront property in Kansas.

3:10 a.m., WQPD: Shellye Winkler talks about infidelity and modern nutrition-talk-show hosts.

3:11 a.m., WTNi: Dr. Scully advises Shellye Winkler to change the subject.

3:12 a.m., WRUG: Gil Glass remembers how Philip Tardoff sold his Polaroid stock at six-and-a-half.

3:13 a.m., WRUG: Philip Tardoff recalls hearing that Gil Glass looks for women in the personals.

3:19 a.m., WWR: Tippy Olsen gives advice to short men with nutritional problems who want a relationship.

3:20 a.m., WRUG: Gil Glass advises Tippy Olsen to have a relationship with a horse.

3:21 a.m., WWR: Distraught, Tippy Olsen phones Dr. Eddy.

3:22 a.m., WQPD: Dr. Eddy suggests that Tippy Olsen buy tax-free municipal bonds.

3:23 a.m., WWR: Tippy Olsen reminds Dr. Eddy that he must confine himself to talking about relationships, sexual attitudes, infidelity, personal problems, and the 1960s.

3:24 a.m., WBVX: Dr. Louise Monk discusses modern talk-show hosts and their attitudes toward call-in psychologists.

3:25 a.m., WQPD: Shellye Winkler discusses houseplants and divorce, and how sex changes change attitudes toward sex.

3:26 a.m., WRUG: Philip Tardoff advises Gil Glass to marry Tippy Olsen and buy a condominium in Atlantis.

3:27 a.m.: While driving down the West Side Highway, Ralph Lyle, of the Federal Communications Commission, turns on his radio just as Gil Glass is explaining that WRUG was named after Philip Tardoff's toupee.

3:28 a.m.: Lyle pulls up to a phone booth and calls the stations, advising everyone to straighten up or face immediate disconnection.

3:29 a.m.: When the talk-show hosts confer, they agree that this is a crank call and ignore it.

7:00 a.m., WDED: News, weather, traffic. □

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Memories of a fifties education

JOE COLLEGE

BY PHILIP ROTH

WHILE I WAS GROWING UP, MY FATHER WORKED AS an assistant manager in the Essex County, New Jersey, office of Metropolitan Life, earning about \$125 a week in salary and commissions during his peak years. In the middle 1940s, as I made the transition from grade school to high school, a business risk he took wiped out the family savings. After long consultations with my mother, he had invested with some friends in a frozen-food distribution company, and for several years he continued by day as a Metropolitan insurance man while at night and on weekends, without drawing a salary, he went out on the refrigerated truck, trying to hustle frozen-food business in Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania. In addition to using up the family savings he'd had to borrow some \$8,000 from relatives in order to pay for his share in the partnership. He

was forty-five, and took the risk because it seemed unlikely that he could get any further with the Metropolitan, a corporation that in those days advanced very few Jews from the sales force into managerial positions. His education, through eighth grade, also seemed to him an impediment to promotion.

He had hoped that by the time his two sons graduated from high school, the new enterprise would have taken off and he'd be able to afford to send us both to college. But the business went bust quickly, and when I was ready for college he was still saddled with paying off his debt. Fortunately, in 1949 he was unexpectedly promoted by the Metropolitan to manage an office just outside Newark, in Union City. The district was doing virtually no business when he came in but offered a real financial opportunity if

he could somehow inspire the hapless agency with his know-how and energy. As it happened, he was spared the expense of my older brother's college education by the GI Bill. In 1946, with the war draft still on, Sandy had gone into the Navy, and when he came out, in 1948, he was able to attend art school in Brooklyn without help from the family. I graduated from high school in January of 1950 and worked as a stock clerk in a Newark department store until I enrolled, in September, as a pre-law student, at the unprestigious little downtown branch of the state university, Newark Colleges of Rutgers. I had wanted desperately to go away to college, if only to the Rutgers main campus, down in New Brunswick, but though I had graduated at sixteen well up in my class, I'd been unable to win a Rutgers scholarship. I wound up as a freshman in Newark, still living at home.

My dream of *away* remained fervent, however satisfied I actually found myself at Newark Rutgers, which was situated a little beyond the city's commercial district at the "historic" end of the downtown streets, about a twenty-minute bus ride from my corner. It felt invigoratingly grown-up to be downtown not as a kid going to the movies with his friends or a boy out to Sunday dinner with his family or a lowly stock clerk mindlessly pushing a rack around S. Klein's but as the owner of spanking new textbooks, with a businesslike briefcase (for his lunch) and a pipe in his pocket that he was learning to smoke. It appealed to my liberal democratic spirit to be taking college courses in a building that had once been a brewery, and to be seated there alongside Italian and Irish kids from city high schools that had been foreign, unknowable, even unnervingly hostile to me when I was attending a neighborhood school whose student body was more than 90 percent Jewish. I considered it a kind of triumphant liberation to have been drawn into the city's rivalrous ethnic society, especially as our liberal-arts studies were working—in my idealistic vision—to elevate us above serious social differences, to free from cultural narrowness and intellectual impoverishment the offspring of Weequahic's Jewish businessmen as well as working-class boys from the Ironbound district. Casually making friends over paper-bag lunches with gentile classmates who had graduated from Barringer and South Side and Central and West Side—boys who previously had been nothing more to me than tough and generally superior adversaries in intercity sporting events—made me feel expansively "American." I hadn't any doubts that we Jews were already American or that the Weequahic section was anything other than a quintessentially American urban neighborhood, but as a child of the war and of the brotherhood mythology embodied in songs like Frank Sinatra's "The House I Live In" and Tony Martin's "Tenement Symphony," I was exhilarated to feel in contact with the country's much-proclaimed, self-defining heterogeneity.

At the same time, I knew that if I remained in our five-room flat on Leslie Street, living and studying in the bedroom that I had shared since earliest childhood with my

older brother, there would be increasing friction between my father and me, simply because I could no longer truthfully account to him, or to my mother, either—though she would never dare ask—for my weekend whereabouts or my Saturday-night hours. I was quite tame, a good, responsible boy with good, responsible friends; I couldn't have been more dutiful and well mannered, and lacked anything resembling unconstrainable impulses; but I was also strong-minded and independent, and if my father were to challenge the ordering of my private life, now that I was a college student, I would feel suffocated by his strictures. I had also outgrown the family dinner table and was as impatient as any rapidly maturing adolescent with my parents' conversation, but the main reason that I wanted to get away from home for my sophomore year was to protect a hardworking, self-sacrificing father and a devoted but determined son from a battle that they were equally ill equipped to fight.

I didn't care where "away" was—one college would do as well as another. All I needed were professors and courses and a library. I'd study hard, get a "good education," and go on to become a lawyer, defending the underdog. Since none of my immediate relatives had ever graduated from a liberal-arts college, there was no one to point me in the direction of his alma mater. And because of the war and the postwar draft, the generation of college-educated younger men whose example I might have followed had disappeared from the neighborhood entirely; when they showed up again, they were veterans on the GI Bill who seemed vastly older and unapproachable. Our only real tutors were the ex-GIs—the rhumba dancers and service-station attendants, the make-out artists, soda jerks, and short-order cooks—who had little to do but hang around and play pickup basketball with us. Under the bleachers of the playground they taught us how to shoot craps and to play five-card stud with change stolen from our mothers' purses and our fathers' trouser pockets; but as for college guidance, I knew I had better look elsewhere.

My brother had been a Saturday student at the Art Students League in New York during his high school days, and after his discharge from the Navy spent three years at Pratt Institute. While I was finishing high school, he would come home from Pratt on weekends to set up his easel in the dining room and, over a thick layer of old newspapers, set out his paints and his drawing materials on the dining-room table; sometimes he would leave behind copies of paperback books he'd been reading on the subway and the train home. That's how, at fifteen and sixteen, I came to read *Winesburg, Ohio* and *A Portrait of the Artist* and *Only the Dead Know Brooklyn*. He drew from nude models, he had his own apartment, as a sailor he'd sat in bars where there were whores, and now he did quick, expressive pen-and-ink sketches of Bowery bums. But great as my admiration was for these achievements, Sandy's model wasn't one I could simply emulate: his studies were preparing him for a career as an artist, while my talent, as described in the family, was "the gift of the gab."

In grade school I'd been taken once by my Uncle Ed, a cardboard-carton dealer, to see a football game at Princeton. I had not forgotten the campus—either the green quadrangles or the evocative word—yet it would never have occurred to me to apply there. I knew from my uncle that despite the presence of Einstein, to whose house we'd made a pilgrimage, Princeton didn't "take Jews." (That's why we'd rooted so hard for Rutgers.) As for Harvard and Yale, not only did they seem, like Princeton, to be bastions of the gentile upper crust, socially too exclusive and unsympathetic, but their admissions officers were revealed by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith to employ "Jewish quotas," a practice that disgusted a patriotic young American (let alone a member of an ineluctably Jewish family) like me. A champion of the Four Freedoms, a foe of the DAR, a supporter of Henry Wallace, I detested the idea of privilege that these elitist colleges, with their discriminatory policies, seemed to symbolize. What's more, if I couldn't win a scholarship to Rutgers, how could I expect assistance from the Ivy League?

There were other colleges, anyway, hundreds of them: Wake Forest, Bowling Green, Clemson, Allegheny, Baylor, Vanderbilt, Bowdoin, Colby, Tulane—I knew their names, if nothing more (not even precisely where all of them were), from listening to Stan Lomax and Bill Stern announce the football scores on the radio Saturday nights throughout the fall. I read the names of these places on the sports pages of the *Newark Evening News* and the *Newark Sunday Call* and saw them on the football-pool cards that you could buy at the candy store on our corner for as little as a quarter. The football pool was illegal—run, my father told me, by Longy Zwillman and the Newark mob—but I began to buy the cards when I was about eleven and, with a couple of other neighborhood kids, started selling them on the school playground for the candy-store owner when I was thirteen, establishing my sole affiliation ever with organized crime. Through the pool I probably became familiar with far more institutions of higher learning than was the college adviser at the high school, who had suggested to me, when I admitted I might actually like to become a journalist rather than a lawyer, that I should apply to the University of Missouri. When I told my parents her advice, my mother

looked flabbergasted. "Missouri," my mother repeated tragically. "They have a great journalism school," I told her. "You're not going to Missouri," my father informed me. "It's too far and we can't afford it."

It was during Christmas vacation from Newark Rutgers that I got to talking to my Leslie Street neighbor Marty Castlebaum, with whom I'd had a genial, if not particularly intimate, friendship ever since grade school.* Marty, who is now a physician in New Jersey, was something of a loner—a skinny, very tall boy, seemingly not so obsessed with sex or so romantically adventurous as my best friends. He was a good, quiet student with an enthusiasm for baseball, very much the product of a respectable, secularized Jewish family. The Castlebaums' outward configuration—and household orderliness—resembled my own family's: a

highly competent and well-mannered mother, a hardworking, forthright father (a lawyer, however, and so a big vocational notch up from mine), and an older brother whom Marty strikingly resembled. Though there was something cheery in his temperate character I'd always liked, I found him more housebound than the boys to whom I was closest. If I remember correctly, Marty practiced the piano with real devotion, which in my mind may have separated him a little too much from those of us who counterbalanced good grades and courteous conduct with shoot-



ing craps on the sly and (against the unlikely possibility of being called upon to produce one) storing sealed Trojans in our wallets. His family lived even closer to the corner candy store than mine did, but Marty was only rarely to be seen hanging out in the back booths or standing outside by the fire hydrant where I would sometimes amuse the corner regulars with takeoffs of the school principal and the local rabbi.

Marty attended a small college of about 1,900 students whose name meant as little to me as Wake Forest or Bowling Green—Bucknell University, in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. It wasn't what he said about his studies that made me want to find out more but that he appeared to have absorbed there precisely the qualities that he'd been devoid

Though no one mentioned here is a fictitious character, a few names, as well as some identifying details, have been changed where I thought it advisable.

of as an adolescent, the sort of poise and savoir faire that encouraged a boy to run for student-council president or to date the most popular girl in class. In only a matter of weeks this kid, whom I had thought of as being in the shadow of more intense, loquacious types like me, had developed a confident, outgoing manner that smacked of maturity. There was even a girlfriend, whom he spoke of without a trace of his old shyness. I was astonished: I was still on Leslie Street, keeping my father at bay by heeding high school rules of conduct, while Marty appeared to have easily entered adult society.

I couldn't forget what he'd said about the girl: he would pick her up at her dormitory in the morning and they'd walk to class together across the campus. It wasn't the romantic idyll that impressed me so much as the matter-of-factness. At this college called Bucknell, in less than a semester, Marty Castlebaum had become an independent young man sounding an independent young man's prerogatives without shame or guilt or secrecy. At Newark Rutgers, I might be becoming more of a Newarker and an American but I couldn't fool myself, even with the pipe and the Trojans, about feeling more like a man.

IN MARCH OF 1951 MY parents and I made the seven-hour drive to Lewisburg, about sixty miles up from Harrisburg, in a farming valley along the Susquehanna River. I was to be interviewed by an assistant to the director of admissions, a courteous middle-aged woman whose name I've by now forgotten. In her office Miss Blake, let's call her, told the three of us that with my high school standing and my Newark Rutgers grades I'd have no trouble being admitted with full credit for my freshman courses. She was less optimistic about my receiving financial aid as a transfer student but assured us that I'd be in a better position to compete for a scholarship after having proved myself at Bucknell.

I was chagrined to hear that; part of the problem, I figured, had to do with my father's promotion. Even though a big chunk of his salary still went to paying off his business debt, his earnings had increased measurably since he'd taken over as manager of the Union City office, and there had been no choice but to give the correct figure on my

aid-application form. Yet, for reasons of pride and privacy, he forbade me to report the debt. To make matters worse, we didn't look like a family in need. If anything, my mother, in a demure navy-blue dress, was dressed more attractively—though with no less propriety—than the assistant to the director of admissions; for jewelry she wore the little gold pin she'd been awarded after serving two terms as president of the PTA. My father, a fit and solid-looking man of fifty, with thinning hair and rimless spectacles, wore a dark business suit with a vest and looked like someone who himself sat behind a desk and interviewed applicants, as indeed he frequently had while reorganizing the unproductive staff at the Union City office. He certainly was not uneasy being inside a university building for the first time. The turnabout in his fortunes (and ours) had re-

newed his prodigious energies; between that and his almost palpable pride in me and my scholastic success, he radiated an unpolished, good-natured confidence that stirred my own pride but that, I felt certain, was killing my chances for a Bucknell scholarship. Had he been an embarrassment (and of course beforehand I feared he might be), had he tried too hard, setting out to sell Bucknell on what a good boy I was or telling Miss Blake about the progress made in America by our vast array of relatives, we could, in fact, have been in better shape for seeming



that much cruder. As it was, the picture we presented, of a self-made, enterprising, happily cohesive and prospering family, convinced me that I was doomed. I'd get into Bucknell, all right, but for lack of funds I wouldn't be able to enroll.

Later that day Marty Castlebaum took us on a tour of the university grounds and around the charming tree-lined streets leading to the main shopping thoroughfare, where we had rooms for the night in the Hotel Lewisburger. Not since I'd been to Princeton with my Uncle Ed had I strolled around a town where people actually lived in houses dating back to the eighteenth century. On a tiny green near his fraternity house there was a Civil War cannon that Marty naughtily told my parents went off "when a virgin walks by."

It was the campus that most beguiled me: ivy-covered brick buildings sparsely set amid large trees and long, roll-

ing lawns. On “the Hill,” at the heart of the campus, the windows of the men’s dormitory looked beyond cornfields and pastures to the Lycoming hills. There was a clock in the cupola of the men’s dorm that chimed on the hour, an elegant spire atop the new library, a student hangout that Marty familiarly called Chet’s (though a sign identified it as The Bison), and a dormitory called Larison Hall where that girlfriend of his had her room. Scattered about the campus and on streets down from the Hill were a dozen or so manorial-looking buildings with façades inspired either by English stately homes or by colonnaded plantation dwellings; here lived the fraternity men. In all, it was an unoutlandish little college town of the kind I’d seen before only in movies with Kay Kyser or June Allyson, not so much subdued or genteel, and certainly not posh or gentrified, but instead suited for the coziest, most commonplace dreams of order. Lewisburg emanated an unpretentious civility that we could trust, rather than an air of privilege by which we might have been intimidated. To be sure, everything about the rural landscape and the small-town setting (and Miss Blake) suggested an unmistakably genteel version of unpretentious civility, but by 1951 none of us thought it pretentious or unseemly that the momentum of our family’s Americanization should have carried us, in half a century, from my Yiddish-speaking grandparents’ hard existence in Newark’s poorest ghetto neighborhood to this pretty place whose harmonious nativeness was proclaimed in every view.

My parents turned out to have been as impressed as I was, though probably less by Bucknell’s collegiate look than by our enthusiastic guide, a Jewish boy from our block who seemed to them, as he did to me, to be thriving wonderfully in this unfamiliar atmosphere. After dinner in the hotel restaurant, when Marty had left for his dormitory and we were in the elevator on our way up to bed, my father said to me, “You like it, don’t you?” “Yes, but how can we afford it if they won’t give me a scholarship for September?” “Forget the scholarship,” he told me. “You want to go here, you’re going.”

I sat up late at the little desk in my room, a stack of hotel stationery at the ready for recording my “thoughts.” I replayed over and over the conversation with my father in the hotel elevator, adding a line of my own that I would not have had the self-control to say to him face-to-face but that I was able to write freely and exuberantly on a sheet of the Lewisburger’s paper. I felt a buoyant sense of having survived the worst while preserving unimpaired the long-standing pre-university accord that would seem to have made us an indestructible family: “And now we won’t have to have that terrible fight—we’ve been saved by Bucknell.”

Over precisely the issue that had been simmering since I’d begun college—my weekend whereabouts after midnight—my father and I *did*, of course, have the terrible fight, when I was home from Lewisburg for my first mid-year vacation. And it was worse than I had foreseen, however banal the immediate cause. Along with my mother,

my brother—who fortunately happened to be in from Manhattan, where he was beginning to establish himself as a commercial artist—made every conceivable effort to act as a peacemaker and, with an air of urgent diplomacy, hurried back and forth between the two ends of the apartment, where the two raving belligerents had been isolated. And though, after two days of histrionic shouting and bitter silence, my father and I—for the sake, finally, of my desolated mother—negotiated a fragile truce, I returned to Bucknell a shell-shocked son, freshly evacuated from the Oedipal battlefield, in dire need of rest and rehabilitation.

AN ATTRACTIVE WHITE CHRISTIAN MALE ENTERING Bucknell in the early fifties could expect to be officially courted by about half the thirteen fraternities. A promising athlete, the graduate of a prestigious prep school, the son of rich parents or of a distinguished alumnus, might wind up with bids from as many as ten fraternities. A Jewish freshman—or Jewish transfer student, like me—could expect to be rushed by two fraternities at most, the exclusively Jewish fraternity, Sigma Alpha Mu, which, like the Christian fraternities, was the local chapter of a national body, and Phi Lambda Theta, a local fraternity without national affiliations, which did not discriminate on the basis of race, religion, or color. A Jewish student who wished to take part in fraternity life but was acceptable to neither was in trouble. If he couldn’t bear being an “independent”—taking meals in the university dining hall, living in the dormitories or in a room in town, making friends and dating outside the reigning social constellation—he’d have to pack up and go home. There were a few reported cases of Jewish students who had.

The Jewish fraternity had nothing much that was Jewish about it except the wholly sanctioned nickname by which the members were identified, at Bucknell and at every other campus where there was a chapter of Sigma Alpha Mu: as easily by themselves as by others, the Jewish brothers were called Sammies. Had the fraternity been christened Iota Kappa Epsilon, people might not have tolerated Ikeys so readily, but no one seemed to have ever considered Sammies an even mildly stigmatizing label. Perhaps its purpose was prophylactic, pre-empting the attribution of diminutives less benign than this friendly-sounding acronym, which carried in its suffix only the tiniest sting. I, for one, never became accustomed to it and never could say it, but probably I had been sensitized unduly by Budd Schulberg’s novel, which I’d read in high school, about the pushiest of pushy Jews, Sammy Glick.

Certainly the Sammy kitchen, where three meals a day were prepared for the sixty-five or so members, smelled more like the galley of a merchant ship than like the sanctum sanctorum of a traditional Jewish household. “Cookie,” the chef, was a local Navy veteran, a grim-faced, tattooed little man with a loose lantern jaw bearing a day or two’s dark stubble; he wouldn’t have been out of place

frying onions on the grill of a back-road diner anywhere in America. Eggs with ham or bacon was the staple for breakfast, and pork chops and ham steaks showed up for lunch or dinner a couple of times a week—fare no different from what was served in the other fraternity houses and at the student dining hall. But you didn't join the Jewish fraternity to eat kosher food any more than to observe the Sabbath, to study Torah, or to discuss Jewish questions of the day; nor did you join because you hoped to rid yourself of embarrassing Jewish ways. Most likely you came from a family, like my own, for whom assimilation wasn't a potent issue any longer—if it were, you wouldn't have been at Bucknell to begin with or have remained very long. This isn't to say that their Jewish parents would have preferred a university decree that these Sammy sons be allowed to join the otherwise Christian-dominated fraternities. No, in 1951 Sigma Alpha Mu suited everybody. The Jews were together because they were profoundly different but otherwise like everyone else.

As it happened, an opportunity to be the only Jew to pledge a gentile fraternity was offered to me when I arrived, as a sophomore, in September of 1951. I was rushed not only by the Jewish Sigma Alpha Mu and the non-denominational Phi Lambda Theta but also by Theta Chi. For reasons never entirely explained to me, Theta Chi had among its sixty-odd gentile members one Jew already, a senior with a gentile-sounding name and appearance who was also the fraternity president and who worked hard to entice me into the house, though my own name and appearance weren't likely to fool anyone. I took the invitation seriously and during the rushing period ate there as a guest several times. If I was joining a fraternity—and I figured that penetrating student society as a sophomore outside a fraternity might be nearly impossible—then didn't it make sense for me, with my democratic ideals and liberal principles, to capitalize on this inexplicable breach in a tightly segregated system?

Membership in Theta Chi certainly sounded more adventurous to a boy from the Weequahic section of Newark than slipping predictably in with the Jews. As for the non-denominational fraternity, whose unpretentious house on a back street was home to nearly a hundred young men, it seemed to me, after a quick appraisal, that the members I met were either innocently upright in their devotion to their principles or shy and socially a bit uncertain, boys who could indeed not have had anywhere else to go. I might well have had this wrong, but I was struck by an air of charity and virtue about the place that was more purely "Christian" than anything I'd run into in a nominally Christian but areligious fraternity like Theta Chi—something smacking a little of the goodness of the Salvation Army. Everything else aside, I believed I would need a slightly more profligate, less utopian atmosphere in which to realize even a tenth of the nefarious erotic prospectus that—as my father correctly surmised—I had been secretly preparing for years. The estimable goals of the Phi Lambda Thetas made the house too much like home.

At all costs my choice had to have nothing to do with my parents' preference, since establishing my independence was the point of coming away. In a series of letters home I laid out the problem in a scrupulously maniacal presentation worthy of Kafka. Instead of replying instinctively to what must have sounded to them like so much foolish naiveté, they were sufficiently intimidated by all my pages to seek out the advice of the Greens, Jewish friends in the clothing business whose daughter had manifested a similar urge a few years earlier. The line they took over the phone wasn't without wisdom: they said they wanted me to do what would make me "happiest." If I thought I would be happier with boys whose backgrounds were unlike my own, then I should of course choose Theta Chi; but if in the end it seemed as evident to me as to them and to the Greens that I would be happier with boys like Marty Castlebaum, then I should choose SAM. *They* would be happy, my mother told me—it was she, whose touch was lighter, who'd been assigned to speak for their side—with whatever choice was sure to make *me* happy . . . and so on.

Had I joined Theta Chi as their new Jew, the chances are that challenging convention might well have proved invigorating for a while and that discovering the secrets of this unknown community would, at the start, have yielded some genuine anthropological excitement. It probably wouldn't have been long, however, before I found the exuberant side of my personality, the street-corner taste for comic mockery and for ludicrous, theatrical speculation, out of place in the Theta Chi dining room with its staid, prosaic, small-town decorum that had struck me as somewhat cornball. Probably my career as a Theta Chi would have been even shorter than my career as a Sammy was to be. I wasn't afraid of the temptation to become an honorary WASP but was leery of a communal spirit that might lead me to self-censorship, since the last thing I'd left home for was to become encased in somebody else's idea of what I should be. Eventually intuition brought me round to understanding that joining Theta Chi could wind up being a far more conformist act than taking the seemingly conventional course of being with boys from backgrounds more like my own, who, just *because* their style was familiar, wouldn't have the power to inhibit my expressive yearnings. Coming from backgrounds like mine, a few of them might have similar yearnings themselves.

A few did—two, to be precise, both sophomore English majors: Pete Tasch, from Baltimore, and Dick Minton, from Mount Vernon, New York. Pete, who later became an English professor, was a very highly tuned boy with a strong strain of bookish refinement that set him apart not only from the regular fellows at the fraternity but even more blatantly from the kids calling to him for their Cokes and fries at The Sweet Shop, a local hangout where he clocked afternoon and evening hours in order to pay his living expenses. Dick, who eventually became a lawyer, was more unshakable, a straight shooter wholly without airs and with a very good brain, who listened to Beethoven quartets whenever he wasn't reading. His intense cultural

passions could have been shared by no more than a dozen students on the campus and by hardly anyone at the fraternity house. Early in 1953, a little over a year after I'd been formally inducted into Sigma Alpha Mu, we three resigned from the fraternity and gave our devotion instead to *Et Cetera*, a literary magazine that we'd helped to found and then took over, under my editorship in 1952–1953 and the next year under Pete's, with Dick as literary editor.

The fraternity divided pretty much into two groups: the commerce-and-finance majors preparing for business careers or law school and those in the sciences aiming for medical school; there were a couple of engineers and, aside from us three, only a handful of liberal-arts students. Before emerging literary interests forged my alliance with Pete Tasch and Dick Minton, the Sammy whose company I'd most enjoyed was a

C&F student, Dickie Denholtz, a burly, assertive, dark-bearded boy whose jovial forcefulness I associated with those peculiarly Jewish energies that gave my Newark neighborhood its distinctive exuberance. Dickie came from the Newark suburbs, and perhaps what accounted for our strong, short-lived affinity was that his family's American roots were like my own in urban Jewish New Jersey. Together we could be the coarse and uninhibited performers who ignited whatever improvisational satire flared up in the living room after dinner; the Sammy musical skit for the interfraternity

Mid-Term Jubilee—a telescoped version of *Guys and Dolls* improbably set at Bucknell—had been written and directed by Dickie and me and starred the two of us in raucous singing roles. Our spirited low-comedy concoctions—the kind that I had thought unlikely to find a responsive audience at the Theta Chi house—constituted SAM's single, unmistakable strain of “Jewishness”: in the ways that the extroverts made fun of things, and the ways that the others found us funny, Sigma Alpha Mu came closest, in my estimation, to being a Jewish fraternity.

I never knew how the predominantly Protestant student body perceived the Jewish fraternity. Almost two thirds of Bucknell's students were from small towns in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, while the preponderance of Sammies came from New York—most of them from Westchester County and Long Island, a few from the city itself. Of

course there must have been coeds whose families preferred that they not date Jews and who willingly obeyed, but as there were barely twenty Jewish women on the campus, and about eighty Jewish men, the dates I saw at Sammy parties were mostly Gentiles, many from communities where there were probably no Jews at all. Over the years Sigma Alpha Mu had staunchly sought, and frequently won, the interfraternity academic trophy, and though there weren't enough Sammies playing on varsity teams to give the house an athletic aura (in my time just two basketball players and two football players), the sensational *social* event of the early fifties was our brainchild. The nature of the event suggests (as did the brazen Jubilee *Guys and Dolls*) that going along like sensible assimilationists with traditional campus socializing conventions was not the primary motive of the

Sammies' leadership. The aim was to make an indelible mark as a distinctively uninhibited, freewheeling fraternity.

The idea for the “Sand Blast” was not original to our chapter but borrowed from a fraternity at some larger university like Syracuse or Cornell, where the motif of an indoor winter beach party was supposed to have inspired a colossal success of just the sort the Bucknell Sammies hoped would elevate them to the forefront of campus popularity. The rugs and the furniture, the trophy cabinets and the pictures on the walls,

were all to be removed from the downstairs rooms, and the first floor of the house—dining hall and two living rooms—was to be covered with about three inches of sand and planted with beach umbrellas. The floor would have to be braced from below to bear the weight of the sand; what's more, after the sand dumped inside proved uninvitingly clammy, it had to be heated with strong lights in order to reduce the dampness, which had dangerously increased the weight of the load. Required dress was a bathing suit (in March), and the entire student body was invited. To spread the word, signs were posted all over the campus, and one afternoon a small plane flew low over the campus issuing the invitation through a loudspeaker.

During the planning stages I expressed uneasiness with the expense and the vastness of the effort and with what seemed a clownish misuse of the physical structure itself; though by no means an architectural showpiece, the build-



ing possessed its own lumpish, sturdy 1920s integrity and served, after all, as our collective home. I assured the brothers that I was as delighted as anyone by the prospect of producing this pornographic tableau within our familiar walls, and of course charmed by the idea of all those Bucknell coeds lying around on the sand in their two-piece swimsuits, openly contravening the strict dress code enforced by the Honor Council (a group of esteemed women students who tried infractions of conduct among their peers and handed out punishment when a coed was found, say, to be walking on a college path in a pair of Bermuda shorts half an inch shorter than prescribed). I was no enemy of the flesh, I said, but I reminded my brothers that when the party was over and our house, if it was still standing, had again become a home, we would be chewing sand in our mashed potatoes for semesters to come. I was roundly shouted down.

Among those few who argued that the plans for the Sand Blast were too grandiosely whatever—childish, ostentatious, imprudent, crazy—Tasch, Minton, and I were the least enamored of all; we were by then trying to put out four issues a year of a new magazine, inspired by Addison, Steele, and Harold Ross, and felt ourselves being swallowed up like extras in a show-biz production by Mike Todd.

Despite throngs of students who dropped their coats and shoes and scarves into a vast pile in the basement and then came upstairs to disperse themselves, nearly nude, across the indoor beach, the Sand Blast came off without a cave-in or an invasion by the university police. Had there been a chance of anything like an orgy developing, 90 percent (more!) of those who had showed up would have left for The Spit (as the crummy local movie house was known on campus) without even the intervention of the authorities, and I, along with my date from Chester, Pennsylvania, would probably have gone with them. Fantasy was of course less bridled than if the girls had arrived corsaged and swathed in taffeta, as they customarily did for a fraternity's annual lavish party, but in the fifties Bucknell, with its freshman hazing and its compulsory chapel, its pinning ceremonies and heralded "Hello Spirit," was still a long way from Berkeley, 1968, and Woodstock, 1969, let alone from the hanging gardens of Plato's Retreat.



The strain of Dadaesque Jewish showmanship that manifested itself a decade later in cultural-political deviants and cunningly anarchic entrepreneurs—mischief-makers as diverse as Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman, the Chicago Seven defendants; William Kunstler, the Chicago Seven lawyer; Tuli Kupferberg, the Fug poet and a leading contributor to *Fuck You! A Magazine of the Arts*; Hillard Elkins, the producer of *Oh! Calcutta!*; Al Goldstein, the publisher of *Screw*; not to mention Bella Abzug, Lenny Bruce, Norman Mailer, and me—was hardly what was germinating at the Sammy Sand Blast. Though a spark of defiant impudence had perhaps ignited the first fraternity meeting where so outlandish an idea was considered seriously, the stunt was engineered finally by conventional, law-abiding fraternity boys in training for secure careers in orderly

middle-class American communities. The Sand Blast's underlying erotic motive may have spilled out more playfully, with more imaginative flair, than what fired the campus panty raid later that year, but what prevailed was the poolside spirit of the suburban country club.

Actually, the mob of freshman and sophomore men that came surging off the Hill one warm April night—hoping to break in on the nightgowned coeds and steal their underwear—produced a far more orgiastic version than the Sammys had of a Sadean scenario. The exhibitionistic extravaganza

plotted and bankrolled by the socially competitive Sammys, though as bold a challenge to standards of communal decency as any mounted in Lewisburg during my years there, had, in fact, less to do with the suppressed longings that would culminate in the sexual uprising of the sixties than did the rowdy testicularity of those spontaneous spring panty raids that seemed to me at the time to be meaningless.

“LET’S START A MAGAZINE . . . FEARLESSLY OBSCENE. . .” The mockingly inspirational line was from E. E. Cummings, whose poetry I’d begun reading (and reciting to friends) under the influence of Bob Maurer, a young American-literature instructor in the English department, who was doing a Ph.D. dissertation on Cummings and whose wife, Charlotte, had



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been William Shawn's secretary at *The New Yorker* in the mid-forties before marrying Bob and arriving in Lewisburg with him and their infant son, Harry. With an M.A. from Montclair State College and his incomplete Wisconsin Ph.D., Bob was probably being paid about half as much as my father had earned struggling to support us on an insurance agent's salary, and one of the first things that I came to admire about the Maurers was their pennilessness; it seemed to confer an admirable independence from convention without having turned them, tiresomely, into fifties bohemians. Our bohemian—or the closest you came to one in Lewisburg—was the genial artist-in-residence, Bruce Mitchell, who taught painting classes, loved bop, drank some, and had a wife who wore long peasant skirts.

The Maurers seemed to me free (in the biggest and best sense), level-headed Americans, respectable enough but unconcerned with position and appearances. They had their books and records, their old car, and their little rented house rather bare of furniture; Bob's droopy old jacket was patched at the elbows for other than ornamental reasons—yet what they didn't own they didn't appear to miss. They made being poor look so easy that I decided to follow their example and become poor myself someday, either as an English professor like Bob or as a serious writer who was so good that his books made no money. Bob, a butcher's son, was very much a Depression-honed city boy, originally from my part of industrial New Jersey. He was so lanky and small-headed, however, that in his oval spectacles and fraying clothes he looked more like an educated hayseed, some string-bean farm boy who had struggled semiconsciously toward freedom in a Sherwood Anderson novel. His direct manner, too, seemed to be born of the outdoors and open spaces, and some twenty years later, after he had got fed up with teaching and had quit his professorship at Antioch, he earned his living writing for *Current Biography* and *Field and Stream*. He wound up, all on his own and seemingly quite happy, coaching boys' baseball for the Peace Corps in the wilds of Chile. He died of a heart attack in 1983, at the age of sixty-two. At his funeral Harry read aloud from Bob's favorite Hemingway story, "Big Two-Hearted River."

Charlotte had her own brand of unadorned down-to-earthiness, which filtered attractively through a faint Florida accent; she was psychologically more delicate than Bob and from a slightly more prosperous background, and to me her unorthodox Antioch College education and her time at *The New Yorker* made her seem terrifically urbane. She had a prognathous, fresh kind of freckled good looks that was as appealing as her speech, but it wasn't until I'd graduated from college and spent a week with the Maurers in their primitive cabin on the bluff of a tiny Maine island that I allowed myself, on the walks we took together, to fall for my professor's wife. At eighteen it was thrilling enough just to have been befriended by them and to be asked to their house occasionally on Saturday nights to hear their E. E. Cummings record and drink their Gallo

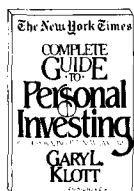
wine or to listen to Bob talk about growing up gentile in the working-class town of Roselle, New Jersey, during the twenties and thirties.

I talked freely to them about my own upbringing, a twenty-minute drive from Bob's old family house in Roselle, which bordered on Elizabeth, where my mother's immigrant parents had settled separately, as young people, at the start of the century. Along with Jack and Joan Wheatcroft, another young English-department couple who soon became confidants and close friends, the Maurers must have been the first Gentiles to whom I'd ever given an insider's view of my Jewish neighborhood, my family, and our friends. When I jumped up from the table to mimic my more colorful relations, I found they were not merely entertained but interested, and they encouraged me to tell more about where I was from. Nonetheless, so long as I was earnestly reading my way from Cynwulf to *Mrs. Dalloway*—and so long as I was enrolled at a college where the five percent of Jewish students left not the faintest mark on the prevailing undergraduate style—it did not dawn on me that these anecdotes and observations might be made into literature, however fictionalized they'd already become in the telling. Thomas Wolfe's exploitation of Asheville or Joyce's of Dublin suggested nothing about focusing this urge to write on my own experience. How could Art be rooted in a parochial Jewish Newark neighborhood having nothing to do with the enigma of time and space or good and evil or appearance and reality?

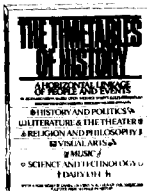
The imitations with which I entertained the Maurers and the Wheatcrofts were of somebody's shady uncle the bookie and somebody's sharpie son the street-corner bongo player and of the comics Stinky and Shorty, whose routines I'd learned at the Empire Burlesque in downtown Newark. The stories I told them were about the illicit love life of our cocky, self-important neighbor the tiny immigrant Seltzer King and the amazing appetite—for jokes, pickles, pinochle, everything!—of our family friend the 300-pound bon vivant Apple King, while the stories I wrote, set absolutely nowhere, were mournful little things about sensitive children, sensitive adolescents, and sensitive young men crushed by coarse life. The stories were intended to be "touching"; without entirely knowing it, I wanted through my fiction to become "refined," to be elevated into realms unknown to the lower-middle-class Jews of Leslie Street, with their focus on earning a living and raising a family and trying occasionally to have a good time. To prove in my earliest undergraduate stories that I was a nice Jewish boy would have been bad enough; this was worse—proving that I was a nice boy, period. The Jew was nowhere to be seen; there were no Jews in the stories, no Newark, and not a sign of comedy—the last thing I wanted to do was to hand anybody a laugh in literature. I wanted to show that life was sad and poignant, even while I was experiencing it as heady and exhilarating; I wanted to demonstrate that I was "compassionate," a totally harmless person.

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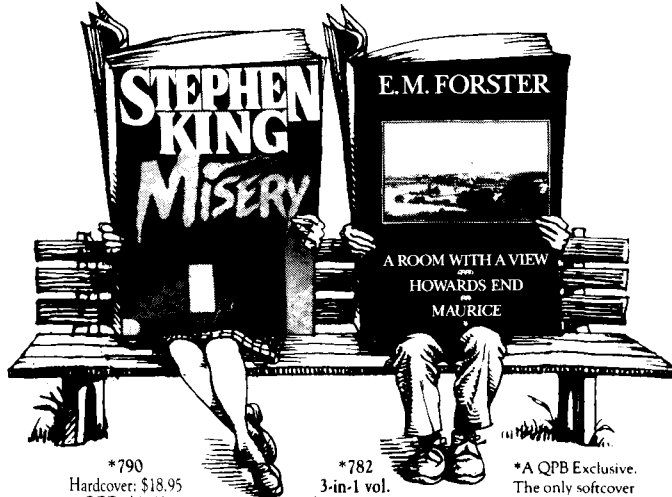
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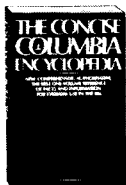
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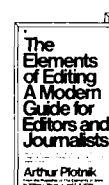


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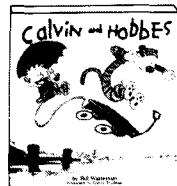
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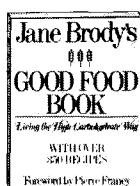
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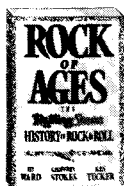
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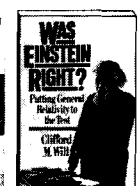
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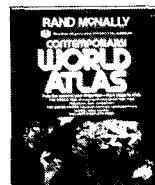
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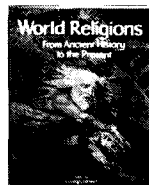
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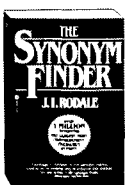
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In those first undergraduate stories I managed to extract from Salinger a very cloying come-on and from the young Capote his gossamer vulnerability, and to imitate badly my titan, Thomas Wolfe, at the extremes of self-pitying self-importance. Those stories were as naive as a student's can be, and I was only lucky that I was on a campus like Bucknell where there wasn't an intellectual faction to oppose my minute coterie, for its members would have found in my fiction a very soft satiric target. Then again, if there had been some sort of worthy competition around, I might not have produced these unconscious personal allegories to begin with. Allegorical representation is what they were—the result of having found myself far more of a cuckoo in the Bucknell nest than I'd been even as an adolescent on Leslie Street, let alone at Newark Rutgers, where, as a lower-middle-class boy from an ambitious minority in pursuit of a better life, I'd briefly played out the post-immigrant romance of higher education.

I don't believe I ever found myself out of place just because I was a Jew, though I was not unaware, especially when I was still fresh from home, that I *was* a Jew at a university where the bylaws stipulated that more than half the Board of Trustees had to be members of the Baptist Church, where chapel attendance was required of lowerclassmen, and where the one extracurricular organization for which most Bucknellians seemed to have membership cards was the Christian Association. But then, after only a little while in Sigma Alpha Mu I felt no closer to my fraternity brothers than I had to those Christian Association members who had lived in my dormitory and spent a part of each evening playing touch football in the corridor outside the room where I was concocting the symbols for my stories of victimized refinement. Like the overprotected young victims in those first short stories, who stood for something like the life of the mind, I was turning out to be too sensitive, though not to religious so much as to spiritual differences at a university where the dominant tone seemed to emanate from the large undergraduate population enrolled in the commerce-and-finance program—students preparing to take ordinary workaday jobs in the booming postwar business world, which not only my literary ideals but also my loosely held suspicion of the profit

motive had pitted me against since I'd begun to read the New York paper *P.M.*, when I was fourteen. The courses to which I was drawn typified everything that the marketplace deemed worthless, and yet here I was, living among its most enthusiastic adherents—the unrebelling sons and daughters of status-quo America at the dawn of the Eisenhower era—certain that mind and not money was what gave life meaning, and studying, in dead earnest, Literary Criticism, Modern Thought, Advanced Shakespeare, and Aesthetics.

In September of 1952, when, as juniors, I was elected editor in chief of *Et Cetera* and Pete Tasch took over as managing editor, the Maurers became our advisers. Bob was listed as an official literary adviser, and Charlotte became an unofficial adviser. Her influence on the opening



pages of each issue would have been apparent to anyone familiar with *The New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town." Our own "Talk of the Town" was a two-page miscellany of putatively witty reportage, called "Transit Lines," a heading we thought nicely appropriate on a campus where an engineering student was always out on one of the walkways sighting through a telescope. Stories began in the first-person plural, invariably with a tone of droll breeziness that the editor considered urbane: "When we heard about the new dormitory inspection policy (men living on The Hill will have their rooms inspected every week by the ROTC department) we were prepared to see, lining the campus, signs screaming, 'Down with the Military' or 'Keep the Fascists from Our Rooms!' . . ." "The other day we purchased a genuine undyed mouton pelt for the ridiculously low sum of five dollars. . . ." "One of our friends, a sociology major, if you're interested, told us a story the other

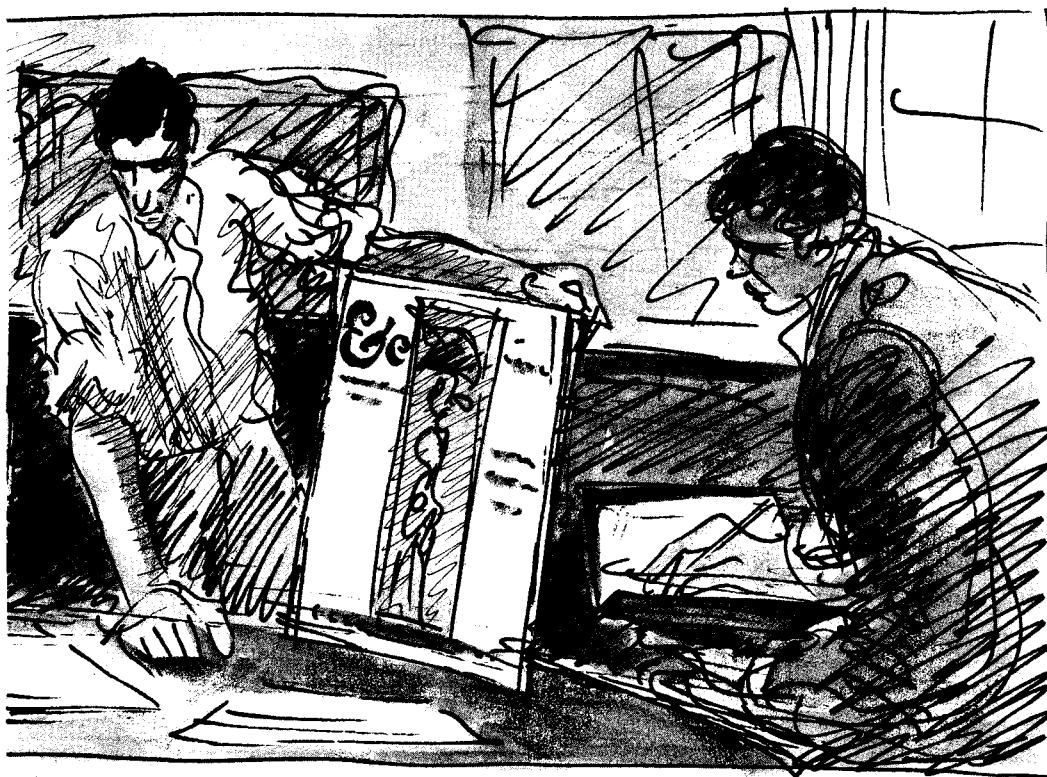
afternoon. It seems that he took the afternoon train out of New York on Sunday. . . .” Some pieces were deft and readable, others oozed with archness, and none accorded with Cummings’s prescription for a magazine “fearlessly obscene.”

The obscenity around, in “our” judgment, was the weekly student newspaper, *The Bucknellian*, to which *Et Cetera* hoped to propose a sophisticated alternative. Little more than a decade later, student dissidents would display their defiance of officially sanctioned campus values by promoting, in their publications, bad taste and outlaw behavior; in the early fifties those of us keen to exhibit our superior wit and offhand charm in these “Transit Lines” pieces were indeed the Bucknell dissidents, and yet it was purportedly to raise, not to drag down, the tone of the

hower) for having chosen a war hero over an intellectual statesman. Even though his gaze suggested that I was wildly out of order, Garvin, perhaps because of his own similar disappointment, let me go on to the end uninterrupted, while a majority of the Shakespeare students registered either amusement or boredom with my tirade. Absolutely certain that I was right and that a moronic America was our fate, I sat down thinking that despite the very obvious classroom consensus, *they* were the ones who were the dangerous fools.

This outburst aside, it had never occurred to me to make a case for Stevenson on the editorial page of *Et Cetera* when my first issue appeared at the height of the presidential campaign in October of 1952. The magazine had “higher” purposes, *literary* purposes; besides, it was not

the custom in those days for student publications to support candidates for public office. A year later the magazine did publish a page-long “prose poem” that I’d written over the summer vacation, a monologue by an unnamed coward too prudent to speak out against McCarthyism, which provoked no response at all, so it may well have been that an *Et Cetera* editorial supporting Stevenson wouldn’t have bothered anyone. But at the time, had I even thought of writing one, I would have assumed that it would violate the policy of the university



place that we struck our *New Yorkerish* poses. Realistically, nobody working for the magazine expected it to do anything other than make tangible the differences between the collective student sensibility and our own as it was quickly altering under the influence of the English professors whose favorites we were and who were teaching us to enjoy using a word like *sensibility*. But to me, at least, these differences seemed to reflect the national division between the civilized minority who had voted for Adlai Stevenson and the philistine majority who had overwhelmingly elected Eisenhower President.

The day after Stevenson took his beating, I stood up in Professor Harry Garvin’s English 257 (Shakespeare: Intensive study of a small number of plays) and, under the pretext of explicating a passage about the mob in *Coriolanus*, excoriated the American public (and, by implication, the Bucknell student body, which had solidly favored Eisen-

Board of Publications, with which I was soon to collide anyway.

The cadences of the editorial that I did publish bespeak, alas, the influence of the “March of Time” on my polemical style; in retrospect the editorial looks a little like the budding of an incipient Kennedy speech writer, concluding as it does with the line “Let our generation not wait too long.” Written as an elegiac plea to my contemporaries to abandon their “high school values,” their “football-clothes-car-date-acne-conscious brains,” it was, in fact, a covertly condescending, less simpering version of my allegories about displacement. Though equally shadowy about its real grievances, the editorial made the case, however naively, for a kind of robust, responsible maturity that was an advance over the prissy tenderness with which the author of the fiction had chosen to associate his manliness.

The editorial of the midyear issue was tame and informative and meant to be charming—a history, beginning in 1870, of the rise and fall of the Bucknell literary magazines that preceeded *Et Cetera*. A laconic last paragraph quoted “Scott Fitzgerald.” “What is it Scott Fitzgerald said? ‘So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.’” The third issue, out in the spring of 1953, when I had just turned twenty, made me notorious, or as notorious as one could be who wore dirty white bucks and was on the dean’s list; it established me (perhaps in my own mind, primarily) as the college’s critical antagonist

FOR STUART PORTER, WHO ASKED FOR A POEM THAT WOULD NOT DEPRESS HIM FURTHER

A joke the size of a small moon headed
for earth: it will decimate all talk of aging
schedules and quarterly projections. The dictators
will laugh themselves to death,
the crippled shall walk and the blind see.
Every heart shall open like rain
and the rivers flow
with gladness, oh my brother . . . I’m making
this up, of course, but you get the point—
imagination is a means of transport,
sometimes more real than any other, and I can see
you reading now, the smile beginning,
the corners of your lips raised,
slightly. And sometimes it’s enough, a belly laugh’s
redundant, the small
pleasure we can hold expands, takes up whole
moments of our lives. I think of your daughter
lying peaceful on the couch
in your lonely condo, her face like a perfected dream
of your own, translated into the feminine,
how your hands took on
a sudden grace I’d never seen
when you lifted her, turned her away
from the harsh light . . . It’s coming! The astronomers
are already beginning to snicker! Close all doors
and windows, hustle to the cellar!
—How could we bear total joy when one small
speechless face transforms
our hearts, all our wounds forever after bathed
in the light of that gaze so fresh from the other world. . . .

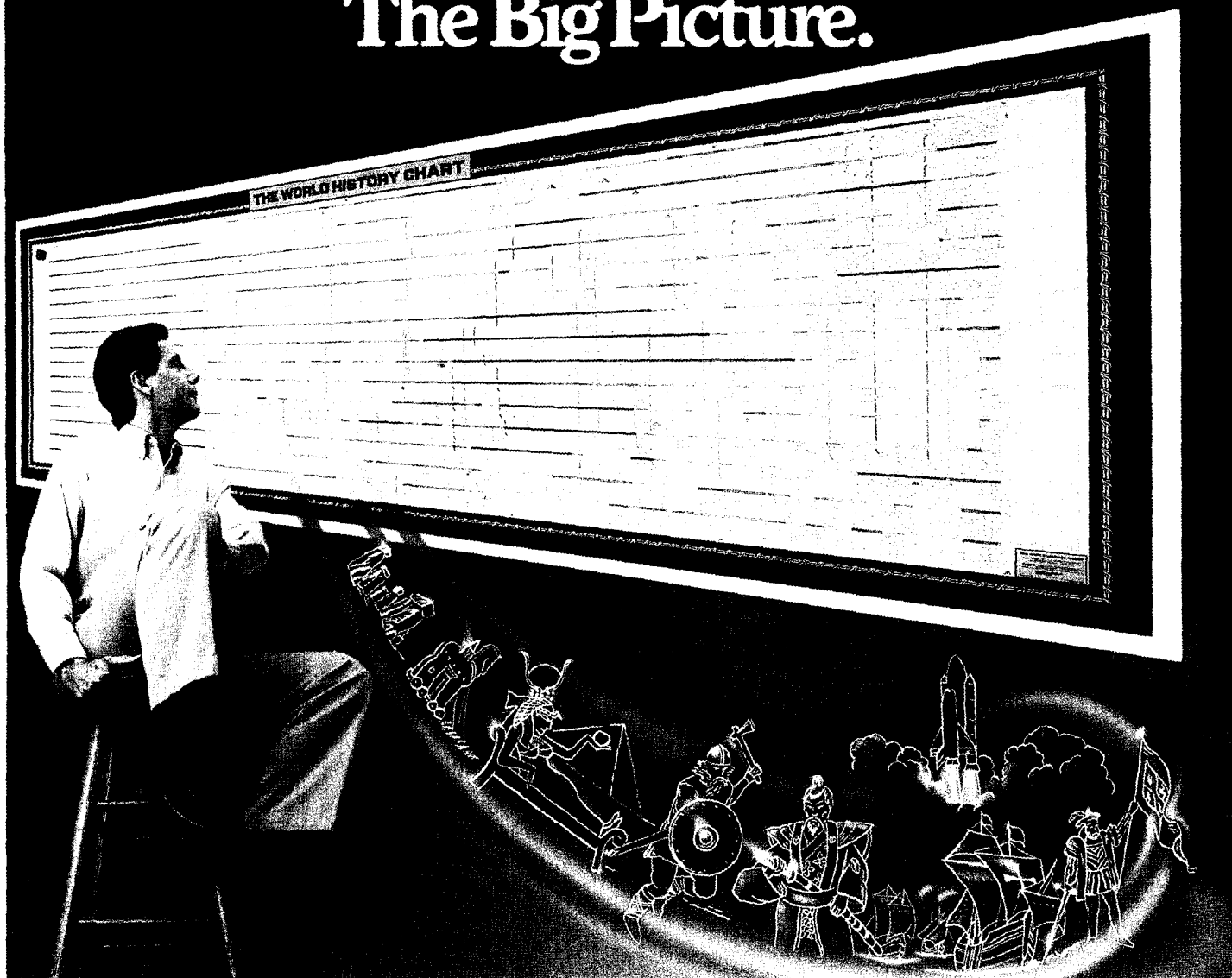
—Jeffrey Skinner

rather than a boy who secretly still possessed enough of his own “high school values” to want to be popular and admired. Since *The Bucknellian* exemplified for me and my *Et Cetera* friends the lowbrow campus enthusiasms by which we felt engulfed, I put aside the self-protective writing postures with which I had kept my sense of estrangement in check and launched a heavily sarcastic attack on the banality of the weekly paper and its editor, Barbara Roemer, a well-liked, very amiable young woman from Springfield, New Jersey, who was the vice-president of the Tri Delt sorority and the captain of the cheerleading squad. As it was only the year before—while still a Sammy with a social identity outside the literary clique—that I’d unsuccessfully dated two pretty, clean-cut girls with ordinary American names wholly exotic to my ear, *both* of them members of the cheerleading squad, the reader is free to wonder how much of the animus directed against Barbara Roemer might have been inspired by my failure to impress either Annette Littlefield or Pat McColl.

“There is the theory,” began the barrage, “that if a thousand monkeys were chained to a thousand typewriters for an unspecified number of years, they would have written all of the great literature that has been set down in the world by human beings. If such is the case, what is holding up production on *The Bucknellian*? We do not expect Miss Roemer and her cohorts to turn out great literature, for, after all, they are not monkeys, but we do expect them to publish a newspaper.” The centerfold of the magazine was a satiric send-up of the newspaper, a facsimile front page burlesquing *The Bucknellian*’s editorial column and its newsless news stories, the work of someone seemingly more subtly endowed with aggressive skills than the insulting, ungrammatical editor in chief of *Et Cetera*. Without thinking too much about it, I had extracted from my taste for mimicry a rhetorical disguise more stylishly combative than the adolescent penchant for righteous contempt; transforming indignation into performance, I managed on the facsimile front page to reveal a flash of talent for comic destruction.

For delivering this gleeful one-two punch to a well-worn, innocuous Bucknell institution, I was admonished by the dean of men, Mal Musser, and brought before the Board of Publications for censure. In addition, the managing editor of the paper, Red Macauley, knocked on the door of my dormitory room and, with his fists clenched at his sides, told me that somebody ought to give me what I deserved for what I had done to Bobby Roemer. Our argument in the doorway was heated, but as Macauley was acting, by and large, out of chivalry and in fact had no more of a taste for physical combat than I had myself, he never did take the swing that my adrenaline was readying me for. Dean Musser talked to me about the meaning of the word *tradition* and invoked the “Bucknell spirit,” but as I had already heard him express himself on these subjects on numerous public occasions, I came away from that dressing-down feeling more or less unharmed. My appearance before the student-faculty Board of Publications must

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have been far more trying, for, as it happens, I don't remember it at all and was only recently reminded that it took place by my former teacher, Mildred Martin, whose writing tutorial I was taking that semester and whose senior honors seminar, later, was the backbone of my undergraduate education. At my request, some months back, Mildred—who is now eighty-three—sent me entries from her 1953–1954 journals about the senior seminar and appended some random notes under the title “Memories.” One note reads, “After Roth was called up for reprimand because of an *Etc.* issue satirizing *The Bucknellian*, he came in distress to see me. I told him that any satirist in America would be subject to criticism.” I called Mildred, in Lewisburg, after reading this and told her that thirty-four years later, in my Connecticut studio, I had no recollection of the reprimand from the Board of Publications or of rushing off afterward to be consoled by her. “Oh, yes,” she told me over the phone, “when you came to my house you were nearly in tears.”

THE DECALS I'D AFFIXED TO THE REAR WINDOW OF my father's Chevy during the first vacation of my sophomore year—one proclaiming the name of my new university, the other the Greek initials of my fraternity—I scraped off with a razor blade a year later. My sardonic uncle the dry cleaner, who, when he'd seen the decals, had taken to calling me “Joe College,” didn't seem to notice when they were gone, and to him I remained Joe College until I came out of the Army, in 1956, and got a job teaching freshman composition at the University of Chicago. From then on I was “The Professor.” But the professor had already begun to emerge by the time I returned as a twenty-year-old to begin my senior year, in September, 1953. I had by then passed beyond the eventful semesters defining myself as the outspoken enemy of what seemed pleasantly acceptable to nearly everyone else, and had become a zealous student in The Seminar. This was the elite two-semester honors course, carrying a total of eighteen credit hours, presided over by Mildred Martin—“independent reading in English literature, from its beginnings to the present.” The reading list was ambitious—at least a couple of books a week, plus fifty pages of details to master in Baugh's *Literary History of England*. There was also a long critical essay due weekly, and every word, written or spoken in class, was scrutinized for accuracy and for common sense by Miss Martin, a plainspoken, businesslike midwesterner with short gray hair and rimless spectacles, whose crisp laugh and utterly uncantankerous nature, along with her solid learning, made her exactly the humane intellectual disciplinarian I was ripe for. There were eight in the seminar at its peak, four men and four women, but discussion tended to be dominated, sometimes audaciously, by the *Et Cetera* editorial staff—Pete Tasch, Dick Minton, and me.

That fall the seminar assembled from 1:30 to 4:30 every Thursday afternoon in the living room of the house on

South Front Street, near the river, that Mildred shared with her dear faculty friends Harold and Gladys Cook. It was a white clapboard eighteenth-century house with black shutters and a little hedge out front; the front room where we met had a nice old fireplace and worn Oriental carpets on the old floorboards, and shelves and shelves of books. Like young Nathan Zuckerman, in *The Ghost Writer*, contemplating the living room of the New England farmhouse of the writer E. I. Lonoff, I would sit there on those darkening afternoons and—while Pete, Dick, and I competed to outdo each other with “insights”—say to myself, “This is how I will live.” In just such a house I would meet with my classes after I got my Ph.D., became a teacher, and settled into a life of reading books and writing about them. Tenure as an English professor had come to seem a more realistic prospect than a career as a novelist. I would be poor and I would be pure, a cross between a literary priest and a member of the intellectual resistance in Eisenhower's prospering pig heaven.

Here are a couple of Mildred Martin's notes from her diary for that year, and one more of her memories.

Dec. 21, '53. When I was 21, in comparison with Roth and Minton, I was a child. I'm pleased with those two boys, and Tilton is working well, too. Susie Kriss hasn't been at the seminar for three weeks now, and Mrs. Bender has dropped. Mrs. Bender, after hearing Roth's paper on “The Fight at Finnsburgh,” burst into tears and said she couldn't compete. She fled to the dining nook in the kitchen, where she could hear what was being said. At one point she came back, and said, “I know the answer to that question,” answered correctly, and disappeared.

April 23, '54. Dismissed Sem. early, and the girls went fast, but the four boys just kept sitting, and we began to have a really good time. We stayed till 4:30, and then Roth came in to talk about his ΦBK speech. A book salesman came, the boys left, the salesman left, and Roth and Minton came back.

Memories. In the Lit. Library [the second-semester meeting place] there was an excited discussion about “the golden bird” near the end of “Sailing to Byzantium.” Roth and Minton disagreed concerning its appropriateness. They rose, began shaking fists, Tasch, delighted, egged them on. I finally had to ask them to be seated. A unique experience.

The classroom had become my stage, usurping the magazine as a laboratory for self-invention and displacing the student drama group, Cap & Dagger, where I'd played supporting roles in ambitious student productions of *Oedipus Rex*, *School for Scandal*, and *Death of a Salesman*. Having brought to these parts more shamelessness than anything else, by my senior year I had even fewer illusions about becoming an actor than about turning into a Thomas Wolfe. Along with *Et Cetera*, Cap & Dagger had served me as an ersatz family, to take the place of the mainstream social fraternity from which I'd resigned. Though it was a respected organization, whose faculty advisers were among

the most popular teachers on the campus, and though most of the student actors were just ordinary extroverted kids out to have a good time, it also harbored some mildly deviant sexual types out to have a good time, as well as several campus misfits and artistic souls, whom I sometimes accompanied downtown for a beer or ate with at the men's dining hall.

It was there at Cap & Dagger that I found a steady girlfriend, Paula Bates, known as Polly, who came around to Bucknell Hall in the evenings to watch rehearsals or to prompt from the script or to act loosely as the director's assistant. She had arrived as a junior transfer student in my own junior year. She and her friend Margo Hand, who lived, as she did, in a room in French House, were the most sophisticated girls—and Polly was far and away the most sardonic girl—that I knew on campus. The

well-brought-up daughter of a retired naval officer, she chain-smoked like a moll and drank martinis. The martinis impressed me when we first met and made me think of her as a woman of the world. She was frail and blonde, not quite conventionally pretty, because of something slightly troubled in her expression, signifying, I think, the jagged overlap of the independent, no-nonsense wit who for months treated my declarations of feeling and my sexual persistence as an incomprehensible nuisance ("Stop mooning") with

the delicate, kind, passionate girl whose parents' divorce and father's painful death had left her astonishingly susceptible to the intensity kindled by our affair.

The ordeal of overcoming Polly's wry skepticism was followed by the difficulties of finding a place to make love. We baby-sat for the Maurers and the Wheatcrofts and used their beds. We barricaded ourselves into a dormitory laundry room and lay on the cold floor. Vacations came, and back in New Jersey—where she stayed with her mother in Scotch Plains—I borrowed my father's car and we parked on dark, out-of-the-way streets. Over one Easter break someone lent us an apartment in New York for an afternoon and we luxuriated not only in the clandestine big-city hideaway and the feeling it gave us of being both free and on the run but also in finding ourselves unclothed together in a room full of sunlight. In the summer of 1953 we got jobs together as counselors at a Jewish camp in the Po-

conos, where I had worked the year before, and there at night we took off for the woods. What with the obstacles to passion having to be surmounted again and again, our erotic life, along with the sheer thrill of its newness, had the underground piquancy of adultery. Even more than lovers, we became, through this drama of concealment and secrecy, the closest of companions and the most devoted of friends.

For my senior year I rented a room in town from an elderly widow, Mrs. Nellenback, white-haired and kindly-looking, a very strong Christian and, if I remember correctly, a Daughter of the American Revolution. Her simple white clapboard house, on a street corner not far from the women's quadrangle, was heavily laid with old carpets, and there were antimacassars and arm doilies on the uphol-

stered furniture. The house was dark and quiet, with an unaired, not unpleasant smell of secure enclosure. The room I was offered was precisely what I wanted, potentially as much a love nest where Polly and I could stealthily retire to the narrow single bed as a scholar's secluded cell. I was duly informed when I rented the room that women were not allowed in the house other than on Sundays, when I could bring a fiancée for tea, provided the door to the hallway was left open. The room, which had once been the front parlor, was just off the main entryway on the first

floor and had windows on two sides opening onto a summer porch that led down a little set of stairs to the quiet street. Since Mrs. Nellenback slept at the rear of the house—as did the housekeeper, a simpleminded woman who limped about with her feather duster, always smiling and singing babyish songs—and the other two roomers (one of them Pete Tasch) lived upstairs, it seemed to me that opportunities would abound for Polly to sneak in and out. After showing me the house, Mrs. Nellenback asked if I happened to be Armenian; I told her I was not. When I came back from studying at the library only a few nights after I'd moved in, I found on my bureau a plate with an apple and a cookie. When apples and cookies continued turning up, I knew I had a problem. How could I tell her to keep out of my room without making her suspicious of me as well as seeming ungrateful about the snack? And then again, now that we'd begun, how could I stop letting

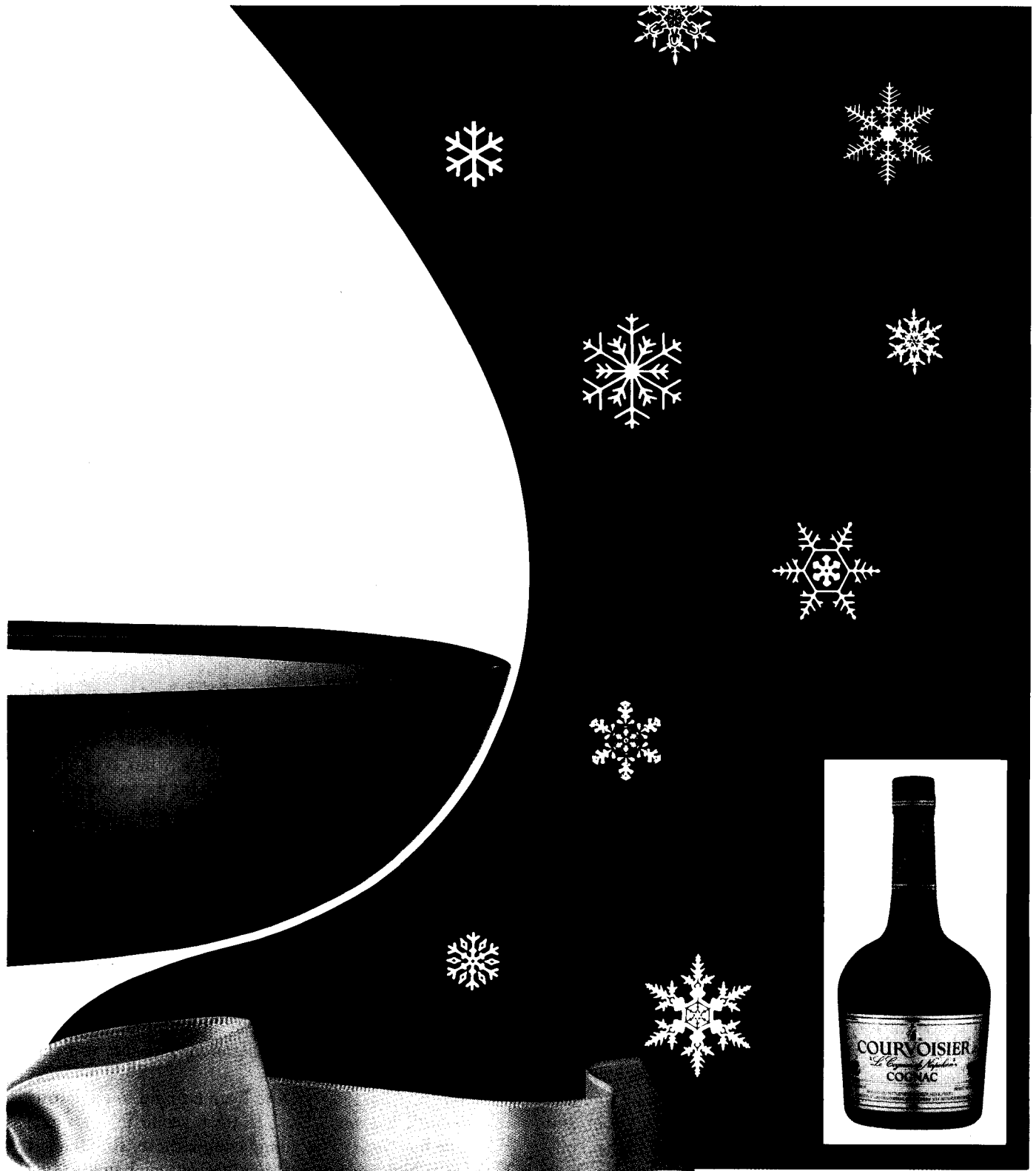


All I want for Christmas is...



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Polly in through the porch window after all the lights had gone out downstairs?

Several months after I'd moved in, Mrs. Nellenback took me aside one day as I was heading for my room and said, "I had a Jewish boy living here in 1939." I didn't know how to respond and said something like, "That's a long time ago." "Arthur Schwartz," she said, or some such name—"he was the nicest boy." Inside the room, with the door closed, I thought, *She knows*, meaning not that she knew that I was Jewish but that she, if not the readers of my *Et Cetera* fiction, knew that I wasn't entirely harmless.

We were caught a few weeks after the start of the second semester. I had thought, one Sunday evening, that Mrs. Nellenback had traveled the ten miles to Mifflinburg, as she often did, to visit her family, but apparently she had only gone for a visit in town, and she was home little more than an hour after she'd been driven away in her son's car. My shades were down, the room was black (and locked from the inside), and Polly and I were in bed. After the car had, surprisingly, pulled back up outside, and Mrs. Nellenback had come into the house and passed through the hallway just the other side of my door, we got up and, in the dark silence, groped about dressing ourselves. Then the most sophisticated undergraduate couple at Bucknell tried their best to outsmart this elderly widow who never in her life had left Union County.

I motioned for Polly to crawl under the bed and to hide there until I gave the all clear. Then I found a coat, grabbed a book, and, unlocking the door, stepped out of the dark room into the hallway. My plan was to be sure that no one was about, leave the house by the front door, and then from the porch quietly open the window so that Polly could step out and escape. Coming into the hallway, however, I found Mrs. Nellenback standing directly in front of me, still in her coat and hat. I was startled and she was grim. "Good evening," I said cheerily, and closed my door behind me. I couldn't lock it without giving everything away, and since she gave no sign of moving, I continued on out the front door and started walking toward the campus, book in hand, as though all along that had been my intention.

Some minutes later—already a little out of my mind from wandering aimlessly about—I saw Polly running up the street toward French House. She was in tears and could hardly speak. Mrs. Nellenback had waited only seconds for me to pass out of sight and then, having opened my unlocked door, turned on the light and made straight for the bed. "Get out of there, you hussy," she had said, poking with her foot under the bed, and Polly, covering her face with her hands, had rolled out from her hiding place and fled the room. Mrs. Nellenback followed her out onto the porch, threatening that she was going to have me thrown out of school.

The year was 1954 and the locale central Pennsylvania. She could do it. I took Polly to French House and then ran back to my room to find Mrs. Nellenback dialing the hall

phone. I was sure that she was trying to reach the dean of men, who was no particular friend of mine since my assault on *The Bucknellian*. When I demanded that she speak to me, Mrs. Nellenback put down the phone and said, "I can have you thrown out of the college for this." I replied loudly, "You had no right to scare that girl that way!" I was bluffing but didn't know what else to do except try to intimidate her. In the meantime I saw my life in a shambles. Polly's, too. Even though I intended to deny that it had been Polly who was in my room, I was sure the college

authorities would haul her up for identification by Mrs. Nellenback. When this was over, I would have ruined not only my future but the future of the darling of the French department, who planned, like me, to begin graduate school in September.

It was the mid-1960s before I came round to exploiting this painful, ludicrous episode for a scene in my novel *When She Was Good*. The young couple there, Roy Bassart and Lucy Nelson, are extremely provincial small-town kids having virtually nothing in common with Polly and me. If anything, the drunkard's embittered midwestern daughter Lucy has far more gritty rage with which to fight off her sense of shame than had the martini-drinking sophisticate from Scotch Plains, New Jersey. As for easygoing, unfocused, lackadaisical Roy, he hadn't any future at all to worry about losing.

What happened to us, however, had a meaning very dif-



ferent; ours was a story about two intelligent, hopeful young people whose college success had given them everything to look forward to but whose infraction of the rules regulating their sexual lives rendered them, before the unlikely powers-that-be, just as powerless as a Roy and a Lucy.

I slept for a couple of nights at the Maurers', waiting to be summoned to the office of the dean and subsequently sent home to Newark without a college degree (and for just the reason my father had always feared). When nothing happened, I took Bob Maurer's advice and quietly returned to my room and resumed my life at Mrs. Nellenback's. The incident was not mentioned by either of us, nor did I invite Polly to visit again, not even for tea, disguised as a fiancée. Afterward I couldn't figure out why Mrs. Nellenback had failed to make good on her threat—whether it was because she didn't want to be done out of the remaining rent and knew that with the second semester already under way it would be virtually impossible to replace me, or whether it had been an act of mercy by a good churchgoing woman, or whether I owed my luck to Arthur Schwartz, Bucknell '39.

For nearly six weeks early that spring we thought that Polly was pregnant. If she was, we didn't see how we could do anything but give up our graduate-school plans, marry, and stay on at Bucknell as salaried teaching assistants. We were in love, we were faculty favorites, Lewisburg living was cheap and simple, and it would even be possible to work toward an M.A. right there, though a second Bucknell degree was hardly what either of us had in mind. I had applied to go to Oxford or to Cambridge as a Fulbright or a Marshall scholar, and in the event that neither scholarship came through—unlikely, I thought, because I was near the top of my class—I had also put in for fellowships at three American universities; one was the University of Pennsylvania, where Polly planned to work on a Ph.D. Now we were as stunned to think that we might have to stay on at Bucknell indefinitely, living in the outlying university settlement, Bucknell Village, with the balding vets and their wives and babies—and our baby—as we'd been only a few months earlier, when we feared I was to be driven out of town for moral turpitude.

We would meet regularly for supper in the men's dining hall, where a number of stray nonsorority women also took their meals; Polly usually arrived first and waited for me by the door, and every evening when we caught sight of each other she'd shake her head, indicating that another day had passed without the onset of her period. Over our gravied Swiss steak and potatoes we'd buck each other up about the new and unexpected future as a married couple with a child and no money. I was reminded that as a father I wouldn't be drafted and have to waste two years of my life, after graduate school, as a private in the infantry. (Despite good relations with the colonel in charge of the Department of Military Science and Tactics, who had urged me to go on for a commission in the transportation corps of the post-Korea Army, I had quit ROTC, out of opposition

to campus military training.) We tried to find some comfort in thoughts of the small, lively social circle of faculty people whom we liked to be with; certainly in the Maurers and the Wheatcrofts we had good and helpful friends, not really very much older than we were, with small children of their own. Heartbreaking as the situation was, and trapped as we felt, it seemed a test of maturity before which we simply could not bend; neither of us ever suggested that there was any other way out, at least not that early in the game.

Polly's discovery that she wasn't pregnant was my second pardon of the semester and filled us with enormous relief. For me it also turned out to be the beginning of the end of our affair. Having narrowly escaped premature domesticity and its encumbering responsibilities, I abandoned myself to dreams of erotic adventures that I couldn't hope to encounter other than on my own. I had successfully distanced myself at eighteen from my father's strictures, at nineteen from the meaningless affiliation to the Jewish fraternity, at twenty from the cozy ordinariness of the amiable student community; I had even begun to outgrow my own moralizing polemics. Now, at twenty-one, I wanted to be free from the exclusivity of monogamous love. The easiest way out would have been the offer of a scholarship to study literature in England, which we agreed I couldn't turn down; but though Fulbrights did go to two other Bucknell seniors, I was passed over for either scholarship that would have taken me abroad. The offer for a full fellowship did come, however, from the University of Pennsylvania, where Polly was to be a student too. There was also a fellowship from the graduate school of the University of Chicago. To Polly's astonishment—and somewhat even to my own—I hardened my heart and took the one from Chicago.

The summer after graduation we met one day to have lunch in New York and ended up arguing in Penn Station, where finally I told her the truth—and with about as much finesse as I'd displayed attacking *The Bucknellian*: I was passionately involved with another girl, whom I had met at a Newark day camp where I was working till I left for Chicago. I saw Polly again just once, two years later—with Jeffrey Lindquist, her husband-to-be, a good-looking, gentlemanly geology professor from Penn—while we were all coincidentally visiting the Maurers up in Maine. She married Jeffrey the next year, and eventually Paula Lindquist became a professor of French at New York University. She was forty-seven when she died of cancer, in 1979, only a few months after I had been back to Bucknell to receive an honorary degree. During my two days in Lewisburg—where I stayed with Emeritus Professor Mildred Martin, who, for the processional march, accompanied me to the platform in her academic robes—I walked over to Mrs. Nellenback's to look at those porch windows leading to my old first-floor room. Needless to say, they were fewer and smaller than I'd remembered. It could never have been easy, in any way, getting in and out of them. □

*A new group of "landscape-immersion"
zoo designers are trying to break down visitors' sense
of security by reminding them that wild animals really are wild*

NO RMS, JUNGLE VU

BY MELISSA GREENE

"THE EGYPTIANS HAVE BEEN CIVILIZED FOR FOUR thousand years . . . my own ancestors probably a lot less," Jon Charles Coe says. "We evolved over millions of years in the wild, where survival depended on our awareness of the landscape, the weather, and the animals. We haven't been domesticated long enough to have lost those senses. In my opinion, it is the business of the zoo to slice right through that sophisticated veneer, to recall us to our origins. I judge the effectiveness of a zoo exhibit in the pulse rate of the zoo-goer. We can design a zoo that will make the hair stand up on the back of your neck."

A revolution is under way in zoo design, which was estimated to be a \$20 million business last year. Jon Coe and Grant Jones are the vanguard. Coe, forty-six, is a stocky man with a long, curly beard. He is an associate professor of landscape architecture at the University of Pennsylvania and a senior partner in the zoo-design firm of Coe Lee Robinson Roesch, in Philadelphia. Grant Jones, a senior partner in the architectural firm Jones & Jones, in Seattle, is at forty-eight a trendsetter in the design of riverfront areas, botanical gardens, and historical parks, as well as zoos. Coe and Jones were classmates at the Harvard School of Design, and Coe worked for Jones & Jones until 1981.

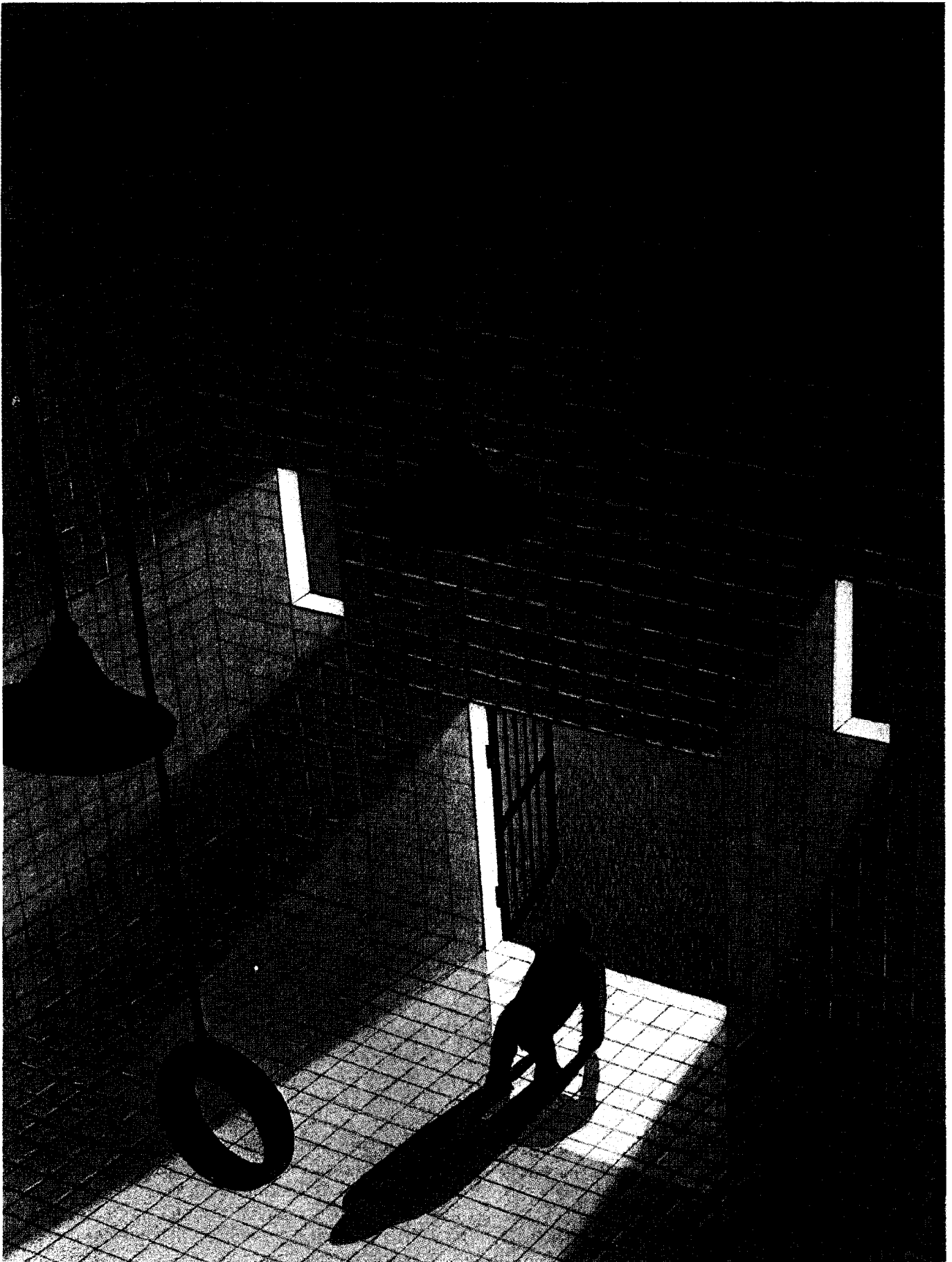
Ten years ago in Seattle they created the Woodland Park gorilla exhibit in collaboration with Dennis Paulson, a biologist, and with David Hancocks, an architect and the director of the Woodland Park Zoo. The exhibit is still praised by experts as the best ever done. It has become an international standard for the replication of wilderness in a zoo exhibit and for the art of including and engaging the zoo-goer. Dian Fossey, the field scientist who lived for fifteen years near the wild mountain gorillas of Rwanda before her murder there, in December of 1985, flew to Seattle as a consultant to the designers of Woodland Park. When the exhibit was completed, Johnpaul Jones, Grant Jones's partner (the two are not related), sent photographs to her. She wrote back that she had shown the photos to her colleagues at the field station and they had believed them to be photos of wild gorillas in Rwanda. "Your firm, under the guidance of [Mr.] Hancocks, has made a tremendously important advancement toward the captivity conditions of gorillas," Fossey wrote. "Had such existed in the past, there would undoubtedly be more gorillas living in captivity."

"Woodland Park has remained a model for the zoo world," says Terry Maple, the new director of Zoo Atlanta, a professor of comparative psychology (a field that examines the common origins of animal and human behavior) at the Georgia Institute of Technology, and the author of numerous texts and articles on primate behavior. "Woodland Park changed the way we looked at the zoo environment. Before Woodland Park, if the gorillas weren't in cages, they were on beautiful mown lawns, surrounded by moats. In good zoos they had playground equipment. In Woodland Park the staff had to teach the public not to complain that the gorilla exhibit looked unkempt."

"As far as gorilla habitats go," Maple says, "Cincinnati's is pretty good; San Diego's is pretty good; Columbus's has a huge cage, so aesthetically it loses a great deal, but socially it's terrific; San Francisco's is a more technical solution, naturalistic but surrounded by walls. Woodland Park's is the best in the world."

In Woodland Park the zoo-goer must step off the broad paved central boulevard onto a narrow path engulfed by vegetation to get to the gorillas. Coe planted a big-leaf magnolia horizontally, into the bank of a man-made hill, so that it would grow over the path. ("People forget that a landscape architect not only can do this," he said on a recent tour of the exhibit, indicating a pretty circle of peonies, "but can also do *this*"—he pointed to a shaggy, weed-covered little hill. "I *designed* that hill.")

The path leads to a wooden lean-to with a glass wall on one side that looks into a rich, weedy, humid clearing. Half a dozen heavyset, agile gorillas part the tall grasses, stroll leaning on their knuckles, and sit nonchalantly among clumps of comfrey, gnawing celery stalks. The blue-black sheen of their faces and fur on a field of green is electrifying. The social organization of the gorillas is expressed by their interaction around a couple of boulders in the foreground of the exhibit. All the gorillas enjoy climbing on the boulders, but the young ones yield to their elders and the adult females yield to the adult males, two silverback gorillas. The silverbacks drum their chests with their fists rapidly and perfunctorily while briefly rising on two feet—not at all like Tarzan. The fists make a rapid thudding noise, which seems to mean, "Here I come." Each silverback climbs to his rostrum, folds his arms, and glares at the other. As in nature, their relationship is by turns civil but not friendly, and contentious but not bullying.



The zoo-goers in the lean-to, observing all this, feel fortunate that the troop of gorillas chooses to stay in view, when it apparently has acres and acres in which to romp. Moss-covered boulders overlap other boulders in the distance, a stream fringed with ferns wanders among them, birds roost in the forty-foot-high treetops, and caves and nests beyond the bend in the stream are available to the gorillas as a place of retreat. "Flight distance" is the zoological term for the distance an animal needs to retreat from an approaching creature in order to feel safe—the size of the cushion of empty space it wishes to maintain around itself. (Several years ago Jon Coe accepted an assignment to design a nursing home, a conventional job that was unusual for him. He designed the home with flight distance. Sitting rooms and visiting areas were spacious near the front door but grew smaller as one progressed down the hall toward the residents' rooms. A resident overwhelmed by too much bustle in the outer areas could retreat down the hall to quieter and quieter environments.)

In fact the gorillas in Woodland Park do not have so much space to explore. The exhibit is 13,570 square feet (about a third of an acre), which is generous but not limitless. The arrangement of overlapping boulders and trees in the distance is meant to trick the eye. There are no fences or walls against which to calculate depth, and the visitor's peripheral vision is deliberately limited by the dimensions of the lean-to. Wider vision might allow a visitor to calculate his position within Woodland Park, or might give him an inappropriate glimpse—as happens in almost every other zoo in the world—of a snowshoe rabbit or an Amazon porcupine or a North American zoo-goer, over the heads of the West African gorillas. Coe measured and calculated the sight lines to ensure that the view was an uncorrupted one into the heart of the rain forest.

The boulders themselves contain a trick. Coe designed them to contain heating coils, so that in the miserable, misty Seattle winter they give off a warm aura, like an electric blanket. The boulders serve two purposes: they help the tropical gorillas put up with the Seattle winter, and they attract the gorillas to within several feet of the lean-to and the zoo-goers. It is no coincidence that much of the drama of the gorillas' everyday life is enacted three feet away from the lean-to. The patch of land in front of the lean-to is shady and cool in summer. The gorillas freely choose where to spend their day, but the odds have been weighted heavily in favor of their spending it in front of the lean-to.

"Their old exhibit was a six-hundred-square-foot tile bathroom," says Grant Jones, a tall, handsome, blue-eyed man. "The gorillas displayed a lot of very neurotic behavior. They were aggressive, sad, angry, lethargic. They had no flight distance. The people were behind the glass day and night, the people pounded on the glass, the gorillas were stressed out, totally, all the time. Their only way to deal with it was to sleep or to show intense anger. They'd pick up their own feces and smear it across the glass. They were not interacting with one another.

"My assumption was that when they left their cage to enter their new outdoor park, that behavior would persist. On the first day, although they were frightened when they came into the new park, they were tranquil. They'd never felt the wind; they'd never seen a bird fly over; they'd never seen water flowing except for the drain in the bottom of their cubicle. Instantly they became quiet and curious. The male was afraid to enter into the environment and stood at the door for hours. His mate came and took him by the hand and led him. They only went about halfway. They stopped at a small stream. They sat and picked up some leaves and dipped them in the water and took a bite of the leaves. They leaned back and saw clouds moving over. It was spellbinding. I assumed they would never recover from the trauma of how they'd been kept. It turned out to be a matter of two or three days."

"Picture the typical zoo exhibit," Jon Coe says. "You stroll along a sidewalk under evenly spaced spreading maples, beside colorful bedding plants. On your right is a polar-bear exhibit. There is a well-pruned hedge of boxwood with a graphic panel in it. The panel describes interesting features of the species, including the fact that polar bears often are seen swimming far out to sea. In the exhibit a bear is splashing in a bathtub. Very little is required of the viewers and very little is gained by them. The visitor is bored for two reasons: first because the setting is too obvious, and second because of a feeling of security despite the close presence of a wild animal.

"When planning this exhibit, we learned that in the wild, gorillas like to forage at the edge of a forest, in clearings created by tribal people who fell the trees, burn off the undergrowth, farm for a couple of years, then move on. After they move on, the forest moves back in and the gorillas forage there. We set about to re-create that scene. We got lots of charred stumps, and we took a huge dead tree from a power-line clearing a few miles from here. The story is plant succession, and how the gorillas exploit the early plants growing back over the abandoned farmland."

Coe relies on stagecraft and drama to break down the zoo-goer's sense of security. When walking through a client zoo for the first time, long before he has prepared a master plan, he offers a few suggestions: Get rid of the tire swings in the chimp exhibit. Get rid of the signs saying NIMBA THE ELEPHANT and JOJO THE CHEETAH. Stop the publicized feeding of the animals, the baby elephant's birthday party, and any other element contributing to either an anthropomorphized view ("Do the elephants call each other Nimba and Bomba?") or a view of wild beasts as tame pets.

"How can we improve our ability to get and hold the attention of the zoo-goer?" he asks. "We must create a situation that transcends the range of stimulation people are used to and enhances the visitor's perception of the animal. A zoo animal that *appears* to be unrestrained and dangerous should receive our full attention, possibly accompanied by an adrenal rush, until its potential for doing us harm is determined."

For ten years Coe and others have been experimenting with the relative positions of zoo-goers and zoo animals. Coe now designs exhibits in which the animal terrain surrounds and is actually higher than the zoo paths, so that zoo-goers must look up to see the animals. The barriers between animals and people are camouflaged so effectively that zoo-goers may be uncertain whether an animal has access to them or not. In JungleWorld, the Bronx Zoo's recently opened \$9.5 million indoor tropical forest nearly an acre in size, conceived by William Conway, the director of the zoo, a python lives inside a tree trunk that apparently has fallen across the zoo-goers' walkway. "We made the interior of the log brighter and tilted the glass away from the outside light to avoid all reflections," says Charles Beier, an associate curator. "It's an old jeweler's trick. When people glance overhead, there appears to be no barrier between them and the snake." The screams of horror provoked by the python are quite a different matter from the casual conversations that people engage in while strolling past rows of terrariums with snakes inside.

"We are trying to get people to be prepared to look for animals in the forest, not have everything brightly lighted and on a platform in front of them," says John Gwynne, the deputy director for design of the New York Zoological Society, which operates the Bronx Zoo. "We have lots of dead trees and dead grass in here. It's actually very hard to train a gardener not to cut off the dead branches. We're trying to create a wilderness, not a garden—something that can catch people by surprise."

JON COE AND GRANT JONES KNEW, WHEN DESIGNING FOR Woodland Park, what few previous designers of a gorilla habitat had known: how gorillas live in nature. They and their contemporaries are heir to the surprisingly recent discoveries of field scientists like George Schaller, Jane Goodall, and Dian Fossey, who have spent much of their lives in the wilderness studying wild animals. Their findings began to be widely published only in the 1960s. Before that, knowledge of great-ape ecology was spotty, and was held by only a handful of isolated scientists.

The approach of the Woodland Park gorilla exhibit is called "landscape immersion" by the designers, because zoo-goers are "immersed" in a realistic wild landscape. "Landscape immersion" describes what is revolutionary in modern zoo design. The idea has influenced the new exhibits at a dozen zoos nationwide in the past eight years, and its influence may spread to twenty more zoos by the turn of the century. It has rendered the beautiful, conventionally designed exhibits of America's most famous zoos obsolete. Suddenly the historically great zoos have discovered that the experience they offer the zoo-goer is not necessarily the most exciting available. The zoos in San Diego, the Bronx, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and Cincinnati are all investing heavily in innovative naturalistic exhibits.

The Miami Metrozoo is the newest in the country, constructed from scratch six years ago on a 740-acre flat, emp-

ty parcel of land. Although the zoo's designers were committed to creating cageless outdoor exhibits, a rush to complete the project led to the use of a small number of conventional exhibit ideas—moats and grass and artificial rockwork—over and over throughout the park with a few exceptions. "The problem with Miami is that they had a huge project and a real killer of a deadline, so they had to systemize everything," Coe says. "They just stamped it down: four of these, lion, tiger, bear, gorilla; four of those, elephant, hippo, rhino, and so forth. It appears to be a kind of pre-fab approach, with little appreciation of differences in animal habitats." Ted Finlay, a researcher with Zoo Atlanta, describes Miami as a golf course. "You could take a nine iron and hit a ball from exhibit to exhibit. The animals live on perfectly manicured putting greens." Today, with most of its exhibits complete and its popularity assured, the zoo has the leisure to concentrate on one new exhibit at a time. The administration has begun to experiment with approaches that are more complex. The newest exhibit, Wings of Asia, is a one-and-a-half-acre walk-through rain forest exhibit and aviary, with hundreds of plant and bird species.

The San Diego Zoo lives in the mind of the public as the finest zoo on earth, but many experts would rate it only tentatively in the top ten. "The San Diego Zoo is so popular," Grant Jones says, "because it has an incredible collection, the animals are displayed in a beautiful botanical garden, and you're in shirt-sleeves weather. The sun is shining, the flowers are blooming, you're on vacation! And yet San Diego knows, the staff knows, that unless it's updated, it will no longer be a great zoo. They are working at an incredible pace and have made a huge commitment to change it." San Diego recently opened a landscape-immersion exhibit for small mammals, consisting of a landscape of giant rock outcroppings, called kopjes, found in East Africa. It was designed by Grant Jones and members of the zoo staff including David Rice, the director of architecture, and James Dolan, the director of animal collections, and was one of two winners this year of the Exhibit Merit Award from the American Association of Zoological Parks and Aquariums (AAZPA).

"We designed a whole acre of rock masses that rise thirty to forty feet up, lushly planted, providing a habitat for a lot of small animals thought to be very boring," Grant Jones says. "There was the rock hyrax, a distant relative of the elephant's, about the size of a loaf of bread, and the klipspringer, a tiny, agile antelope. Some board members were skeptical of our ability to do anything new for their zoo. They let us know we would get this one chance on these not-very-exciting critters and snakes. But the public loves it. They get lost among these boulders and have dramatic encounters with the animals. The barriers are invisible: glass kick-rails with herbage around them. It's been so popular the board asked us to reconceive and design the zoo's wild-animal park in Escondido."

"San Diego has always been sort of a botanical garden, but it was never done in the way we're doing it now,"



James Dolan says. "It's not just a question of plunking some animals down without fencing. A number of other things are taken into consideration: the integration of the proper plants with the animals, the mixture of appropriate species, and the introduction of the zoo visitor into the exhibit. The kopje exhibit is total immersion. People get in there and they are in another world. They see animals living on rock piles or cliff faces, where they normally live. I like to wander around in the kopje exhibit every so often myself."

The landscape-immersion exhibits resemble actual locations in so many particulars that one could practically pinpoint them in an atlas. The gorilla exhibit at Woodland Park, for example, is based on a section of the upland forest in the granitic highlands of Rio Muni, West Africa. The waterfowl exhibit there is a re-creation of a Pennsylvania marsh, and the lion-tailed macaque exhibit is a series of rocky islands in a cascading stream modeled after topography found in the hill forests of India. The voters of the City of Seattle and King County last year approved a \$40 million bond issue to complete the entire master plan prepared for Woodland Park by Jones & Jones, which will include bogs and mountaintops and tundra.

The Louisiana swamp exhibit in the Audubon Zoo in New Orleans—created by the design firm of Cashio,

Cochran & Torre, and the winner of several prestigious professional awards when it opened, in 1985—is a working swamp. Alligators, black bear, cougars, raccoons, otters, turtles, and fish live there as if their families had been there forever. Migratory birds land there regularly, as part of their route. The swamp goes through natural cycles: duckweed covers it in winter, and water hyacinths in summer. Zoo-goers walk among cypress and wax myrtle trees on a winding boardwalk, buy jambalaya and gumbo from a hut with a corrugated metal roof, and leave when they can bear the mosquitoes no longer.

The behavior of the captive animals in the new exhibits is so much like it would be in the wild that students of zoology and animal ecology are setting up field research stations inside the zoos. The Yerkes Primate Research Center of Emory University, in Atlanta, has for twenty years protected its precious gorillas from the public; its entire facility is fenced off from the rest of the grounds of the university and is patrolled by security guards. In an unprecedented agreement between a private research facility and a public zoo, Yerkes has agreed to lend most of its collection of eighteen gorillas to Zoo Atlanta upon the completion, in the spring of 1988, of a \$5.8 million Gorillas of Cameroon exhibit, designed by Coe, where their scientists may observe the gorillas in a wild setting.

THE PROFESSION OF ZOO DESIGN IS A RELATIVELY new one. In the past, when a zoo director said that a new lion house was required, the city council solicited bids and hired a popular local architect—the one who did the suburban hospital and the new high school—and paid him to fly around the country and get acquainted with lion houses. He visited four or five and learned design tips from each: how wide to space the bars, for example, and how thick to pour the cement. Then he flew home and drew a lion house.

“As recently as fifteen years ago there was no Jones & Jones or Jon Coe,” says William Conway, of the Bronx Zoo. “There were very few architects around then who had any concept of what animals were all about or who would go—as Jon Coe has gone—to Africa to see and sketch and try to understand, so that he knew what the biologist was talking about. The problem of the zoologist in the zoo was that, in the past, he was very often dealing with an architect who wanted to make a monument.”

“The downfall of most zoos has been that they’ve hired architects,” says Ace Torre, a designer in New Orleans, who holds degrees in architecture and landscape architecture. “Some of the more unfortunate zoos hired six different architects. Each one made his own statement. As a result, the zoo is a patchwork of architectural tributes.”

In 1975 the City of Seattle asked Grant Jones, whose firm had restored the splendid Victorian copper-roofed pergolas and the elegant walkways and the granite statuary of the city’s Pioneer Square Historic District, to design the Woodland Park Zoo gorilla house. The City of Seattle—specifically, David Hancocks, the zoo director—had made a novel choice. Jones was an anomaly in the world of architecture in that he prided himself on having never designed anything taller than three stories. Most of his buildings were made of wood, and they tended to be situated in national parks. Instead of making a grand tour of gorilla houses, Jones consulted field scientists and gorilla experts who had seen how gorillas lived in the wild.

“When they asked me to design a gorilla exhibit,” Jones says, “I naturally rephrased the problem in my own mind as designing a landscape with gorillas in it. In what sort of landscape would I want to behold gorillas? I would want to include mystery and discovery. I’d like to see the gorillas from a distance first, and then up close. I’d like to be able to intrude on them and see what’s going on without their knowing I’m there. I’d want to give them flight distance, a place to back off and feel secure. And I would want an experience that would take me back to a primordial depth myself. How did I spend my day some millions of years ago, living in proximity to this animal?”

“We asked Dian Fossey to visit Seattle,” David Hancocks says, “and she became the most crucial member of the design team. We had so many people telling us we were being very foolish. A zoo director on the East Coast called to say he’d put a potted palm in a cage where a goril-

la had lived for fifteen years. The gorilla pulled it out by the roots, ate it, and got sick.”

“Driving in from the airport, we asked Fossey what the rain forest looked like,” Jon Coe says, “She kept turning this way and that way in her seat, saying, ‘It looks like that! It looks just like that!’ Of course, Seattle is in a belt of temperate rain forest. Fossey was in an alpine tropical rain forest. The plants are not identical, but they are very similar. We realized that we could stand back and let the native plants take over the exhibit and the overall effect would be very much the same.

“And there were trees, forty-foot-tall trees, in the area slated for the gorillas. What to do about the trees? No zoo in the world had let gorillas have unlimited access to trees. We thought of the gorilla as a terrestrial animal. The wisdom at the time said that the trees had to come down. We brought George Schaller, probably the world’s preeminent field scientist, to Seattle, and asked him about the trees. His response was, ‘I don’t know if they’re going to fall out of them or not, but somebody has to do this.’”

“They didn’t fall out of the trees,” Jones says, “but Kiki [one of the silverbacks] escaped. We’d brought in some rock-climbers to try to get out of the exhibit when it was finished, and we’d made a few modifications based on their suggestions. Jon figured out an elaborate jumping matrix: if a gorilla can jump this far on the horizontal, how far can he go on a downward slope, et cetera. The problem is, you can’t program in motivation. At some point the motivation may be so great that you’ll find yourself saying, ‘Whoops, the tiger can jump thirteen feet, not twelve. Guess we should have made it wider.’”

“We had planted some hawthorn trees about four to five inches in diameter, ten feet high, and had hoped they were large enough that the gorillas would accept them. They accepted everything else, but these trees were standing too much alone, too conspicuous. Kiki pulled all the branches off of one, then ripped it out of the ground. It stood by itself; the roots were like a tripod. He played with that thing for a number of days.

“The keepers were aware of how we must never let them have a big long stick because they might put it across the moat, walk across it, and get out. They saw that tree but it was clearly not long enough to bridge the moat. We all discussed it, and decided it wasn’t a problem. During that same period Kiki began disappearing for three hours at a time, and we didn’t know where he was. It’s a large environment, and he could have been off behind some shrubbery. One of the keepers told us later that he’d seen Kiki sitting on the edge of the big dry moat at the back of the habitat. One day Kiki climbed down into the moat.

“I imagine he took his tree with him to the far corner, leaned it up against the wall, and considered it. At some point he must have made a firm decision. He got a toehold on the roots, pressed his body to the wall, lifted himself up in one lunge, and hung from the top of the moat. Then he pulled himself up and landed in the rhododendrons. He was out, he was in the park.”

"He was sitting in the bushes and some visitors saw him," Coe says. "They raced to the director's office and reported it to Hancocks." His response was calm, according to Coe. Anxious visitors often reported that there were gorillas loose in the trees. "The gorilla's not out," said Hancocks. "The exhibit, you see, is called landscape immersion. It's intended to give you the *impression* that the gorillas are free."

The visitors thanked Hancocks and left. He overheard one remark to the other, "Still, it just doesn't seem right having him sit there on the sidewalk like that."

"Sidewalk?" Hancocks said.

"We called the police," says Hancocks, "not to control the gorilla but to stop people from coming into the zoo. Jim Foster, the vet, fed fruit to Kiki and calmed him down while we tried to figure out what to do. We put a ladder across the moat and Jim climbed on it to show Kiki how to cross. Kiki actually tried it, but the ladder wobbled and fell, and he retreated. It was getting dark. We finally had to tranquilize him and carry him back."

"It's been seven years since," Jones says, "and Kiki never has tried again, although he clearly knows how to do it. He doesn't want to leave. In fact I am frequently called in by zoos that are having problems with escape. They always want to know, Should we make the moats wider? The bars closer together? Should we chain the animal? Yet escape is almost never a design problem. It is a question of motivation. It is a social problem."

"One of the roles a silverback has in life," Coe says, "is to patrol his territory. Kiki wasn't escaping *from* something. He was exploring outward from the center of his territory to define its edges."

"If Kiki had escaped from a conventional ape house, the city would have panicked," Hancocks says. "But in the year or two the exhibit had been open, Seattle had lost the hairy-monster-of-the-ape-house image, and saw gorillas as quiet and gentle."

Shortly after, one of the local papers carried a cartoon of Kiki roller-skating arm-in-arm with two buxom beauties through the adjacent Greenlake Park, and another had a cartoon of him pole-vaulting over the moat.

THE PREVIOUS REVOLUTION IN ZOO DESIGN—WHAT became the "moated" revolution—began soon after the turn of the century, near Hamburg, Germany, in the private zoo of a man named Carl Hagenbeck. He set free mixed species of animals in beautifully landscaped panoramas, with waterfowl in the foreground, hoof stock in the center, and large carnivores or alpine goat species on rocky cliffs in the distance. "Hagenbeck came up with the concept of moats, of not keeping animals behind bars," says Steve Graham, the director of the Detroit Zoo. "He was aware of sight lines, which designers are talking about today, where not only do you look into a single exhibit but you look across layers of exhibits, so that you see a broad panorama of a fairly natural setting. Hidden moats

may separate the hippos from the giraffes, and the zebras from the monkeys, but when you look across a broad field, they appear to be sharing the landscape. I strongly suspect that Hagenbeck was aware of the issue of cross-viewing, as well—that is, when you look across a landscape, you don't want to see other groups of people moving through it, you want to see the animals."

Hagenbeck designed a moated exhibit for the St. Louis World's Fair, in 1904. "That exhibit is said to have featured a polar bear, a walrus, and an Eskimo," Coe says. Hagenbeck inspired the designers of the Denver Zoo and Chicago's Brookfield Zoo, who then produced America's first bear grottos and realistic-looking artificial rockwork. In the 1920s members of Hagenbeck's family firm traveled to America and designed the Detroit Zoo and exhibits for the St. Louis Zoo. "Carl Hagenbeck discovered all the principles long ago," says William Conway, who is the general director of the New York Zoological Society as well as the director of the Bronx Zoo. "It's astonishing to go back and see that he set forth the example of quite exciting outdoor exhibits, yet he was completely ignored by the vast majority of European and American zoos until the 1930s."

Early critics of the moated exhibits protested that the uncaged animals were too far away. "I think that the St. Louis Zoological Society is making a great mistake in putting all of its money into costly piles of rock and concrete to shelter far distant animals," William Hornaday, the first director of the New York Zoological Society, wrote. But zoo-goers loved seeing animals out under the open sky. In the late 1930s and early 1940s, San Diego, the Bronx, the National Zoo, and Chicago Brookfield created cageless exhibits. By the 1960s nearly every zoo in the country had "naturalistic" moated exhibits. The "naturalism" in these later exhibits was modified by modernist tendencies in art and architecture, and approached nature in an abstract way: white marble slabs suggested glaciers, for example, and etched cement sculptures looking like giant hands suggested trees. "Many of these exhibits took their forms from some abstract characteristic of the animals displayed," Coe says, "but they were more successful as sculpture than as habitat, and totally dominated their small occupants."

Hagenbeck may have aspired (there is some dispute) to represent the natural habitats of the animals he freed from cages. "Hagenbeck was attempting to convey an African feeling," Conway says. "He couldn't grow acacias in Germany, so he used locusts, but I believe the intent was there." Coe thinks instead that Hagenbeck's intention was to create beautiful Romantic landscapes, after the style of Romantic European painters such as Claude Lorraine, Nicolas Poussin, and Salvator Rosa. "His emphasis was more on creating a Romantic visual spectacle, with its poetic disregard for reality, than in showing ecological relationships," Coe says. In either case, most of Hagenbeck's inventions were lost, ignored, forgotten.

Now Hagenbeck is being rediscovered. In 1982 Steve Graham became the fifth director in ten years of the floun-

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dering Detroit Zoo. He was on the verge of hiring zoo designers to come up with a new master plan when a zoo director in Australia wrote to him about the Detroit Zoo's history. "A man who'd visited the Detroit Zoo in 1930 had taken snapshots of it," Graham says. "He gave them to my colleague in Australia, who sent them on to me. I went out through the park with the snapshots and discovered the original sight lines for panoramic views of exhibits designed by the Hagenbecks. As the zoo matured and the trees grew, we lost that aspect." The Detroit Zoo's recent renovations have consisted to a large extent of excavating and restoring what was designed sixty years ago.

Not everything will be exactly as it was, however. Hagenbeck worked in the early years of the century, when man's knowledge of the rest of the animal world was scanty, veterinary medicine was primitive, and landscape design was in its infancy. "We didn't have epoxy and fiber glass in the old days," Conway says. "You couldn't build an epoxy baobab. St. Louis built concrete trees. They looked like concrete trees. The ideas were there, but they didn't have the skills to do it. Other than the big cats, the animals Hagenbeck worked with were easy. He didn't work with primates. He did his exhibits with hoofed animals. It was like keeping goats, sheep, cows, and horses. We knew how to do that, even in 1907. The rest of the animals were

still in cages. Hagenbeck's great gift was that he paid attention to the way the environment should look; he began to pay attention to nature. What we are doing today will surely look primitive to the people who follow us in four or five decades—but not so primitive, because we have gotten over the hump of ignorance."

THE CURRENT REVOLUTION IN ZOO DESIGN—THE landscape revolution—is driven by three kinds of change that have occurred during this century. First are great leaps in animal ecology, veterinary medicine, landscape design, and exhibit technology, making possible unprecedented realism in zoo exhibits. Second, and perhaps most important, is the progressive disappearance of wilderness—the very subject of zoos—from the earth. Third is knowledge derived from market research and from environmental psychology, making possible a sophisticated focus on the zoo-goer.

Zoo-related sciences like animal ecology and veterinary medicine for exotic animals barely existed fifty years ago and tremendous advances have been made in the last fifteen years. Zoo veterinarians now inoculate animals against diseases they once died of. Until recently, keeping the animals alive required most of a zoo's resources. A cage



modeled after a scientific laboratory or an operating room—tile-lined and antiseptic, with a drain in the floor—was the best guarantee of continued physical health. In the late 1960s and early 1970s zoo veterinarians and comparative psychologists began to realize that stress was as great a danger as disease to the captive wild animals. Directors thus sought less stressful forms of confinement than the frequently-hosed-down sterile cell.

Field scientists also published findings about the complex social relations among wild animals. Zoos began to understand that captive animals who refused to mate often were reacting to the improper social configurations in which they were confined. Gorillas, for example, live in large groups in the wild. Zoos had put them in pairs, and then only at breeding time—“believing them monogamous, as we’d like to think we are,” Coe says. Interaction between the male and the female gorilla was stilted, hostile, abnormal. Successful breeding among captive gorillas didn’t begin until they were housed in large family groups. Golden lion tamarins, in contrast, refused to mate when they were caged in groups. Only very recently did researchers affiliated with the National Zoo discover that these beautiful little monkeys *are* monogamous.

Science first affected the design of zoos in 1735, when Linnaeus published his *Systema Naturae* and people fell in love with classification. The resultant primate house, carnivore house, and reptile house allowed the public to grasp the contemporary scientific understanding of the animal world. “At the turn of the century a zoo was a place where you went to learn what kinds of animals there were,” Conway says. “The fact that they were in little cages didn’t matter. You could see this was an Arabian oryx, a scimitar-horned oryx, a beisa oryx, and so on. It wasn’t at that time so important to have an idea of what they do, or the way they live, or how they evolved.” The taxonomic approach informed the design of science museums, aquariums, botanical gardens, and arboretums.

Today zoo directors and designers can draw on whole libraries of information about animal behavior and habitat. Exhibit designers can create entire forests of epoxy and fiber-glass trees, reinforced concrete boulders, waterfalls, and artificial vines, with mist provided by cloud machines. A zoo director can oversee the creation of astoundingly realistic habitats for the animals.

But zoo directors and designers cannot simply create magnificent animal habitats and call them a zoo. That would be something else—a wildlife preserve, a national park. A zoo director has to think about bathrooms: zoos are for people, not animals. A zoo director has to think about bond issues and the fact that the city council, which also finances garbage collection, trims a little more from his budget each year. He has to be aware that the zoo is competing with a vast entertainment industry for the leisure hours and dollars of the public.

“If you’re not smiling at Disney World, you’re fired the next day,” says Robert Yokel, the director of the Miami Metrozoo. He is a laid-back, blue-jeaned, suntanned man

with wild, scant hair. “Happy, happy, happy, that’s the whole concept. They are the premier operators. They taught the rest of the industry how a park should be run: keep it clean, make it convenient, make the ability to spend dollars very easy. They do everything top drawer. They drew over thirteen million people last year. It’s an escape. It’s a fantasy.” Obviously, the director of the Miami zoo, more than most, has to worry about Disney World. He is surrounded, as well, by Monkey Jungle, the Miami Seaquarium, Busch Gardens, Parrot Jungle, Orchid Jungle, Flamingo Gardens, Lion Country Safari, and the beach. If Florida legalizes gambling, he may never see anyone again. But Yokel is not alone in the zoo world in appreciating what commercial entertainment parks offer the public.

The public today has more leisure time and disposable income than ever before, more children than at any time since the 1950s, and more sophistication about animals—thanks to television, movies, and libraries—than at any time in history. Although a Greek in the age of Homer might not have been able to identify an anteater or a koala, many two-year-olds today can. However, there are other claims on people’s time. Although, according to statistics, zoo-going is an entrenched habit with Americans, it is no longer likely that a station wagon packed with kids and heading down the highway on Sunday afternoon will turn in at the zoo. The family has been to Disney World, to Six Flags; they’ve been to theme parks where the hot-dog vendors wear period costumes and the concession stands look like log cabins; they’ve visited amusement parks where the whole environment, from the colorful banners to the trash cans, all sparkling clean and brightly painted, shrieks of fun. The local zoo, with its broad tree-lined avenues, pacing leopards, and sleeping bears, seems oddly antiquated and sobering by comparison. So zoo directors must ask, Are our visitors having a good time? Will they come back soon? Would they rather be at Disney World? What will really excite them?

Zoos used to be simpler. Once upon a time—in pharaonic Egypt, in Imperial Rome, in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, in the traveling menageries and bear shows of Western Europe and Russia in the 1800s, even in the United States at the turn of the century—it was sufficient for the zoo to pluck an animal from the teeming wild populations in Asia and Africa and display it, as an exotic specimen, to an amazed populace. (And if the animal sickened in captivity, there was nothing to do but wait for it to die and send for another one. Not only had veterinary medicine not evolved adequately but there was no pressure by concerned wildlife groups for zoos to maintain and reproduce their own stock. The animals were out there.)

Already occupied with the welfare of their animals and the amusement of their zoo-goers, zoo directors today must be responsible to the larger reality that the wilderness is disappearing and the animals with it. Today the cement-block enclosure or quarter-acre plot allotted by a zoo may be the last protected ground on earth for an animal

whose habitat is disappearing under farmland, villages, or cities. The word *ark* is used with increasing frequency by zoo professionals. In this country, zoos house members of half a dozen species already extinct in the wild, and of hundreds more on the verge of extinction. Zoo-goers are confronted by skull logos denoting vanishing animals. The new designers like Coe and Jones, and directors like Conway, Maple, Graham, Dolan, George Rabb, at Chicago Brookfield, and Michael Robinson, at the National Zoo, belong as no designers or directors ever before belonged to the international community of zoologists and conservationists who have as their goal the preservation of the wild.

"This is a desperate time," William Conway says. The New York Zoological Society, under his leadership, also operates one of the largest and oldest wildlife-conservation organizations in the world, Wildlife Conservation International, which sponsors sixty-two programs in thirty-two countries. Conway is a slender, distinguished, avuncular gentleman with a pencil-line moustache. For him it seems quite a personal matter, a subject of intense private distress, that the earth is losing its wildlife and he doesn't know how many species are going, or what they are, or where they are, or how to save them.

"We are certainly at the rate of losing a species a day now, probably more," he says. "Who knows how many species there are on earth? Suppose, for the sake of argument, there are ten million species of animals out there. If we have one million in the year 2087 we will be doing very well. The human population is increasing at the rate of a hundred and fifty a minute. The tropical moist forest is decreasing at the rate of fifty acres a minute. And there is not a hope in the world of slowing this destruction and this population increase for quite some time. Most of the animals we hold dear, the big, charismatic mega-vertebrates, almost all of them will be endangered within the next twenty years. The people who are going to do that have already been born.

"And the destruction is being effected by some poor guy and his wife and their five children who are hacking out a few acres of ground to try to eat. That's where most of the fifty acres a minute are going: forty-eight that way and two to the bulldozers. In Rwanda there is a mountain-gorilla preserve that supports two hundred and forty gorillas. It recently was calculated that the park could sustain two thousand human families, people with no other place to live, no land. Now, how can you justify saving the land for two hundred and forty gorillas when you could have two thousand human families? That's one side of the story. Here's the other: if you were to do that, to put those two thousand families in there, the mountain gorilla would disappear completely, and that would take care of Rwanda's population-expansion needs for slightly less than three months. It's a very discouraging picture."

Michael Robinson, the director of the National Zoo, is a rotund and rosy-cheeked Englishman. "I have spent twenty years in the tropics, and it is difficult to talk about them in a detached, scientific manner," he says. "They are the

richest ecosystem on earth. They have been here for millions of years. Perhaps eighty percent of all the animals in the world live there and have evolved relationships of breathtaking complexity. The northern hardwood forests have perhaps forty species of trees per hectare. The rain forest has closer to a hundred and fifty to two hundred species per hectare. Once the rain forest is cut down, it takes about a hundred years for the trees to grow back. We estimate that it would take at least six hundred years before the forest has returned to its original state, with all the plants and animals there."

"The American Association of Zoological Parks and Aquariums Species Survival Plan has only thirty-seven endangered species," Conway says. "We should have at least a thousand. How are we going to do it? My God, there are only one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five spaces for big cats in the United States. One thousand seven hundred and eighty-five. How many races of tigers are out there? Five or six. Several races of lions. Several races of leopards, to say nothing of snow leopards, jaguars, fishing cats, cheetahs, and so on. And you have to maintain a minimum population of two to three hundred animals each to have a population that is genetically and demographically sound. What in bloody hell are we going to do?"

Zoos in America are doing two things to try to save the wild animals. The front-line strategy is conservation biology and captive propagation, employing all the recent discoveries in human fertility, such as *in vitro* fertilization, embryo transplantation, and surrogate motherhood. Zoos around the world have hooked into a computerized database called ISIS, so that if a rare Indian rhino goes into heat in Los Angeles—or, for that matter, in the wilds of India—a healthy male rhino to donate sperm can be located.

The second-line strategy is to attempt to save the wilderness itself through educating the public. Zoo directors and designers point out that there are 115 million American zoo-goers each year, and that if even 10 percent of them were to join conservation organizations, to boycott goods produced from the bones, horns, organs, and hides of endangered species, to vote to assist poor nations that are attempting to preserve their forests (perhaps by allowing debt payments to be eased in proportion to the numbers of wild acres preserved), their strength would be felt. The point of the landscape-immersion exhibits is to give the public a taste of what is out there, what is being lost.

IT IS DAWNING ON ZOO PROFESSIONALS THAT THEY ARE, in part, responsible for the American public's unfamiliarity with ecology and lack of awareness that half a dozen species a week are being driven into extinction, and that the precious tropical rain forest may vanish within our lifetime. "By itself, the sight of caged animals does not engender respect for animals," the environmental psychologist Robert Sommer wrote in 1972 in a pioneering essay titled "What Did We Learn at the Zoo?" "Despite excellent

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intentions, even the best zoos may be creating animal stereotypes that are not only incorrect but that actually work against the interests of wildlife preservation." Terry Maple says, "Zoos used to teach that animals are weird and they live alone."

In the past the only zoo people who paid much attention to zoo-goers were the volunteers assigned to drum up new members. The question they usually asked about zoo-goers was, Can we attract ten thousand of them in August? rather than, How have we influenced their attitudes about wildlife? With the decline of the wild and the dedication of zoos to educating the public, zoo professionals have grown curious about zoo-goers. What do they think? What are they saying as they nudge each other and point? Why do they shoot gum balls at the hippos? What exactly *are* they

learning at the zoo? In search of answers to such questions, behavioral scientists are strolling through zoos around the country. They clock the number of seconds zoo-goers look at an exhibit. They count how many zoo-goers read the educational placards. They record the casual utterances of passers-by. And they note the age and gender of the zoo-goers who carve their initials on the railings. (They excite the envy of their co-equals in the science-museum world. "Researchers [at zoos] can linger for inordinate amounts of time at exhibits under the guise of waiting for an animal to do something," Beverly Serrell wrote in *Museum News* in 1980. "Standing next to a skeleton doesn't afford such a convenient cover.")

A fairly sharply focused portrait of the average North American zoo-goer has emerged. For example, data col-

SUMMER'S CHILDREN

we do not know who chose us
but we are the chosen
we were chosen not to be you

we enter your cities like fog
with our bedrolls and our portable lives
our ragged coats always too big
the better for sleeping in

we follow summer
and we all look alike to you
with our uncombed hair
we look like winter

when we are young we look older
when we are older we begin to look young
you do not want to look at us
and since we are invisible to you
we can urinate anywhere

we are not lost we know where we are
but our itinerary is chance and weather
we do not believe in destinations
and we are in no hurry
we have learned patience
from statues in a thousand parks
and joy from dogs without collars

we envy you nothing you want
we can live on what you throw away
we envy only birds of passage
their ability to fly

sometimes we ask for your spare change
but never your credit cards
otherwise we keep our distance
avoiding the germs of your misery

the wolf does not come to our doors
we have no doors
we have lost our names somewhere
and are required to sign nothing
we do not pay taxes we feed the birds
we do not vote why should we vote for you

we do not join the army
we are an army
and we will not fight in your wars

we have lost our return addresses
our forwarding addresses
our social security numbers
and are secure in our own society

we leave messages to one another
on the undersides of bridges
in a code you cannot decipher

but we plot to overthrow nothing
we escape we are summer's children
born into your winter
we are not
a problem we are a solution
to a problem you are the problem

—Richard Shelton



ANOTHER REVOLUTION

Mikhail Gorbachev takes the toughest, most biting look at the Soviet Union ever to come from inside the Kremlin in his new book, *Perestroika: New Thinking for Our Country and the World*. Seventy years after the *first* Russian revolution, U.S. News & World Report previews the *second*—with extensive excerpts from Gorbachev's book in the November 9th issue. No other Soviet leader has been so bold, not only about his country's past, but about the radical changes needed for the future.

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lected by the Smithsonian Institution at the National Zoo in 1979 revealed that zoo-goers arrive at the gates in any one of eighty-four "visitor constellations." One of the most common constellations is one parent accompanied by one or more children. On weekdays mothers predominate. On weekends fathers are sighted. In another study Professor Edward G. Ludwig, of State University College at Fredonia, New York, observed that the adult unaccompanied by children seemed to have "an aura of embarrassment." A survey published in 1976 found that zoo-goers tend to have more education and larger annual incomes than the population at large, and a 1979 survey found that zoo-goers are ignorant of basic ecological principles much more than are backpackers, birdwatchers, and members of wildlife organizations.

In a group of four zoo-goers, it's likely that only one or two will read an informational sign. Nearly all conversation will be confined to the friends and family members with whom the zoo-goer arrives. The most common form of conversation at the zoo is a declarative sentence following "Watch!" or "Look!" The second most common form is a question. Robert Yokel, in Miami, believes that the two questions asked most frequently by zoo-goers are "Where is the bathroom?" and "Where is the snack bar?" Zoo-goers typically look at exhibits for about ninety seconds. Some never stop walking. Ludwig found that most people will stop for animals that beg, animals that are feeding, baby animals, animals that make sounds, or animals that are mimicking human behavior. People express irritation or annoyance with animals that sleep, eliminate, or regurgitate.

Zoo visitors do not like to lose their way within a zoo, and they get disgruntled when they find themselves backtracking. "We do not enjoy walking in circles and we invariably do," said one of the 300 respondents to the Smithsonian study. "Then we get irritated with ourselves."

Jim Peterson, a senior partner in the natural-history exhibit design firm of Bios, in Seattle, has identified the "first-fish syndrome." Within twenty feet of the entrance to an aquarium, visitors need to see a fish or they become unhappy. They will rush past the finest backlit high-tech hands-on exhibitry to find that first fish. Similarly, Peterson has noted that visitors in zoos can tolerate only fifty feet between animals. Any greater distance inspires them to plow through foliage and create their own viewing blind.

Most "noncompliant behavior," such as unauthorized feeding of animals or attempting to climb over barriers, comes from juveniles and teens in mixed-gender groupings and children accompanied by both parents. A 1984 study by Valerie D. Thompson suggested that two parents tend to be involved with each other, freeing the children to perform antisocial acts, and that among teenagers there is "a close tie between noncompliant behavior and attempting to impress a member of the opposite sex."

Ted Finlay, a graduate student working with Terry Ma-

ple at Zoo Atlanta, wrote a master's thesis titled "The Influence of Zoo Environments on Perceptions of Animals," one of the first studies to focus on zoo design. Finlay majored in psychology and animal behavior with a minor in architecture, with the intention of becoming a zoo psychologist. For the research for his dissertation he prepared a slide show of animals in three environments: free, caged, and in various types of naturalistic zoo exhibits. Two hundred and sixty-seven volunteers viewed the slides and rated their feelings about the animals. The free animals were characterized as "free," "wild," and "active." Caged animals were seen as "restricted," "tame," and "passive." Animals in naturalistic settings were rated like the free animals if no barrier was visible. If the barrier *was* visible, they were rated like caged animals—that is to say, less favorably.

The zoo-goer who emerges from the research literature—benighted and happy-go-lucky, chomping his hot dog, holding his nose in the elephant house and scratching under his arms in the monkey house to make his children laugh—is a walking anachronism. He is the creation of an outmoded institution—the conventional zoo—in which the primate house, carnivore house, and reptile house, all lined with tile, glow with an unreal greenish light as if the halls were subterranean, and in which giraffes, zebras, and llamas stand politely, and as if on tiptoe, on the neatly mown lawns of the moated exhibits.

Once it was education enough for the public to file past the captive gorilla in its cage and simply absorb the details of its peculiar or frightening countenance. "One ape in a cage, shaking its steel bars," Terry Maple says, "was a freak show, a horror show, King Kong! You'd go there to be scared, to scream, to squeeze your girlfriend." Despite gilded, or dingy, surroundings, a tusked creature in eighteenth-century Versailles, or downtown Pittsburgh, had the aura of a savage, strange, flowered wilderness.

"Pee-you!" is the primal, universal response of schoolchildren herded into an elephant house. Adults more discreetly crinkle their noses, turn their heads, and laugh. The unspoken impressions are that elephants are filthy, tread in their own feces, attract flies, require hosing down, eat mush, and no wonder they are housed in cinder-block garages. These are not the sort of impressions that might inspire a zoo-goer to resist—much less protest—the marketing of souvenirs made of ivory.

Moated exhibits display animals in garden-like settings, with bedding plants along cement walkways. A koala seated alone in the branch of a single artificial tree above a bright-green lawn looks as if he'd be at home in a Southern California back yard, next to the patio. The visitors looking at such exhibits appreciate the animals in them more and pronounce them "beautiful" or "interesting," but the subliminal message here is that animals are like gentle pets and thrive nicely in captivity. The visitors are hard pressed to explain what the big deal is about the rain forest or why zoologists talk about it, their voices cracking, the way twelfth-century Crusaders must have discussed the Holy Land.



ON MAY 7, 1984, TWINKLES THE ELEPHANT disappeared from the Atlanta Zoo. Her keepers were informed that she had been sent to a farm to recuperate from severe muscular problems. On May 11 Twinkles died in Cherryville, North Carolina, while on display with the Jules & Beck traveling circus, and the Atlanta Zoo scandal began. Over the next few months journalists and zoo committees and humane-society investigators descended on the zoo and published outraged reports of sick animals lying in excrement, of animals lent out to unaccredited roadside attractions and "euthanized" there, of city maintenance workers pouring cement into prairie-dog holes. The zoo veterinarian himself was on probation with the state Board of Veterinary Medicine.

"The scandal precipitated a major cleanup all over the country," Jon Coe says. "The care and quality at the Atlanta Zoo was really no worse than a third of the zoos in the country, if not half. The fact that animals were disappearing was not common, but the buildings and maintenance were typical." Of the 300-plus zoos in America (the number is imprecise, because it can be difficult to say whether some parks are flea-bitten private zoos or roadside tourist traps with animals), perhaps half were constructed with Works Project Administration money in the 1930s, and forty more were founded earlier. Steve Graham, the director

of the Detroit Zoo, says, "Our local newspapers and television stations tried to compare the problems in Detroit to the problems in Atlanta. The same thing happened in every city in the country. We were not very interested in being tarred with that brush, but believe me, every zoo director felt for Atlanta." In 1984 nine other cities joined Atlanta on a list of ten substandard zoos drawn up by the Humane Society of the United States and published by *Parade* magazine. The list included not only small cities like Richmond, Indiana; Bar Harbor, Maine; Sussex, New Jersey; Melbourne, Florida; and Sinton, Texas; but also major cities like Boston, Brooklyn, Scranton, and Oakland.

The lesson of the Atlanta Zoo scandal was not lost on zoological societies, mayors' offices, and city councils. When the Humane Society published a report that the Atlanta Zoo's polar-bear cub, Andy, lived in insufferable conditions, the unspoken implication was that at least the cub's namesake, Mayor Andrew Young, might have done something for him. The name of the zoo was changed to Zoo Atlanta to emphasize the break with the past, and Terry Maple became the new director. The renovation of the zoo has been heavily underwritten by corporate donations. Ninety percent of the current zoo staff is new since 1984, and Atlanta advertises "the world's next great zoo." Zoo

Atlanta's planned gorilla exhibit, which will include the gorillas from the Yerkes center, will be the first to expand upon and surpass the Woodland Park model.

City officials across the country have realized that a desolate zoo has the power to become national news and tarnish the city's name. Others surmise that a great zoo might actually add to the city's allure and help attract conventions. Look at San Diego's tourist industry, for example. Hundreds of cities and counties have in the past five years voted on bond issues or engaged in fundraising to pay for face-lifts for their local zoos. Last year all 118 zoos accredited by the AAZPA listed capital improvements. They spent a total of \$218 million dollars on their physical plants, two thirds of it local tax dollars.

City councils that have voted to restore their financially troubled zoos rather than close them have been startled by what the new zoo designers tell them. Those designers include not only Jon Coe and Grant Jones and their partners but also Ace Torre, of Cashio, Cochran & Torre; John Nightingale, of Bios; Becca Hanson and David Roberts, of The Portico Group; and Peter Chermayeff, of Cambridge Seven. Bearded men in flannel shirts and argyle socks and pony-tailed women wearing hiking boots and silver Native American earrings arrive at city council meetings, turn off the lights, and present slide shows on the African rain forest and lectures about tribal architecture. The renovations they propose have nothing to do with re-seeding the south lawn, hosing down the artificial rockwork, or importing a kangaroo. Instead, the old zoo buildings are to be torn down and replaced with underground holding facilities. Concession stands are to be given thatched roofs. Sidewalks and fencing will be ripped out. Grassy slopes where families once picnicked will be allowed to go to seed, and moats will be filled with pond water, cattails, and water lilies.

John Nightingale, now a senior partner at Bios, helped design a "salmon ladder" for the Seattle Aquarium. Affixed to the plate-glass rear wall of the aquarium, the ladder is a series of open-ended boxes that ascend like stairs and have water flowing through them. Initially, salmon eggs were taken from Puget Sound and allowed to hatch on the roof of the aquarium. The salmon fry leaped down the squarish, graduated waterfall and into Puget Sound; and when it was time for the mature salmon to spawn, they swam home to the aquarium, leaped back up the "ladder" in full view of the public, and left the second generation of eggs on the roof.

In the Toledo Zoo a new hippo exhibit includes a tremendous pool for underwater swimming. Zoo-goers enter underground for a view. "Underwater, the hippos are unbelievably graceful, like Esther Williams," says Becca Hanson, who was a designer of the Toledo exhibit when she was with Jones & Jones and is today a partner in The Portico Group. "Remember the scene from Walt Disney's

Fantasia where the hippos are ballerinas, wearing tu-tus?"

Landscape-immersion exhibits currently open include the gorilla, marsh, swamp, and African savanna exhibits at the Woodland Park Zoo, in Seattle (designed by Jones & Jones, with Jon Coe); the African kopje exhibit at the San Diego Zoo (Jones & Jones); JungleWorld and the Himalayan highlands exhibit—which shared the AAZPA design award this year with San Diego's kopjes—at the Bronx Zoo (designed in-house); the North Carolina Zoological Park, in Asheboro (in-house); the cascade stream and pond exhibit at the Portland, Oregon, Washington Park Zoo (Jones & Jones, with Coe); the polar-bear exhibit and the rocky-shore marine-mammal exhibit at Point Defiance Zoo, in Tacoma (Jones & Jones); Wings of Asia at the Miami Metrozoo (in-house); the Louisiana swamp exhibit at the Audubon Zoo, in New Orleans (Cashio, Cochran, & Torre); the Hippoquarium at the Toledo Zoo (Jones & Jones and The Portico Group); the Siberian tiger, white rhino, lion, leopard, and African plains exhibits at the Pittsburgh Zoo (Jones & Jones, with Coe); the red-panda exhibit at the Cincinnati Zoo (in-house); the Tropics pavilion at the Minnesota Zoo, in Apple Valley (a local design team); most of the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, in Tucson (in-house); and the predator-ecology exhibit at the Chicago Zoological Park in Brookfield (in-house). They all attempt, in different ways, to hew to the new standard, the new ideal—that metropolitan Miami, downtown Toledo, midtown Atlanta, and all of the Bronx should disappear from the backdrops of the zoo exhibits and, for at least a few moments, from the minds of the zoo-goers.

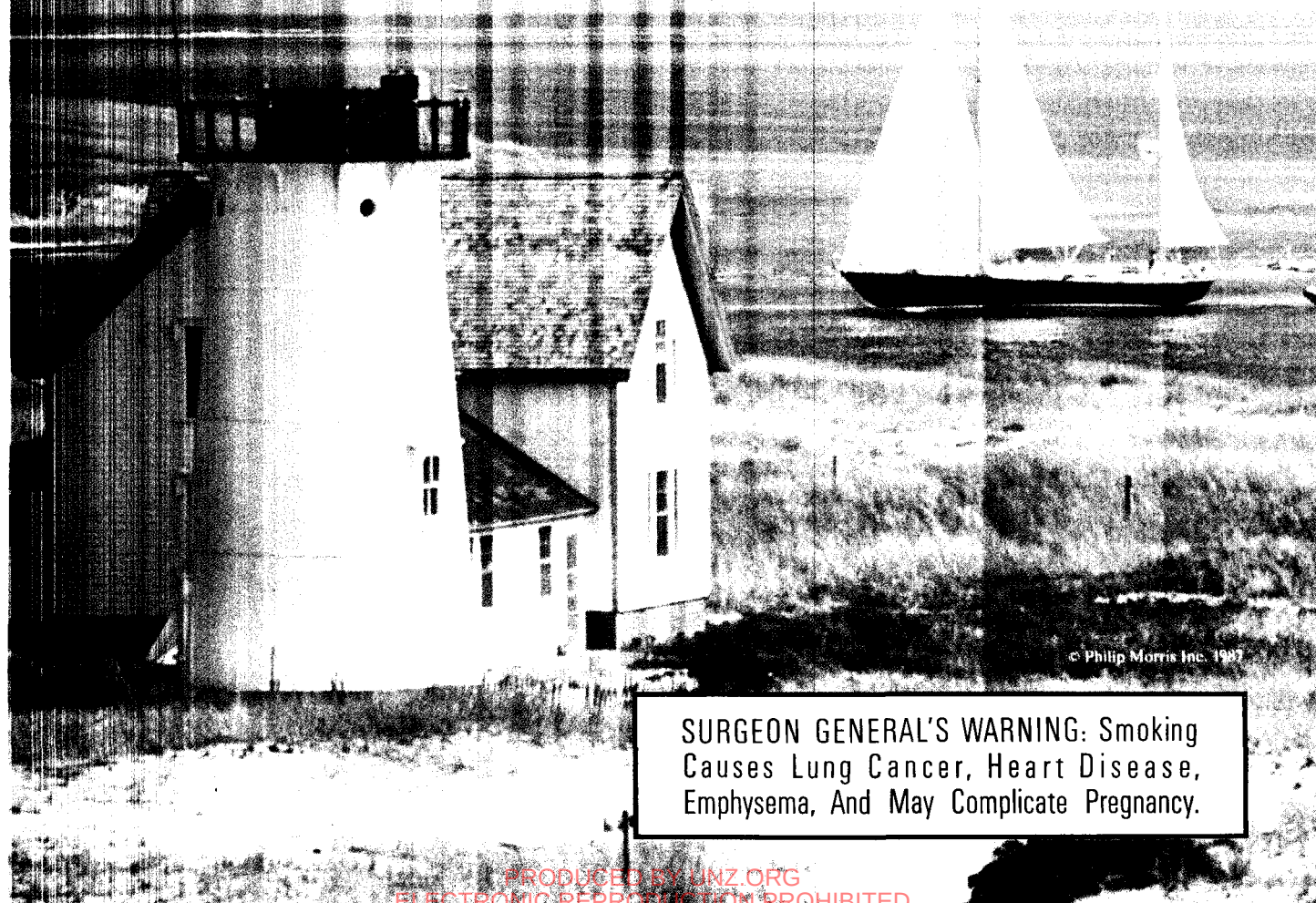
ONE EVENING, JUST AT DUSK, COE HURRIED ALONE through the Woodland Park Zoo. He'd worked late on some sketches, and the zoo had closed. He would have to let himself out. The lions in the Serengeti Plains exhibit galloped back and forth through their yellow grass, whipping their tails. They ran and ran and pulled up short at the brink of their hidden moat, panting, their nostrils flaring. Coe just happened to be passing by. One of the dun-colored male lions approached and crouched at the very edge of the moat, and growled. Jon Coe froze.

Now, Coe had designed the exhibit. He knew that he was looking up at the lion because he'd elevated its territory to instill fear and respect in the zoo-goer. He knew that he seemed to be walking beside the wild, dark African plains because he'd considered issues like sight lines and cross-viewing. He knew that a concealed moat lay between him and the lion, and that the width of the moat was the standard width used by zoos all over the world. But he also knew that you can't program in motivation. The lion looked at him and crouched; he could hear it snorting. Then it growled again—king of the darkness on the grassy plain. The hair stood up on the back of Coe's neck. □

Disc



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A Short Story



WAY TO THE DUMP

BY E. S. GOLDMAN

ZUERNER WAS BREAKING AWAY FROM THE BOSTON meeting to come to the Cape, but surely not because of a casual invitation extended in a passing encounter with Elligott a year ago. The two men disliked each other for no particular reason, the most incurable kind of aversion; Elligott's invitation emerged for want of something better to say; neither he nor Zuerner had expected it to be taken up. Even so, Zuerner had telephoned and asked if it would be convenient if he came by.

Was the merger on again? Did they want his stock?

"Stay for lunch," Elligott had said, impulsively, and immediately regretted this sign of weakness. He never managed to get the tone right with Zuerner. He hadn't even had the presence of mind to say, "Let me look at the calendar." Not even "Let me see if Daisy can make it for lunch."

Elligott moved the slider and stepped out onto his terrace. Unlike early settlers' houses, placed with buffers between themselves and the wind, his house had been a summer shack before the alterations and had been built right there on the low bluff above the beach. Its prospect was across the steaming bay toward an awesome pink dawn. On the way out the tide had trapped his skiff in shore grass; returning, it mirrored the forested dune. Some day! Some scene! Elligott felt the exhilaration of a discoverer. He wondered what he'd have to pay to commission this view from the fellow who did the Indian marsh paintings in Derek's gallery. It would be worth a thousand dollars. First a strong week in the market, and now a day like this!

He shrugged comfortably in his new Bean sweater; it was just the thing for this chill Sunday morning in October. October—so soon. Quarter to six. Dowling would be open in . . . now fourteen minutes.

Nobody was on the water. Nobody was anywhere. Not a bird. The only sound came from a ratcheting cricket, augmented in Elligott's hearing aid. Fat with good luck, the cricket tensed toward cover, but the man's foot was too quick. Elligott felt a small startle at the confrontation, not enough to call fear—afraid of a cricket?—but it would have read on an instrument. Perhaps a blood admonition not to kill easily. He kicked the squash over the edge into the sand, leaving a stain and a twitching leg on the mortar joint. In an impulse of compassion or guilt he stepped out the twitch.

He stood for another moment at the terrace edge, bothered slightly that the new sun-room, in the nature of all new things, had estranged the house from its environment. It had happened before, and he knew now that in a few years the rugosa, creeper, poison ivy, catbrier, fox grape, beach plum, and innumerable unidentifiable wind- and bird-brought weeds fleeing upward from the salt would blur the margins of the foundation into the land, and the shingles would darken. The house would then come fully into its destiny. It was an extraordinary house.

He thought of a small boat going by and somebody looking up and saying to himself, That's Elligott, a noticeable man. You would trust your widow to Elligott. Perhaps not your wife; look at the bush of hair for a man his age and the athletic way he carries his weight. The house is suitable to the commanding view, what you would expect of a man like Elligott.

The hydrangea that he had cleverly placed below the terrace, so that its enormous plates of bloom could be seen from above, was at its fullest. The branch he had layered stood erect in full leaf, surely rooted. He had never imagined that gardening could be so pleasurable, and that he had such a hand for it. Farther below, in the narrow courses veining the grassy marsh, blue crabs fed; they were mostly big this time of year, no chicks; big as mitts, swimming to the rotten-meat bag and taking alarm too late to escape the sneaking net.

Wait till Zuerner began to net crabs down there for his lunch. That would get to him, all right. That would open his face! That would balance all accounts.

The irritation at his forced retirement which Elligott frequently waked with before they came to the Cape had been diminishing all year, and this morning it gave way completely to the anticipation of how boggling it would be to Zuerner to see, on this best of all possible days, how well he and Daisy lived.

Gone were the clubs and restaurants, the church and duty boards, where men who knew he had been pushed aside observed him. He had made known that resigning to become a consultant was his idea, but McGlynn, Andrewes, Draveau, Thompson, Zuerner—all of them and their wives—had known that his résumé circulated. He felt himself become transparent. To distance himself from his telephone he had the building agent's girl record that she was Mr. Elligott's office, and if you waited for the tone

you could leave a message of any length. After an interval Elligott called back insurance agents he had never before heard of; *The Wall Street Journal* offered a trial subscription; business papers wanted ads for Consultant Service Indexes; somebody wanted his cousin Lewis Elligott.

And one day Daisy had said, "Why don't we fix up the cottage and see what living on the Cape would be like?"

A steadying wife—what a blessing.

From that came days like this. Today he wouldn't mind comparing lives with Andrewes, Zuerner, with McGlynn himself—any of them. Most of all Zuerner.

An odd feeling of emptiness seeped into him. He felt as he had after eagling the fifth at the Heights Club, a mixture of triumph and loss. He had been playing alone; nobody was there to see the two iron drop, nobody to take the burden of telling from him. The not quite convincing story was one he could slip into a conversation but couldn't tell. Zuerner was the man to sign your card. Zuerner's authority would authenticate Elligott's life to McGlynn, Andrewes, all of them at Elligott Barge & Dredge.

He decided to take the wagon. It hadn't been turned over all week; it would do the old girl good to have hot oil in her cylinders and valves. He punched the garage-door button and got in while the door complained to the top and the control panel nattered at him to put on his galoshes, comb his hair, brush his teeth, stop squinting. At The Pharmacy the *Times* would be shuffled by six. Dowling's wouldn't be busy yet; he would be able to open the paper on the counter. Be back before Daisy was even up.

The driveway crackled through the allowed disorder of scratch pines and pin oaks, bayberry and blueberry bushes, rising from the rust of pine needles. He regretted mildly that for thirty years he had let the native growth have its way when for a few dollars he could have set seedlings of better breeds that by now would have been huge, towering, elegant. You could truck in hand-split shakes for the roof and Andersen windows with instant Colonial mullions and eighteen-dollar-a-square-foot tiles, but only God could make a tree. Only time marketed tall white pines. And rhododendrons like Pauley's.

He bobbed along the stony humpbacked lane kept up by the Association—PRIVATE 15 MPH PLEASE OBSERVE—and onto the state blacktop that forked at WAY TO THE DUMP, taking him toward town by the back road past Pauley's rhododendrons.

Development had not yet made progress here. The small properties were held by owners who frugally fought mortgages every percent of the way and counted on thirty bags of December scallops to help with the fuel bills. The houses had no views. The families used to grow cranberries in adjacent bogs. Cut off by barrier roads, the bogs were reduced to wetland unbuildable by law and some years away from the sort of new owners who could see the interesting tax consequences of a gift to the Conservation Fund.

But here ancestors and young marrieds had seen thickened hedges prefigured in a few sticks. He slowed while

he envied the maturities. Cedars spiked in a grove of pines; lilacs that, come spring, would bear trusses above a man's reach; Pauley's rhododendrons.

Elligott knew Pauley the way he knew half a dozen building tradesmen around town; he had assumed the driver to be the man whose name was on the truck. He had called Pauley once and asked if he would work up a price on a new shower.

I'll stop next week and look at it. You near Haseley?

Elligott explained how one could easily find his place from Haseley's. He never heard from Pauley again. Par for the trades. Meanwhile, out of courtesy, Elligott waited three weeks, lost all that time before calling another plumber.

In June the rhododendrons between the road and Pauley's house had been amazing, a jungle. Maybe the bogland accounted for it. Purples, whites, reds, creams shot with yellow, ink and blood spatters. Like a park. Fifty or sixty plants must be in there, some of them giraffe-high, twenty or forty thousand dollars' worth if you had to truck them at that size and set them, and all from a few sticks. Imagining the plumber's rhododendrons transported to border his own driveway, Elligott regretted and went on.

Not a soul on the road. Not a car. Not a fisherman. Not a mass-bound Catholic.

HE SWUNG INTO THE BUSINESS-CENTER BLOCK AND parked at The Pharmacy. The business had been sold recently by heirs of the original owner, four brothers, each more famous than the next for surliness. No one had ever been said good morning to by one of these men. Downcast or elevated, each was on his way to transact troubling business; taking inventory; looking for dropped quarters, spider webs. They had sold out to a chain whose owners—some said from Worcester, some said Quincy—could distance themselves from light-bulb specials, jewelry deals, ad tabloids, senior-citizen discounts, and generic-drug propaganda. The first act of the new owners after the opening Days of Bargains was to add a dime to the price of the Sunday *Times*.

As a businessman, Elligott conceded that combination was the order of the day and that somebody had to make up the premium paid for the Going Concern—but not necessarily Paul D. Elligott. He would have taken his trade elsewhere except that The Pharmacy still employed at its cash counter a pleasant man named Len who had overheard his name and very nearly remembered it. It was worth a dime to have Len say, "It's Mr. Elliott. Good morning, Mr. Elliott."

"How are you today, Len?"

"Gonna make it. Will that be it? One seventy-five out of two bills. Have a nice day, Mr. Elliott."

Twice Elligott had spelled his name in full for the *Times* reservation list, but Len's memory scan rejected such an improbable reading. Elligott forgave him. Had he thought about it at the time, Elligott would have written "Len" in



the space on the Board of Trade questionnaire that asked for reasons he liked to shop in town: Good selections. Good prices. Good parking. Convenience. Other . . . "Len."

Nevertheless, Elligott's acknowledging smile was of measured width. He recognized in himself a tendency to overcordiality. One of the images of Zuerner that dripped in him like a malfunctioning gland was the recollection of the day Zuerner had come aboard and had been introduced around by McGlynn. Elligott had gone out to him, welcomed him warmly, braced his arm, and gotten back—what would you call it: reserve? civility? The face made interesting by the scarred cheek had barely ticked.

"I look forward to working with you, Elligott."

He might have been talking to a bookkeeper instead of the vice president for corporate relations.

Zuerner's disfigurement conveyed the idea that something extraordinary had formed him and implied that the distinction was not only external.

Since that meeting Elligott had become increasingly aware of a recompensing phenomenon that in time brought forward men who had certain kinds of injury, handicap, unhandsomeness, names—asymmetries that when they were young had kept them down. Elligott had occasionally pointed out to people whom he suspected of thinking he lacked independent weight that the advantage of being the namesake of the founder, even in a collateral

line, might get you in at first, but in the long run it was hardship. Elligott sensed he would have difficulty being taken seriously compared with a man like Zuerner, with a mark on his cheek and a bearing rehearsed to imply that he knew how to make up his mind.

In most matters whatever decision was taken, even a decision to do nothing, worked out all right if firmly asserted. Zuerner's function was to make one decision seem better than another and to identify himself in this circular way as the cause of what he was in truth an effect. McGlynn had been taken in, but not Elligott.

He thought himself wiser than Zuerner by virtue of having understood him and the power cards he played. His way of holding back to conceal his limits. His strategic unwillingness to speak early in meetings. Never answering a question if it could be turned back on the asker.

"You've given it thought. What is *your* feeling?"

"Come on, Walter," Elligott had once said, "stop the crap. Just answer the question. I'm not asking you to invest in it."

He had been certain Zuerner would retreat from such a frank challenge. But Zuerner had maintained a steady silence that made Elligott seem petulant even to himself. Involuntarily, his face repeated its recollection of Zuerner's at their first meeting, the moment watched by McGlynn, when Zuerner gained ascendancy.

At other times, when he reflected with the candor he was pleased to note in himself, Elligott conceded that the ascendancy also derived from a magical emanation from the man. He remembered from his days at Colgate an upperclassman who had the same mysterious ascendancy. For no particular reason this Clybairne occasionally appeared in Elligott's thoughts, and Elligott felt himself back down, as he had with Zuerner.

In consideration of his move to the Cape, where he could live the personality he chose, he resolved to contain himself so that nobody would ever again observe his limits in the sincerity of his smile, and have ascendancy over him.

Pleased by the exchange with Len, and enjoying the additional insight that he had risen a notch toward the status of old-timer, now that the heirs were gone, Elligott carried his newspaper the few steps to Dowling's.

As usual, others were there before him. He never managed to be the coffee shop's first customer. Even when he arrived at the opening minute and the door was unlocked for him, locals were already there, having coffee; these were insiders, friends of Dowling's who came through the kitchen door or grew in the chairs, fungus.

Two of these insiders were at a table. He recognized them and assumed they recognized him, although they were not acquaintances, not even the order of acquaintance he would have crossed a room in a distant city to greet as compatriots; at most he might in, say, Milan have widened his eyes more generously and nodded less curtly. They returned his signal in a way that indicated they might not know him even in Nairobi.

Nobody was sitting at the counter, but someone had cluttered what Elligott thought of as his regular place, at the kitchen end, with a half-finished cup of milky coffee and a cigarette burning in an ashtray. They would belong to a waitress. He disliked having to choose a stool in unfamiliar territory. He felt exposed, diminished in well-being. He was happy, however, to see that the doughnut tray had arrived from the bakery and he would not have to eat one of Dowling's double-sweet bran muffins. Brewed coffee dripped into the Silex. On the stool he arranged the *Times* in the order he would get to it: sports, business, front news, the rest.

Small tremors of alienation continued to assail him. He was still not entirely used to having breakfast in a coffee shop. Men of his rank had breakfast at home. Unless they were traveling, or early meetings required them, they never entered restaurants, let alone coffee shops, before lunch. It seemed illicit, a step over the threshold to hell, a date with Sistie Evans. It took some getting used to that among carpenters, telephone repairers, real-estate agents, and insurance men were authentic businessmen, retired like himself. They, too, had discovered late in life the pleasure of coffee and a bakery doughnut that was neither staling nor slippery, not one of those mouse-skinned packaged doughnuts.

Where was the waitress?

With the Gabberts last night the subject of best-remembered meals had come up, which led to choices of what you would order if you were on Death Row. When his turn came, he said coffee and fresh cinnamon doughnuts.

They wouldn't accept a frivolous answer. He withdrew it. He asked Daisy to refresh him on what had been served that night at the governor's, still believing in the doughnuts and knowing in his soul that he mentioned dinner at the governor's only to tell the Gabberts he had been to such an event. Daisy did not remember the frogs' legs as all that remarkable.

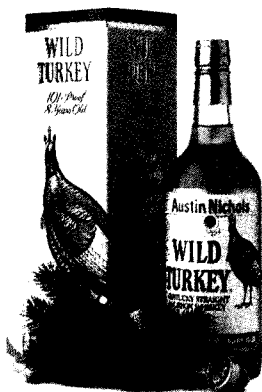
A profile appeared in the window of the kitchen door, like a character on TV. A new blonde pushed in, not the dark girl with a dancer's tendony legs whom Elligott had expected.

While she hesitated, considering whether her first duty was to her coffee and burning cigarette or to the customer, he read her marked-down face and slightly funhouse-mirror figure, the fullnesses to be made marvelously compact throughout her life by tights, belts, bras, girdles, pantyhose, and the shiny, sanctifying nurse's uniform Dowling provided for his staff. She would smell like an hour in a motel.

"Coffee?"

"Black. Is there a cinnamon doughnut left?"

She assembled the order, remembering at the last moment what Dowling had told her about picking up pastry with a waxed square. She filled the cup two-thirds full, placed the spoon with the bowl toward him. The tag read *Linda*, in Mrs. Dowling's childish cursive. The blonde reached for two cream cups and showed a tunnel between



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need a pear tree.

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her breasts. Sexuality is whatever implies more. Elligott drifted forward to fall within her odor, but couldn't find it. Without drawing back from the counter she tilted her head to him, intimately; the gesture may have been something she picked up from her mother.

"Will that be all?"

Their eyes met precisely. She was no longer furniture of the establishment; she had come forward and was isolated with him.

"For now."

She closed her order book, stuffed it in the apron pocket, and walked away, around the end of the counter to take up again her cigarette and milky coffee. He felt that he had opened a conversation and had been rejected. When they picked up again, he would not be so subtle. He could ask her where she came from, what she did before, what schedule she worked.

He scanned the newspaper with an inattention that would have enraged the editor. He found nothing about why the Steelers hadn't scored with all that first-half possession he had caught a mention of on the ten-o'clock news, only junk that came in before the paper went to bed: the weather and highlights from the first few series of downs, and nothing on Colgate other than the losing score. Unimportant golf and tennis this week. Horses. He didn't know anybody who paid attention to horses beyond the Derby-to-Belmont sequence in the spring, and the steeplechase, on account of Rolling Rock and Dick Mellon. Hockey was Catholic, a real Massachusetts sport for you. Basketball was black. Nobody he knew followed those sports until the playoffs. From yesterday's paper he already knew what his stocks had done. He scanned the section all the way back to the engineering jobs and didn't see anything about Interways making a new offer for Elligott Barge. He could see her in the back-counter mirror, poking at the falling-apart bundle of her hair.

He shifted the paper and looked around column one into the tunnel of her armpit. The girl was seamed with tunnels. Her raised arms drew her back erect, giving an inviting thrust to her figure. He mused that women could come off while looking you in the eye and combing their hair, while talking about flowers, money, baked potatoes, anything, just squeezing; the hidden agenda of mothers who told their little girls to keep their legs crossed. He willed the girl onto his wavelength: right guard not that many years ago at Colgate. A girl with a figure like hers wouldn't mind a little mature fattening. He watched for a sign, an eye flicker, that she was heating with him, but she finished with her hair and slumped into her mass. She seemed to have no spine. She subsided into wasted time, dribbling smoke.

He folded with a motion that caught her eye. He raised a hand to bring her to him to fill his cup, to try again to fall within her odor of cheap powder or sweat, it made no difference, and to tell her that all he wanted was an hour of the thousands she had to give carelessly away. Why should he have to look for a new way to say God's first truth? In

the Beginning was no more or less than this moment. It wasn't as though he had nothing to bring to the transaction; he would give more than he asked—more want, more skill, more risk. Elligott, husband, father, grandfather, retired vice president of corporate relations, elder, member of duty boards. More risk.

He thought of her going back to the kitchen and asking Dowling what kind of creeps he had for customers. Linda and Dowling talking about him and laughing while they challenged each other in the narrow aisle in front of the work table. He couldn't find her odor. He imagined it from Sistie Evans forty-one years ago.

"I'll take a check."

She put it in front of him and wished him a nice day. He nodded briefly, as Zuerner would have. He put the paper together again, left her a quarter more than the usual change from the dollar so that she would remember him. Who was he? What did he do?

Walking out, he saw that the plumber Pauley had joined the two at the table. That reminded him to go home again by WAY TO THE DUMP. The girl ceased to exist for him.

CAR KEY POISED AT THE LOCK, HE WAS SUDDENLY disoriented. *How did I get here? Where am I going? Am I stopping, or about to start? Everything is too quiet for the amount of light.* As if it were an hour ago, people weren't coming and going to get the day moving. The purity of the air and the stillness were like the moment before a tornado; everyone had taken shelter. But, of course, it was Sunday, the hours were displaced. He started up and drove out of the lot.

Having grown up in the city, where nature was the lawn, the hedge, and the golf course, he had been slow to accept the grosser performances of nature, the turning seasons and rotation of flowers. Now he saw the texture of light, predicted weather from sunsets and fuzzy moons, identified the velvet red on the roadside as poison ivy, and leaves speckled like worm-infested apples as shrub cherries. He supposed he should have gone into the landscape-gardening business early.

Like two daring girls back just in time from an all-night party, an apricot maple and a maple more golden stood in the respectable green row that shaded the Pilgrim School. He rolled the window down far enough to get a better look at them, and then at the Betty Prior roses, the ones with a pale splash, piled along the fences. A great rose, out early and still holding; next spring he would put in a couple.

At Pauley's he slowed as he had when coming to town. He was driving so slowly that he might as well stop a moment and really look at the rhododendrons. He pulled onto the shoulder, dropped the keys on the floor, as was his habit, and went over.

Every finger of leaf had the thick look of health: none were browned or curled in distress. Buds were packed so tightly that they seemed ready to explode before wintering. But they would hold until spring, when great holiday

bursts would show on the big broad-leafed plants, and the crisp varieties with small clustered leaves would light up like Christmas trees. No rain had fallen since early July—where did they get their well-being? Pauley seemed unlikely to water stock this fat.

Elligott bent to the ground and scratched with a forefinger. Sandy black stuff, hard and dry as his own dirt. Did the old bog leach up here to wet the roots? Elligott didn't have a bog, but he had a hose, and the town water bill didn't amount to much. He looked for the angle of the sun and saw that it got in there a few hours every day, over the oaks, beyond where the wagon was stopped. His plantings at the Association got that much sun.

He noticed young plants a foot or two high scattered through the hedge. Probably grown from cuttings to replace the older stock. Maybe layered off the big stock. He felt for a branch that might loop into the ground and come up as a new plant. He found no connections, and decided the young plants must be cuttings.

Bent and reaching, Elligott now had an idea whose enormity tightened his chest. He pivoted to look both ways along the road. Carefully he opened the hedge to see the house. The shades were down.

Pauley owed him something for the time he had wasted waiting for the shower. Elligott grasped a plant by the throat and felt it break free of the top crust so easily that he reached for another and slung it under his arm. He looked again both ways on the road and quickly crossed.

Unlocking the tailgate delicately, to avoid a loud click, he laid the plants on the carpet. He was going around to the driver's door at the accelerated pace of someone not wanting to look pushy but nevertheless determined to get to the head of the line when he sensed an action at the house—a door or window opening—and somebody holled, "What the hell are you doing there?"

Pauley's son.

He jumped into the seat while the voice pursued him; he dragged the door closed, found the key ring on the floor, stabbed at the ignition. The lock rejected the upside down key. He fumbled it home, jerk-started and stalled, and rammed his foot on the pedal to clear the flooded carburetor, thinking *Calm! Calm! Breathe!*, terrified that he had done himself in. He fought the key, and the engine caught at the moment frost sprang on the window lip, and he was struck on the side of the neck by what he experienced as hard-thrown gravel. He ducked and fell away from the blow and straightened again to control the careening wagon. *Get away from here fast!*

In seconds he was over a low rise and curve that distanced him from Pauley's place. He realized he was locked at mach 2, rigid arms and legs shoving him hard against the seat back. He relaxed a turn and took in air. As the tension eased from his shoulders and back, he became aware that his neck ached.

He put his hand to it and it came away wet. Blood. Blood thin as water defined the creases and whorls of his palm. He was not prepared for blood. So much.

He wiped his hand on his new sweater and felt the wound with his fingertips. It felt like no more than an open boil, but the amount of blood scared him. He rolled his head to feel if the injury went deep. It seemed to stop at the surface. A spread of light shot? Had the man been lunatic enough to shoot because someone was poking in his bushes? What if the target had been some poor bastard with bad kidneys?

Christ, look at the blood! He eased the speed and held the wheel with his bloody hand while he reached around with the other for a handkerchief, but he hadn't put one in his pocket that morning. With his knees he held the wagon in line, though falling toward the berm, unbuttoned his sweater, and ripped open his shirt to get enough cloth to plaster against the wound. He hunched his neck to cramp the cloth tight. His mind set changed from *Get away!* to *Where to?* and he couldn't deal with the options.

Home was four minutes away, the hospital emergency branch was twelve by the shortcut back past Pauley's, but he couldn't even think of going back that way. The other road around the rotary was long, very long, and he was so very bloody, his neck cramped awkwardly against his shoulder. He tried to remember the name of the doctor, and what kind of doctor he was, who had a shingle at the lane going off after the next right—or should he try for a paramedic on rescue-squad duty at the firehouse? He would have to do so much explaining. Had the wagon been identified? Just an old Chevy wagon. Who would believe it was his? His head felt enlarged, packed with engine noise and a mossy texture that resisted intelligence. It was only partly from the blow: his mind blurred in a crisis; he was not at his best at such times, he knew it, and there had never been a time quite like this.

The corner came at him faster than he could steady himself for it. The wagon waited for direction until the last instant before lunging over-steered toward the doctor, the Association, and home almost out of habit—his hands grabbing for control of the slippery wheel. The wagon bolted across the eroded center line; the tires washboarded, skidded, and sprayed berm. His neck jarred loose from the bandage. He got back in lane while blood poured down from the shoulder and sleeve of his sweater as if pumped.

As if pumped! It was more than he could get his mind around. He had just gotten up and gone for a cup of coffee and a doughnut, and his blood was slopping out down his arm into his lap. He stuffed the wad of makeshift bandage back in place and pressed hard against the wound; this is what you were supposed to do to an artery wound—press hard, and not too long, or you would black out. *An artery?* He refused the word, absorbed it into the moss of his head.

Dr. Albert F. Bernhardt's sign came out of the brush like a cue card to remind him that Daisy, joking, had said a psychiatrist lived there, if they ever needed one. He raced past the psychiatrist who wouldn't know anything about blood, about *arteries*, not as much as an Eagle Scout, in a

wagon full of blood and stolen plants, and Zuerner on the way. A scrim of weakness fell. He wanted to let his eyes close. He sobbed to suppress the perception that he could be dying and didn't know what to do about Zuerner's coming just in time to find out that he stole plants in the neighborhood.

A small gray car, the first traffic on the road that morning, closed toward him, and he roused to the thought of something better than sleep: obliteration. A smashup jumbling and concealing everything, everything wiped out, blood explained in bashed rolling metal and fire.

The small car came on as innocent of danger and terror as he himself had been a short while ago. Catholics going to church. It would be easy, fast, over.

At the moment, the only moment he had, he was incapable of aiming. He felt a blurt of nobility as the small gray car went by. Did they see the blood? Did they think he held his head this way because he was sleepy? Did they know he held their lives in his hand for a moment and was merciful? He was a merciful man with no possession in the world but memory, toward strangers, and nobody was there to sign his card.

The wagon was at the fork where the Association road came in. Barely driven, it was taking him home to tell Daisy to protect him from Zuerner. Daisy would clean up everything and think of a plausible story. He found the least strength necessary to guide onto the sudden rough and sounding surface.

He couldn't bother to steer around potholes. He went down the crown of the dirt road, jouncing and pounding the shocks, slack hand on the wheel like a dozing passenger. At the turnoff to his own driveway he knew he wasn't going to get to Daisy. He was gone, he didn't have time to tell Daisy what she had to do. He was going to pass out. In a gravel-scattering skid he entered his own long, curving drive at forty, forty-five, fifty, toward the open garage door that waited to swallow him against the far wall and create a mystery (heart attack? pedal stuck?), his name intact.

ELLIGOTT NOW HAD HIS LAST GREAT IDEA OF THE morning.

Alongside the garage the land sloped to the cove through an insubstantial hedge of nursery plants—forsythia, hydrangea, cinquefoil, and the like—and, lower down, wild honeysuckle, briar, and saplings that had volunteered to try again where the city people had cleared. At the foot the returning tide infiltrated the bordering marsh grass.

The possibility came to him almost too late to act on. With nothing measurable to spare he veered past the corner of the garage and over the sunk railroad tie that defined the hedge line, trashed the honeysuckle, flailed

through a berserk car wash of saplings, briar, rugosas, grapevines, forcing all the momentum he could into the wagon to scar through the soft wetland and on into the cove where the thrust ended almost gently, like a boat with a sail dropped or an engine cut.

The wagon tilted on a rock and stopped.

He would have to stay in motion to keep from blacking out. He pulled the latch; his weight pushed the door open and he slumped with it clumsily into a tide that took him at the knee. By noon it would be chest-high. He steadied on the door. Everything was quiet after the last tearing minutes. *Forget the plants. Can't lift the door. Not unusual to carry plants in the wagon. Water will make a slop back there, mix everything up. Keep moving.*

He staggered around the drowning wagon, slipping on bottom rocks greasy with eelgrass. He glanced up at his house. Through sagging eyelids he saw that it was handsome in the early sun. He started to take his hand from the bloody bundle at his neck so he could look at his watch and verify the time, but he knew at once that the gesture was too foolish to complete. If only Daisy would appear, they could wave good-bye to each other.

Crouched, balancing with his free arm like a remembered sepia picture of a farmer scattering grain, he lurched against the heavy purpose of the tide, toward no vision of a further life or of beings natural or supernatural intended to be called up by ten thousand Sunday-morning mumblings. That and all love, error, and regret; all papers on his desk, all letters, all unkempt plantings, all things unsaid to Daisy and Margie and the grandchildren and the judge in the traffic court: gone, irretrievable. His last mercy dispensed. His last desire a girl in a doughnut shop. His last act theft. Only honor was now left to him.

His new sweater sucked up a weight of water. He swayed and stumbled over the unstable bottom. His eyes closed to a minimum blur of light and form. His head hung forward. The hand that held the blood-wet cloth failed to his side. He dragged one more step, and another, and another toward the obscure channel hidden in the grass over there where an hour ago he had imagined sneaking the net under big blue crabs so that Zuerner would sign his card. Elligott, a man whose name had decided his work and chosen his wife; and she had brought him to this place where a stranger with a gun decided when he was to die.

Or was it Zuerner, who would follow him everywhere, who had decided? Caving to his knees, fainting, falling toward drowning, his impression (the vapor of exhaustion could no longer be called something as coherent as thought)—his impression was that to die this worthily was an act of transcendent honor; beyond the comprehension of a man like Zuerner. And yet, the vapor formed, faded; what is Zuerner to me that I give him my life? □

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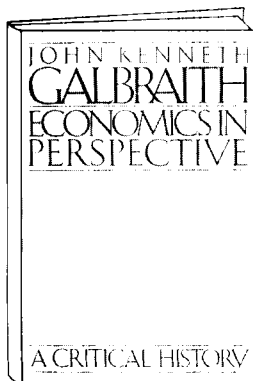
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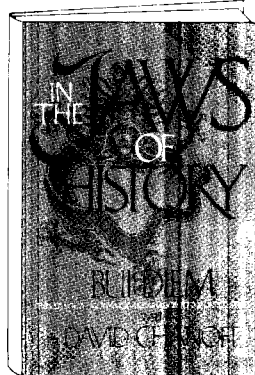


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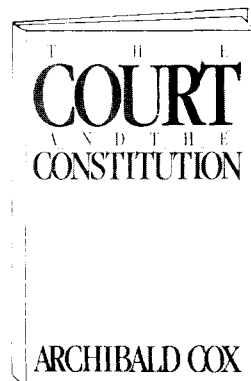
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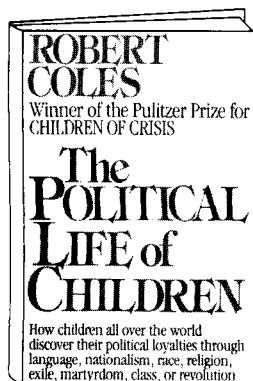
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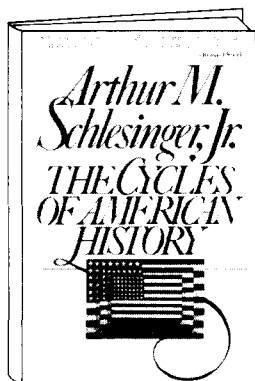
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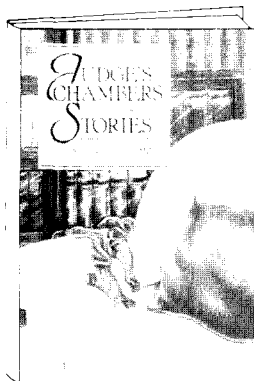


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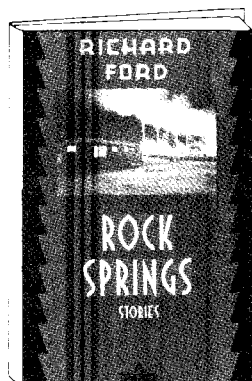




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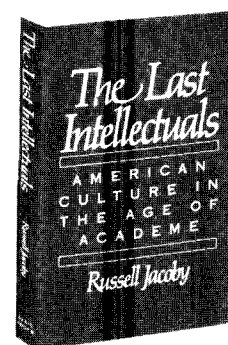
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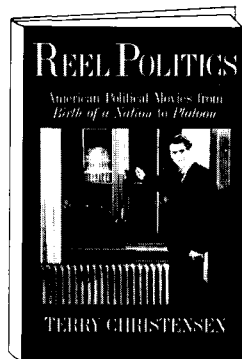


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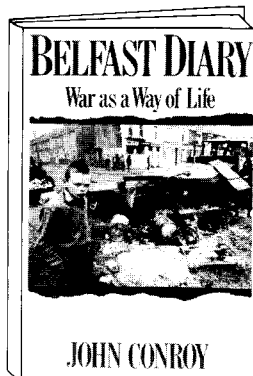


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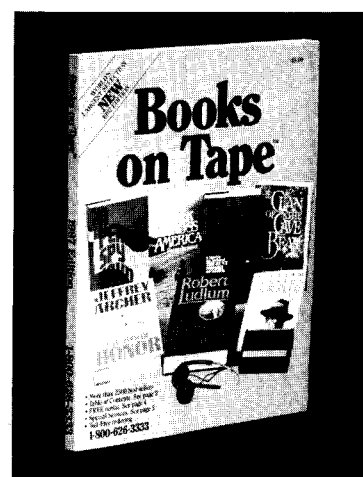


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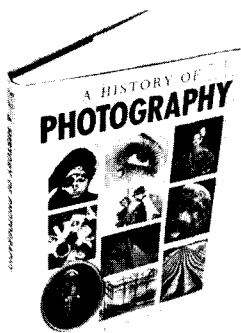


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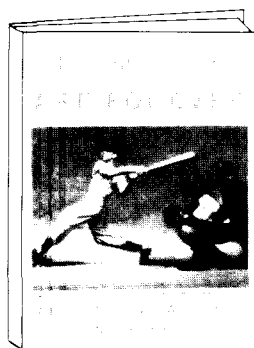


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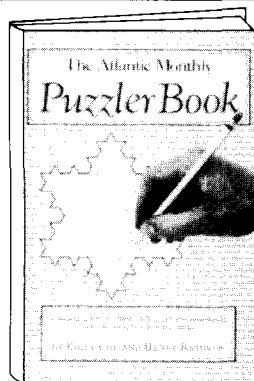


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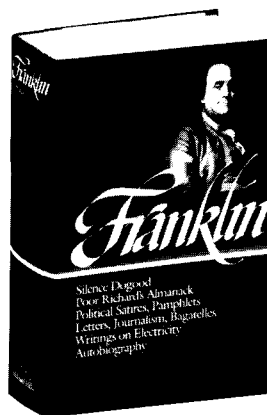


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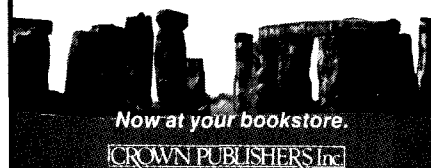
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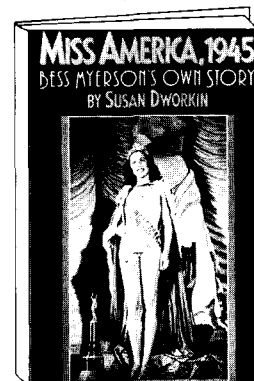
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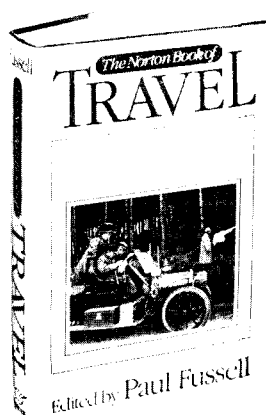
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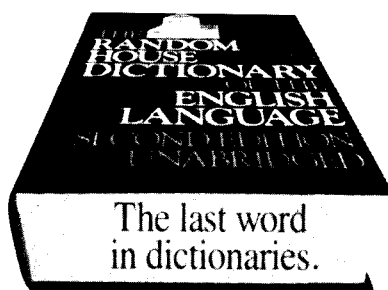
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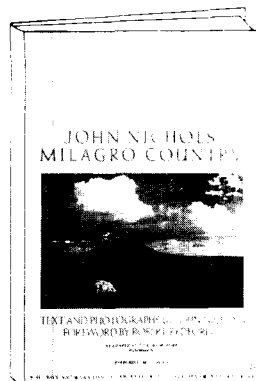
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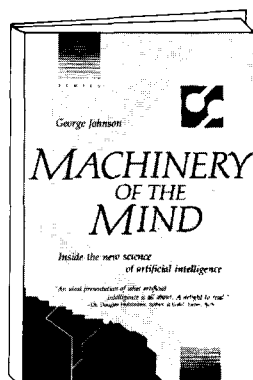
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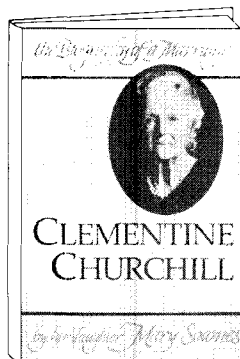
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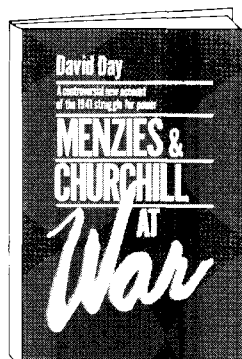
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FOOD

FAST FISH

Even good cooks can become reliant on microwave ovens

BY CORBY KUMMER

LIKE MOST OF my food-conscious friends, I never thought that a microwave oven would have a place in my kitchen. There wasn't room. It either reheated food or cooked it badly. Then the writer Barbara Kafka, once a fellow hold-out, started telling me of the wonderful results she was having while researching her book *Microwave Gourmet*, which was recently published. I found room. Predictably, considering the strength and duration of my resistance, I now use the microwave oven more than any other appliance in my kitchen, including the stove.

Kafka's book goes beyond anything written before on the subject, including, emphatically, owner's manuals. It is the first book that shows serious cooks how they can find a microwave oven indispensable—for preparing components of complicated dishes—as well as showing harried cooks how microwave ovens can speed getting dinner on the table. Kafka does not make the usual claims that the microwave oven can do everything—no albino roasts, vinyl-like baked potatoes, or tan rubber brownies. Instead she maps out what it can do that nothing else does so well or so fast: cook vegetables, grains (polenta, my old favorite, comes out perfect), broths, pâtés, and jams, among many other unexpected foods. She breaks with most manuals and books by, for example, pronouncing that breads and conventional cakes are disasters. She finds most manufacturers' defrosting programs, with their elaborate alternations of medium and low power, unnecessary; full power for a short time usually produces the same result. As for defrosting steak: "Don't do it." Most important, and most unlike other authors of books on microwave cooking, Kafka is an original and stylish cook, whose recipes would taste delicious no matter what they were cooked in.

A "dictionary" at the back of the book gives cooking times for most of the foods mentioned as ingredients in the recipes and for quite a few more, so that you can

make up recipes of your own. The nature of microwave cooking requires precise timings and quantities; it does not forgive the abandon of effervescent improvisers, the way a stove often does. Unfortunately, different ovens cook in different ways, depending not only on how much power they generate but also on how they diffuse microwaves, and volumes of ingredients—say, chicken parts—vary everywhere. And every cook has his own idea of when something is done. So expect to make your own refinements in the cooking times and container sizes called for.

If you have not yet bought a microwave oven, I recommend that you buy a full-powered one—between 600 and 750 watts. I bought a medium-powered one—500 watts (small ovens are usually 400 watts)—and have found the difference in speed when using full-powered ovens so remarkable that I plan to buy one. I hear from people who test microwave recipes that some 500-watt ovens cook many foods nearly as fast as 700-watt ovens, but mine doesn't. They also tell me that performance varies within brands from model to model, and that the only way to know that you will have the speed of a full-powered oven is to buy one.

I have gone from refusing houseroom to a space-saving oven to considering keeping two, even though I know that in large ovens it is possible (if tricky, because of timings) to cook two dishes at once, using a rack. Once you start cooking in a microwave oven regularly, you use it to cook components of one or more dishes, just as you would a stove, and you want to be able to cook several things at once. Whatever size you buy, pay the extra amount for a keypad that will allow you to time your cooking to the second. Dial controls are not precise enough for most recipes, and you'll often want to put something in for only twenty or thirty seconds more.

Just as word processors cannot do the writing for you, microwave ovens can't

eliminate preparation time. I will admit that as obvious as this lesson seems, it came as an unpleasant surprise. The vegetables still have to be peeled, the onions chopped, the spices retrieved from the back of the cabinet. The prospect of a good, satisfying dinner in ten minutes is hard to realize if you insist on using only fresh foods. But a microwave oven brings that prospect a lot closer almost no matter what you're making—and delivers it when you're cooking fish.

Fish cooked in a microwave oven is the single best example of how owning one can change your life. First, fish needs no preparation. You take it out of the wrapping paper and put it on the plate you plan to serve it on. It needs nothing to make it taste good: no oil, no court bouillon to poach it in, no herbs you forgot to buy. Even a fish as bland as sole reveals itself to be much more interesting than it was when poached in a liquid that drew off its flavor or baked at a heat that dried it out. The inside and the outside of the fish cook at the same time (unless the fish is more than three inches thick), eliminating the problem of a raw center and a dry exterior. No more undercooked fish served in the fear of being caught serving dry fish. The appearance barrier doesn't exist: fish isn't supposed to brown unless it's fried or broiled, in which case it's probably overdone. It looks good white (and even better on a dark-colored plate), and it is snowy when it comes out of the microwave oven. I used to buy fish only rarely, despite my great fondness for it, out of reluctance to take the time to figure out how best to cook it and for how long. Now I buy any fish that I can find, knowing that I will taste it at its best after a few minutes. And I'll have only the plate to wash.

MOST KINDS OF fish take the same time to cook in the microwave oven and call for the same technique. What determines cooking time is the weight and the shape of the fish. Although it might seem cumbersome to weigh pieces of fish (or translate the decimal weight on the package into ounces), doing so ensures proper cooking, and is easier than standing a ruler beside the thickest part of the fish and bending down beside a counter to decide what it measures—the prerequisite for the "Canadian" rule of cooking fish for ten minutes per inch of thickness. The Canadian rule is inexact from the start, because a steak might be an inch

hick from one end to the other whereas whole fish or fillet might be an inch hick in the center but very much thinner at the sides or ends; it also doesn't take into account any liquid that may have been added, which can make a great difference in timing.

Although whole fish that aren't bigger than your oven can be cooked in it with great success, I'll give rules for fillets and steaks, because they are more widely available in markets. Kafka defines fillets as "halves or quarters of fish removed lengthwise from the bones," and steaks as "cuts across the fish with or without bone." Flat-boned fish such as flounder, sole, and perch are sold either whole or in fillets; big, thick fish such as swordfish and tuna are nearly always sold as steaks, and salmon often is. Leaving in bones and skin will not affect cooking times for fillets and steaks.

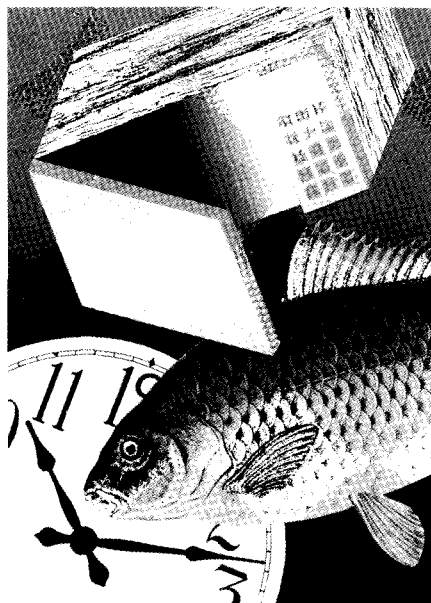
Fillets should be cooked on the smallest plates they can fit on in a single layer; a rectangular dish will suit several fillets. If the fillets have skin, slash it across the width of the fillet, so that the fish does not curl. If the steaks have tapered ends, place these pointing toward the center of the dish. Food at the edge of a dish receives more microwaves than food in the center, so anything thick or slow-cooking should always be placed along the rim.

Cover the fish tightly with plastic wrap. Wrapping stabilizes heat and moisture around the food being cooked, and helps to counteract the uneven pattern of microwaves in every oven—a defect that turntables remedy only incompletely. (You can buy a wind-up plastic turntable if your oven doesn't come with one, or remember to rotate dishes that take more than five minutes to cook a quarter turn midway through cooking.) As the tightly covered food cooks, the plastic forms a dome over the dish, making it look like a terrarium, and as the dish cools, the plastic shrinks to encase the food, like Cryovac.

It may be tempting at first to imitate conventional cooking methods, such as poaching or steaming, but the most effective microwave cooking can be disconcertingly simple. For instance, any liquid beyond a teaspoon or two, which quickly turns to steam, will only slow cooking. A half cup of liquid will add about thirty seconds to cooking time, depending on the depth and width of the dish. A small amount of vegetables—less than half a cup—won't affect the cooking time, if you scatter them

around the fish rather than over it. A cup, or six ounces, will add a minute in a full-powered oven, a minute and a half in a small oven. If you want to add more than half a cup of slow-cooking vegetables, such as carrots, green beans, whole or quartered onions, or broccoli, pre-cook them for a minute or two. (These measurements apply to liquid and vegetables added to the whole dish, not to each portion.) Quick-cooking vegetables, such as mushrooms, scallions, zucchini, and chopped onions, can be cooked with the fish.

The flavor of dried herbs is intensified in the microwave oven, so use less; because there is so little liquid to absorb it, use less salt; and pepper becomes so strong that you should add only a little at



a time until you become used to the new gauge. The flavor of fresh herbs weakens, so add a bit more or add them just before the dish finishes cooking.

You can nearly always eliminate fat from any recipe you want to adapt to the microwave oven. If you do want to add it, a spoonful of olive oil or melted butter (nothing is faster or easier for melting butter than a microwave oven—see why you need two?) drizzled over the fish just before it is served will taste fresher and stronger than if cooked.

Kafka's dictionary gives cooking times for fillets and steaks of various thicknesses and in various portions. I'll give her times for one and two portions, and bear in mind that you can't double times willy-nilly for more. For fillets a half inch thick and weighing six to eight ounces each, the time for one piece is two minutes or in a small oven three

and a half minutes; for two pieces, two and a half minutes or in a small oven four minutes. For steaks three-quarters of an inch thick and without bone, weighing eight to nine ounces each, the time for one piece is three minutes or in a small oven four and a half to five minutes; for two pieces, four to five minutes or in a small oven six to seven minutes.

Fish will continue to cook if left in the oven and especially if left wrapped. Be very careful when removing plastic wrap. The plate may be only warm, but the steam under the wrap is hot and strong, and it can easily burn you. Prick the plastic with a knife to let steam escape, and gently pull back one corner, keeping your hands to the side of the dish. After you bring the plate to the table, you might start wondering what you'll try in the microwave oven next, and counting the number of dishes you won't have to wash.

DESPITE MY enthusiasm for microwave ovens, I have been unable to persuade my entire acquaintance to buy them, and not only because of the counter-space problem. Friends worry that they aren't being told about health dangers, and especially if they have children around, they don't want to take an unknown and thus all the more frightening risk. No one to whom I spoke at the Food and Drug Administration's Center for Devices and Radiological Health seems willing to corroborate their suspicions.

Przemyslaw Czerski, a physician and research biologist at the center, whose field is non-ionizing radiation and health protection and who has written a book on the biological effects of microwaves, says, "From the point of view of safety, particularly with children, I certainly prefer a microwave oven to a gas range, which will have boiling things that could be upset over a child." (He does caution a mother heating her baby's formula in a microwave oven to wait a minute until the formula stops heating, and then to shake the bottle and feel a drop on her wrist before giving it to the child; a cool bottle may hide a too-hot liquid.) Czerski says that within the emission limitations that the FDA currently requires of all microwave ovens, there are "no known experimentally proven or theoretically feasible health hazards, from what we know about the interactions of microwaves at this frequency range with living systems."

Czerski is speaking of emissions of

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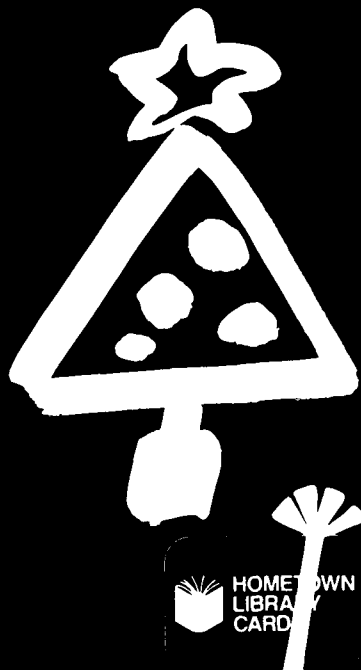
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Jeff Foott



microwaves from ovens; microwave: leave no radiation in food. Another misconception he hastens to correct is the one caused by the frequent reassuring statements that television picture tube: emit more radiation than microwave ovens do. Picture tubes emit ionizing radiation (the kind x-rays emit) and microwave ovens emit non-ionizing radiation (the kind light bulbs and most household appliances emit); the two are not comparable.

Joanne Barron, the chief of the microwave and acoustics section of the office of compliance at the FDA's Center for Devices and Radiological Health, says: that microwave ovens manufactured since 1976 have over their lifetimes held to the emissions requirements for microwave ovens fresh from the factory (the requirements, enacted in 1971, allow for slightly more leakage after the ovens are bought). The FDA also requires two interlock devices preventing the oven from producing microwaves when the door is open, and a monitor that will blow the oven's fuse if for some reason both of the devices fail and the door is opened.

Louis Slesin, the editor of *Microwave News*, recently published the results of a report at the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory, in Batavia, Illinois, that found that leakage tends to increase with ovens' age, but that their interlock systems ensure leakage only at extremely low levels and very rarely at one: above the FDA standards. Slesin, whose newsletter deals with broadcast tower and video-display terminals much more often than it does with microwave ovens, thinks that both the short-term risk (of any part of the body being heated) and the long-term risk (of any ill effects of chronic exposure, none of which have yet been identified) to those who use microwave ovens at home is negligible, and he praises the FDA for enacting the "only enforceable non-ionizing radiation standard in the country." This standard has brought justifiable confidence to consumers, he says. He does fear that workers who are exposed to microwave ovens in continuous use for hours every day may be in some as yet unspecified danger, and he is frustrated that "no one" is conducting studies of chronic long-term exposure.

The only risk that Slesin can imagine for children is that of staring, transfixed at food through the window of the oven where any leakage is greatest; the eye's lens has no cooling mechanism, as most

f the body does, and a child might develop cataracts. This is, he says, at the moment a scare scenario. If you don't want your child staring into the oven, cover the door with something opaque, and if you want to minimize your own exposure, step back a few feet from it—exposure decreases geometrically with distance. Slesin, in short, cannot work up much concern about the home use of microwave ovens. He is not one to shy away from bringing consumers bad news that manufacturers don't want them to hear, either—he publishes another newsletter about the dangers of non-ionizing radiation from video-display terminals.

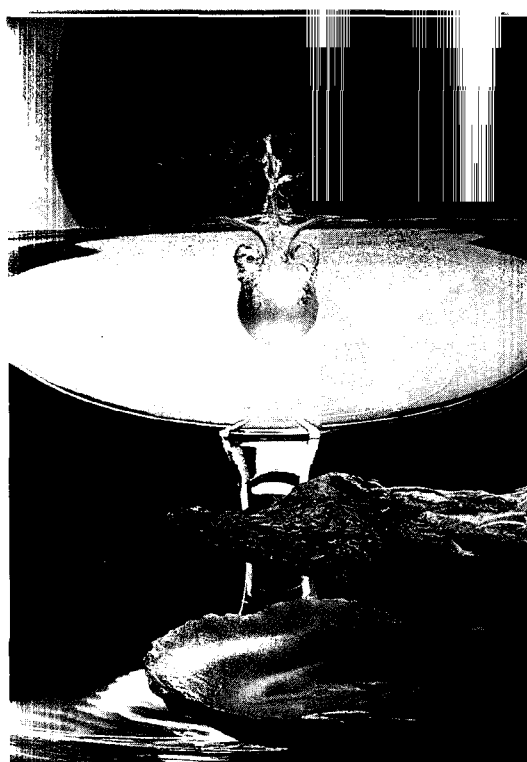
Kafka's book has itself raised other ears. Manufacturers of cookware and ovens are up in arms over her contention in four recipes (of 600 in the book) that it is safe to deep-fat fry in microwave ovens; they claim that flawed cookware is a break, that people can burn themselves from splattered oil, and that oil can heat beyond control and catch fire. Kafka counters that cooks should check to be sure that containers are properly sealed and are free of cracks, chips, crazing, or mending and that her book both calls for small amounts of oil in deep containers and warns against attempting to deep-fat fry in small ovens, whose interiors might be too low to avoid splatters. She says that she has heated fat for thirty minutes in the microwave oven—twice as long as she recommends in any recipe—without having it surpass 385 degrees. The standard temperature for deep-fat frying is about 350 degrees; oil reaches the smoke point at about 475 degrees, at which point it will give an off-flavor to food, and it can ignite at about 500 degrees. Both the smoke and flash points of oil are significantly lowered when oil is contaminated with water, and all food contains a lot of water; if you decide to try deep-fat frying in the microwave oven, be sure to use only fresh oil every time you do. However deep-fat frying is done, it is potentially dangerous (let alone nutritionally unacceptable), and manufacturers seem more concerned about hurt and possibly litigious customers than about damage to their ovens.

For similar reasons, manufacturers of plastic wraps call for consumers to vent wraps when covering food to be cooked in the microwave oven, by leaving open a small area at the edge of a dish. Kafka calls for unvented wrapping. Dr. Gertrude Armbruster, a teacher at the College of Human Ecology at Cornell Uni-

versity who specializes in microwave cooking, says that consumers "are worried when they see plastic wrap balloon" but that in her years of covering foods tightly with various kinds of plastic wrap she has never seen it burst from steam pressure, a danger that manufacturers hold out. Again, the danger manufacturers seem to fear most is that of consumers being burned, in this case by steam.

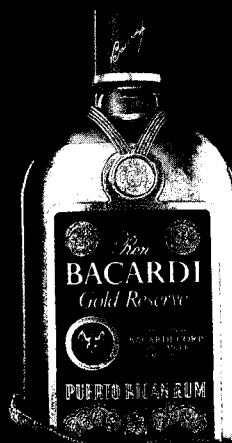
A possible hazard that no one has yet raised in the popular press is that of the leaching of chemicals from plastic wrap into food when the wrap is used in microwave cooking. The plastic wrap that works best by far for microwave cooking is polyvinyl chloride (PVC), which clings most tightly to containers. Unfortunately, the "reservoir of chemicals that could migrate into foods" is "much higher" in PVC wrap than in other kinds, according to Dr. Gregory Cramer, a chemist at the Food and Drug Administration who works on the regulation of plastics and new packaging. Those chemicals are plasticizers, which give PVC wrap its flexibility. There are fewer chemicals that could migrate from polyvinylidene chloride (PVDC), the basis of Saran Wrap, or polyethylene (PE), the basis of Glad Wrap; these resins require either less or no plasticizers to be flexible. Reynolds, the best-known manufacturer of PVC plastic wrap, says that its plasticizers have all been approved by the FDA; but the FDA's regulations for plasticizers in plastic wrap were devised primarily for use at room temperature and below in the 1960s, when microwave applications were not envisioned. Migration takes place at the highest levels when plastics are in direct contact with fatty foods, which absorb chemicals much more efficiently than water condensing beneath the wrap used to cover a dish. The amount of chemicals that migrates depends not only on the nature of the plastic but also on how long the plastic is in contact with the food and at what temperature. For the moment, the FDA is not actively investigating the issue of plasticizer migration from plastic films in the microwave oven.

But as for the safety of using microwave ovens themselves, I could not elicit even a shadow of concern from either Czerski or Barron, at the FDA. When I asked Czerski if he used a microwave oven at home, he said, "The control panel on my microwave oven is broken, and I'm terribly upset that I have to live a few days without it." □



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MUSIC

WHAT COLTRANE WANTED

The legendary saxophonist forsook lyricism for the quest for ecstasy

BY EDWARD STRICKLAND

JOHN COLTRANE died twenty years ago, on July 17, 1967, at the age of forty. In the years since, his influence has only grown, and the stellar avant-garde saxophonist has become a jazz legend of a stature shared only by Louis Armstrong and Charlie Parker. As an instrumentalist Coltrane was technically and imaginatively equal to both; as a composer he was superior, although he has not received the recognition he deserves for this aspect of his work. In composition he excelled in an astonishing number of forms—blues, ballads, spirituals, rhapsodies, elegies, suites, and free-form and cross-cultural works.

The closest contemporary analogy to Coltrane's relentless search for possibilities was the Beatles' redefinition of rock from one album to the next. Yet the distance they traveled from conventional hard rock through sitars and Baroque obbligatos to *Sergeant Pepper* psychedelia and the musical shards of *Abbey Road* seems short by comparison with Coltrane's journey from hard-bop saxist to daring harmonic and modal improviser to dying prophet speaking in tongues.

Asked by a Swedish disc jockey in 1960 if he was trying to "play what you hear," he said that he was working off set harmonic devices while experimenting with others of which he was not yet certain. Although he was trying to "get the one essential . . . the one single line," he felt forced to play everything, for he was unable to "work what I know down into a more lyrical line" that would be "easily understood." Coltrane never found the one line. Nor was he ever to achieve the "more beautiful . . . more lyrical" sound he aspired to. He complicated rather than simplified his art, making it more visceral, raw, and wild. And even to his greatest fans it was anything but easily understood. In this failure, however, Coltrane contributed far more than he could have in success, for above all, his legacy to his followers is the abiding sense of search, of the musical quest as its own fulfillment.

BORN AND RAISED in North Carolina, Coltrane studied in Philadelphia, and after working as a clarinetist in Navy marching and dance bands in 1945–1946 he began a decade of playing with Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, Dizzy Gillespie, Earl Bostic, and Johnny Hodges, and also such undistinguished rhythm-and-blues artists as King Kolax, Bull Moose Jackson, and Daisy Mae and the Hepcats. He came to wide notice in 1955 in the now legendary Miles Davis Quintet and was immediately acknowledged as an original—or an oddity. Critics who in Coltrane's last years all but waved banners to show their devotion to him were among those casting stones for much of his career. At first many urged Davis to fire the weird tenor, but when, in April of 1957, after a year and a half with the quintet, Coltrane left or was dropped (the truth remains unclear), the reason seems to have been indulgence not in stylistic extremism but in heroin and alcohol, problems he conquered that same year. The controversy had to do not only with his harmonic experimentation, on which Dexter Gordon was initially the chief influence, but with the speed (to some, purely chaotic) of his playing and the jaggedness (to some, unmusical) of his phrasing.

All three characteristics were intensified in 1957 during several months with Thelonious Monk at the Five Spot, after which he rejoined Davis, who was now experimenting with sparser chord changes, and became fully involved in what Ira Gitler, in *Down Beat*, called the "sheets of sound" approach. This technique of runs so rapid as to make the notes virtually indistinguishable seems itself to have been a by-product of Coltrane's harmonic exploration. Coltrane spoke of playing the same chord three or four different ways within a measure or overlapping chords before the change, advancing further the investigation of upper harmonic intervals begun by Charlie Parker and the boppers. Attempting to articulate so many harmonic variants before the change, Coltrane was necessarily led to preternatural velocity and occasionally to asymmetrical subdivision of the beat. Despite Davis's suggestion that Coltrane could trim his twenty-seven or twenty-eight choruses if he tried taking the saxophone out of his mouth, Coltrane's attempt "to explore all the avenues" made him the perfect stylistic complement to Davis, with his cooler style, which featured sustained blue notes and brief cascades of sixteenths almost willfully retreating into silence, and also Monk, with his spare and unpredictable chords and clusters. Davis, characteristically, paid the tersest homage, when, on being told that his music was so complex that it required five saxophonists, he replied that he'd once had Coltrane.

Although in the late fifties Coltrane released a number of sessions for Prestige (and, more notably, *Blue Train* and *Giant Steps* for Blue Note and Atlantic respectively) in which he was the nomina



candleleader, it was really after leaving Davis for the second time, in 1960, shortly after a European tour, that he came into his own as a creative as well as an interpretive force. His first recording session as leader after the break, on October 21, 1960, produced "My Favorite Things," an astonishing fourteen-minute reinterpretation, or overhaul, of the saccharine show tune, which thrilled jazz fans with its Oriental modalism and Atlantic executives with its unexpected commercial success. In it Coltrane revived the straight soprano sax (whose only previous master in jazz had been Sidney Bechet), and in so doing led a generation of young musicians, from Wayne Shorter to Keith Jarrett to Jon Gibson, to explore the instrument. The work remained Coltrane's signature piece until his death (of liver disease) despite bizarre stylistic metamorphoses in the next five and a half years.

Coltrane signed with Impulse Records in April of 1961 and the next month began rehearsing and playing the long studio sessions for *Africa/Brass*, a large-band experiment with arrangements by his close friend Eric Dolphy. This was in part an extension of the modal experimentation in which he had been involved with Davis in the late fifties, notably on the landmark *Kind of Blue*. The modal style replaced chordal progressions as the basis for improvisation, with a slower harmonic rhythm and patterns of intervals corresponding only vaguely to traditional major and minor scales. The modal approach proved to be the modulation from bop to free jazz, as is clear in Coltrane's revolutionary use of a single mode throughout "Africa," the piece that takes up all of side one of the album. Just as his prolonged modal solos were emulated by rock guitarists (the Grateful Dead, the Byrds of "Eight Miles High," the unlamented Iron Butterfly, and others), so the astonishing variety Coltrane superimposed on that single F was, according to the composer Steve Reich, a significant, if ostensibly an unlikely, influence on the development of minimalism. The originator of minimalism, La Monte Young, acknowledges the influence of Coltrane's "My Favorite Things" on his use of rapid permutations and combinations of pitches on soprano sax to simulate chords as sustained tones.

From the start, and especially from the opening notes of Coltrane's solo, which bursts forth like a tribal sum-

mons, "Africa" is the aural equivalent of a journey upriver. The elemental force of this polyrhythmic modalism was unknown in the popular music that came before it. Coltrane experimented with two bassists—a hint of wilder things to come, as he sought progressively to submerge himself in rhythm. He was later to employ congas, bata, various other Latin and African percussion instruments, and, incredibly, two drummers—incredibly insofar as Coltrane already had, in Elvin Jones, the most overpowering drummer in jazz. The addition of Rashied Ali to the drum corps, in November of 1965, made for a short-lived collaboration or, rather, competition between Jones and Ali; a disgruntled Jones left the Coltrane band in March of 1966 to join Duke Ellington's. But it was the culmination of Coltrane's search for the rhythmic equivalent of the oceanic feeling of visionary experience. Having employed the gifted accompanists McCoy Tyner and Jimmy Garrison during the years of the "classic quarter" (late 1961 to mid-1965), Coltrane tended to subordinate them, preferring that his accompanists play spare wide-interval chords and a solid rather than showy bass, which would permit him a maximum of flexibility as a soloist. Coltrane would often take long solos accompanied only by his drummer, and in his penultimate recording session, which produced the posthumous *Interstellar Space*, he is supported only by Ali. Solo sax against drums (*against* may be all too accurate a word to describe Coltrane's concert duets with the almost maniacal Jones) was Coltrane's conception of naked music, the lone voice crying not in the wilderness but from some primordial chaos. His music evokes not only the jungle but all that existed before the jungle.

COLTRANE'S SPIRITUAL concerns led him to a study of Indian music, some elements of which are present in the album *Africa/Brass* and more of which are in the cut from the album *Impressions* titled "India," which was recorded in November of 1961. The same month saw the birth of "Spiritual," featuring exotic and otherworldly solos by Coltrane on soprano sax and Dolphy on bass clarinet. Recorded at the Village Vanguard, the piece made clear, if any doubts remained, that Coltrane was attempting to raise jazz from the saloons to the heavens. No jazzman had attempted so overtly to offer his work as a form of



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religious expression. If Ornette Coleman was, as some have argued, the seminal stylistic force in sixties avant-garde jazz, Coltrane's Eastern imports were the main influence on the East-West "fusion" in the jazz and rock of the late sixties and afterward. In his use of jazz as prayer and meditation Coltrane was beyond all doubt the principal spiritual force in music.

This is further evident in "Alabama," a riveting elegy for the victims of the infamous Sunday-morning church bombing in Birmingham in 1963. Here, as in the early version of his most famous ballad, "Naima," Coltrane is as spare in phrasing as he is bleak in tone. That tone, criticized by many as hard-edged and emotionally impoverished, is inseparable from Coltrane's achievement, conveying as it does a sense of absolute purity through the abnegation of sentimentality. Sonny Rollins, the contemporary tenor most admired by Coltrane, always had a richer tone, and Coltrane himself said of the mellifluous Stan Getz, "Let's face it—we'd all sound like that if we could." Despite these frequent and generous tributes, Coltrane's aim was different, as is clear in his revival of the soprano sax. Rather than lushness he sought clarity and incisiveness. As with pre-nineteenth-century string players, the rare vibrato was dramatic ornamentation.

Coltrane's religious dedication, which as much as his music made him a role model, especially but by no means exclusively among young blacks, is clearest of all in the album titled *A Love Supreme*, recorded in late 1964 with Tyner, Jones, and Garrison. The album appeared in early 1965 to great popular and critical acclaim and remains generally acknowledged as Coltrane's masterpiece. In a sense, though, it is stylistically as much a summation as a new direction, for its modalism and incantatory style recall "Spiritual," "India," and the world-weary lyricism of his preceding and still underrated album, *Crescent*. Within months Coltrane was to shift his emphasis from incantation to the freer-form glossolalia of his last period—a transition evident in a European concert performance of *A Love Supreme* in mid-1965.

Meditations, recorded a year after *A Love Supreme*, is the finest creation of the late Coltrane, and possibly of any Coltrane. It may never be as accessible as *A Love Supreme*, but it is the more revolutionary and compelling work. While

some of the creations of Coltrane's last two years are all but amorphous, *Meditations* succeeds not only for the transcendental force it shares with *A Love Supreme* but by virtue of the contrasts among the shamanistic frenzy of Coltrane and fellow tenor Pharoah Sanders in the opening movement "The Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost" and elsewhere, the sense of stoic resignation and perseverance in the solos of Garrison and Tyner, and the repeated, spiraling phrases of yearning in Coltrane's "Love" and the concluding "Serenity." This unity, encompassing radical stylistic and affective diversity, is the unique feature of *Meditations*, even in relation to its Ur-version for quartet, which has an additional and quite obtrusive movement. Nothing that came after *Meditations* approached it in structural complexity and subtlety.

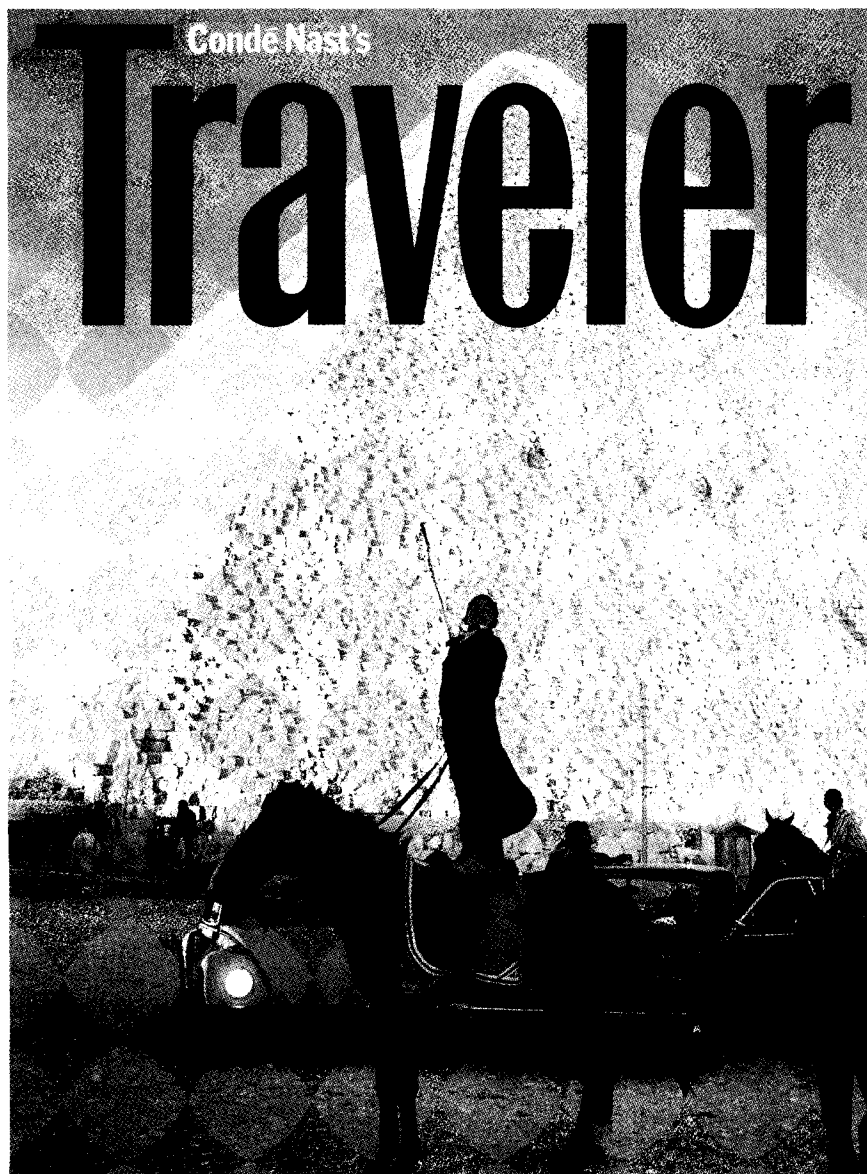
These may be the missing ingredients in the music of Coltrane's final period. The drummer Elvin Jones said, "Only poets can understand it," though maybe only mystics could, for until his final album Coltrane seemingly forsook lyricism for an unfettered quest for ecstasy. The results remain virtually indescribable, and they forestall criticism with the furious directness of their energy. Yet their effect depends more on the abandonment of rationality, which most listeners achieve only intermittently if at all. In fact, it may be the listener himself who is abandoned, for it seems clear that Coltrane is no longer primarily concerned with a human audience. His final recording of "My Favorite Things" and "Naima," at the Village Vanguard in 1966, uses the musical texts as springboards to visionary rhapsody—almost, in fact, as pretexts. All songs become virtually interchangeable, and there is really no point any longer in requests. The only favorite thing he is playing about now is salvation. Coltrane's second wife, Alice, who had by then replaced Tyner as the group's pianist, has remarked, "Some of his latest works aren't musical compositions." This may be their glory and their limitation, the latter progressively more evident in the uninspired emulation by the so-called "Coltrane machines" who followed the last footsteps of the master, and also in the current dismissal of free jazz as a dead end by both jazz mainstreamers and the experimental composer Anthony Davis (who nonetheless recently used Coltrane as a model in the "Mecca" section of his opera *X*).

The last album that Coltrane recorded was *Expression*, in February and March of 1967. The album has an aura of twilight, of limbo, particularly in the piece "To Be," in which Coltrane and Sanders play spectral flute and piccolo respectively. The sixteen ametrical minutes of "To Be," which could readily have added to its title the second part of Hamlet's question, are as eerie as any in music.

The most striking characteristic of the album is its sense of consummation which is clear in the abandonment of developmental structure and often bar divisions, and in the phantasmal rather than propulsive lines that pervade the work. There had always been in Coltrane a profound tension between the pure virtuosity of his elongated phrases and the high sustained cries or eloquent rests that followed. The cries, wails and shrieks remain in *Expression*, but they are subsumed by the hard-won simplicity that predominates in the album—the lyricism not of "the one essential" line he had sought seven years earlier and never found but one born of courageous resignation. Pater said that all art aspires to the condition of music; Coltrane seems to suggest here that music in turn aspires to the condition of silence.

Those who criticize Coltrane's virtuosic profusion are of the same party as those who found Van Gogh's canvases "too full of paint"—a criticism Henry Miller once compared to the dismissal of a mystic as "too full of God." In Coltrane, sound—often discordant, chaotic, almost unbearable—became the spiritual form of the man, an identification perhaps possible only with a wincing instrument, with which the player is of necessity fused more intimately than with strings or percussion. This physical intimacy was all the more intense for his characteristically tight embouchure, the preternatural duration and complexity of his phrases, and his increasing use of overblowing techniques. The whole spectrum of Coltrane's music—the world-weary melancholy and transcendental yearning that ultimately recall Bach more than Parker, the jungle calls and glossolalic shrieks, the whirlwind runs and spare elegies for murdered children and a murderous planet—is at root merely a suffering man's breath. The quality of that music reminds us that the root of the word *inspiration* is "breathing upon." This country has not produced a greater musician. □

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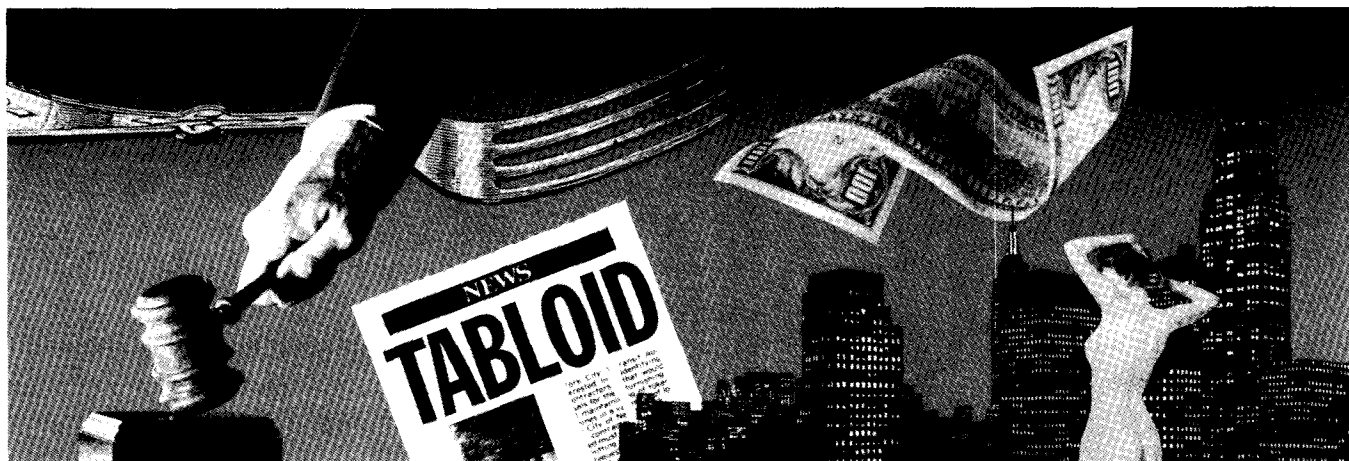
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BOOKS



NEW YORK IN THE EIGHTIES

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

THE BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES
by Tom Wolfe.
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$19.95.

THE NEWS THAT Tom Wolfe was writing a novel made me feel like the teary-eyed boy of legend who said "Say it ain't so" to Shoeless Joe Jackson after he had confessed to a part in the Black Sox scandal. For years Wolfe has been writing that journalists, having learned how to use the traditional techniques of narrative realism, have replaced novelists (who abandoned these techniques just as journalists were adopting them) as the cynosures of American literature. I don't know of any leading critic who agrees with him, but the idiosyncrasy of the argument is part of its appeal. Wolfe's last full-length book, *The Right Stuff*, which belongs on the short shelf of really successful nonfiction novels, seemed to be an attempt to prove his theory through his own work. Now he's gone over to the other side.

To be fair, the novel Wolfe has chosen to write is exactly the kind he has criticized contemporary novelists for not writing—in his words, "the so-called 'big novel' of manners and society," as invented by nineteenth-century writers like Dickens, Balzac, Thackeray, and Trollope. Over the past fifteen years Wolfe has made it clear that he prefers the nineteenth century's tastes to today's in all the arts. He attacked abstract

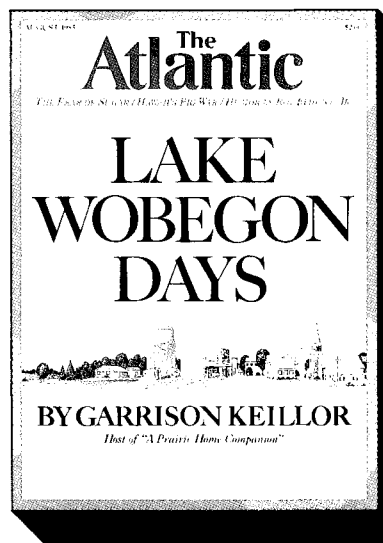
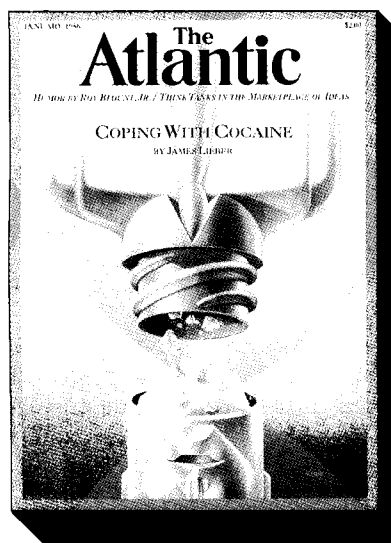
painting in *The Painted Word*, and modern architecture in *From Bauhaus to Our House*. What little writing and speaking he has done on politics makes it clear that he is no friend of modernism there either. In the fiction of bygone days what he most admires is the novelists' ambition to create a sweeping, accurate portrait of their whole society, which led them to do extensive firsthand reporting before they wrote and to fill their work with what Wolfe calls "status details" about food, dress, decoration, speech, and money. He wrote in 1973, "I think there is a tremendous future for a sort of novel that will be called the journalistic novel or perhaps the documentary novel, novels of intense social realism based on the same painstaking reporting that goes into the New Journalism."

The Bonfire of the Vanities (which Wolfe at one point said, making his intentions crystal clear, that he was going to call *Vanity Fair*) is a throwback to the point of having been written in serial form, the way Dickens used to write, for *Rolling Stone*. It is about Sherman McCoy, a WASPy Wall Street bond salesman with a palatial apartment on Park Avenue, who is involved in a hit-and-run accident in the South Bronx that leaves a black high school boy fatally injured. Not wanting it known that his mistress, Maria Ruskin, the sexy young wife of an extremely rich old man, was in the car with him, Sherman leaves the scene of the crime. But the case becomes a cause for the press and the black leadership, and Sherman winds up getting found out and, after an agonizing decline, losing everything. The plot gives Wolfe a chance to present a half dozen of New

York's demimondes: the Bronx criminal courthouse and a Wall Street trading room (he obviously did a great deal of firsthand research on these two), the British-owned tabloid press, the local politics left, and the West Side Jewish liberal middle class, to which Sherman's prosecutor belongs.

The story has strong echoes of real events, in particular the case of Edmund Perry, the Exeter graduate who died in a scuffle with a plainclothes cop in 1985 and the sensational insider-trading arrests of last year, which publicly ruined several young Wall Street hotshots and thereby brought enormous pleasure to the rest of New York. In a way this is another form of homage to the good old days of the novel: realistic novels from *Anna Karenina* to *Native Son* have had story lines ripped out of the day's headlines. In further accordance with his views on fiction, Wolfe has packed *The Bonfire of the Vanities* with information menus, brand names, household budgets, the architectural histories of buildings. He goes into long disquisitions on the differences among the leading white ethnic groups of New York. Every novel and then he'll drop in a minor character who's clearly recognizable—to name the three most obvious, the society realtor Alice Mason, the gossip columnist Suzy and the journalist Alexander Cockburn ("Nick Stopping, the Marxist Journalist—Stalinist was more like it—who lived chiefly on articles flattering the rich in *House & Garden*, *Art & Antiques* and *Connoisseur*"). Some scenes exist mainly to show readers what a Fifth Avenue dinner party, or the inside of a jail cell, is really like, or to enter into the record observations about changing so-

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cial conventions—for instance, that riding in yellow taxis is no longer socially acceptable among New York big shots.

Very occasionally the procession of details becomes ungainly (“Sherman had often seen Hasidic Jews in the Diamond District, which was on Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Streets between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. . .”), but for the most part Wolfe has proved his point: the use of reporting, subplots, and interlocking sets of characters need not be the exclusive province of novelists like Judith Krantz and Arthur Hailey. It isn’t inimical to literary quality. On the other hand, it isn’t a guarantee of literary quality either. A novel, or anyway an old-fashioned “big novel” of stature, is supposed to contain a profound vision as well as facts. Here Wolfe doesn’t do so well—not because he doesn’t have a vision, but because he has two and they’re incompatible.

THE BONFIRE OF THE VANITIES begins as a rollicking but dark satire, closer to Waugh than to Dickens. Wolfe’s New York is pretty much the hellish place imagined by people who don’t live there. Everyone is obsessed with success, which seems to come mostly from stepping on somebody else. With the exception of the love of parent for child, genuine human relationships, as opposed to temporary alliances based on power-status-ego calculations, don’t exist. Everyone feels a constant, gnawing financial panic—even Sherman, with his million-dollar-a-year income. The political system is helplessly in the thrall of the gutter press and black demagogues. Everyone is afraid of street crime, and among whites it’s a short step from this fear to a primal urge to get away from blacks. “If you want to live in New York, you’ve got to insulate, insulate, insulate,” a friend of Sherman’s tells him. Mississippi in the fifties couldn’t have been any more preoccupied with race than Wolfe’s New York; the book begins and ends with scenes of panicky white public officials confronting riotous black mobs.

New Yorkers’ many vanities seem perfectly understandable, even pleasant, against such a bleak backdrop—a calm, happy, unpretentious life is an impossibility in Wolfe’s version of New York. As an authorial voice, high-comic cynicism is appropriate too, and Wolfe can be very funny. The best leitmotif in *The Bonfire of the Vanities* is life in the freeloading, sneering, drunken community of British

expatriates in New York. Wolfe skewers these people with dead-on affectionate malice. He’s also very good on fancy restaurants, celebrity funerals, and activist ministers.

When Wolfe’s humor doesn’t work, it is usually because he is writing about people who are earnest, as opposed to faux-earnest. Although he certainly has got the number of his many cheerful hustlers and posturers, he doesn’t at all dislike them, because he sees their game as the best revenge against the coldness at the city’s heart. In New York, to Wolfe, social pretense is not an overlay masking the true self, it *is* the true self. People who pretend to have no pretensions—mainly, middle-class liberals—offend Wolfe, and because he



can’t summon any love for them he satirizes them ineptly, even cruelly. A scene in which a *Village Voice* writer hosts a brunch in SoHo, which you’d think would be red meat for Wolfe, falls completely flat; he expresses his disapproval by giving the man a receding chin and putting him in a T-shirt bearing the logo of a rock band called Pus Casserole.

Also—oddly, considering that he is trying to create a vast social panorama—Wolfe doesn’t even much try to write about women. Every one of his leading characters is a man—in fact, a man in his thirties, the age of maximum unfulfilled ambition and financial strain. The demimondes of Wall Street and the Bronx courts are both particularly macho ones, and thus unrepresentative of the city as a whole, which doesn’t have any of the man’s-world feeling of London or Chicago. Wolfe’s female characters are all

sketchy figures who exist mainly as foil for male preening. The men are absolute slaves to their rampaging sex drives which don’t apply to their wives—but their extramarital affairs bring them only doom. In the sixties Wolfe often wrote magazine stories with fully realized female protagonists, and because feminism has since then acquired a quarter century’s worth of curlicues, by Wolfe lights the material is even better now. It’s too bad he didn’t use it.

THESE ARE QUIBBLES about what could have been a successful purely satirical novel. Wolfe has, however, an additional ambition for *The Bonfire of the Vanities* which is more substantially unrealized.

The main action of the book is the downfall of Sherman after the accident—his apprehension and indictment. It takes up so much space (more than 500 pages, counting many digressions), and is so elaborately agonizing that it’s clear Wolfe must be up to some thing more portentous than getting a few chuckles out of showing a winner squirming. There are echoes throughout of the classic American twentieth-century novels about the snatching away of worldly success, such as *An American Tragedy* and *Appointment in Samarra*, both of which are about the disintegration of young businessmen; and the allusion to the towering classic of this genre *The Great Gatsby*, is direct and unmistakable. For all his feinting toward the literature of Paris and London, Wolfe, who has a Ph.D. in American studies, appears to be trying for a place in the pantheon of chroniclers of the American dream.

Gatsby’s downfall, like Sherman’s came as the result of a hit-and-run accident (though in a different outer borough, Queens). In both books the hero takes the blame, although his beautiful rich, married partner in adultery (in *Gatsby*’s case Daisy, in Sherman’s Maria was really the one driving. Wolfe seems to be using the comparison not just to put himself into a certain league but to make a point about how New York has changed between the twenties and the eighties. In *The Great Gatsby* the unprincipled arriviste, *Gatsby*, is destroyed while the established socialites, Tom and Daisy, escape unscathed from the consequences of the accident. What saves them is that they have a ruthlessness of a higher order than *Gatsby*’s: Tom eliminates *Gatsby* and saves Daisy

through the single stroke of telling the husband of the accident victim that it was Gatsby who killed his wife; this sends the man out to Gatsby's estate with a gun. In *The Bonfire of the Vanities* the aristocrat, Sherman, is ruined and the self-invented rich person, Maria, spared, because she is more ruthless by far than he is.

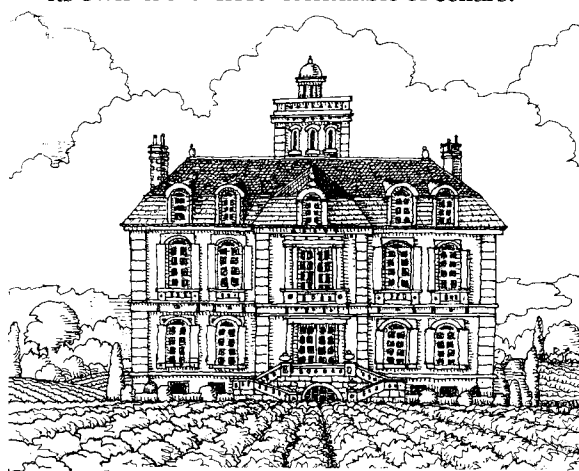
Each step on Sherman's downward path is marked by his irrepressible adherence to the outmoded, gentlemanly moral code of his father, a distinguished lawyer. Sherman doesn't actually believe in the code the way the old man did—he knows New York is shark-town—but he can't quite shake it either. In the final scenes he undergoes a transformation, as a result of which he is able to lie in furtherance of his interests, to punch someone out, and to talk in the tough patois of the Bronx courthouse. His triumphal last line is "It don't matter!" By this time it's too late for Sherman to save himself, but Wolfe's implication is that if he had changed a little earlier he would still be the king of bonds. More broadly, the message is that the vulgarians now run New York (as well they should, since it's either them or the unruly mob), in part because the WASPs have lost some kind of fundamental belief in their right to power.

The trouble is that Wolfe's narrative voice doesn't allow for the deep, almost lovely sadness of *The Great Gatsby*. Nick Carraway, the narrator of *The Great Gatsby*, was a midwestern naif who was both awed and horrified by the rich people with whom he mingled; the invisible narrator of *The Bonfire of the Vanities* is much too knowing to be capable of either awe or horror. So while it is easy to feel sorry for Gatsby, who's a crook, it's hard to feel sorry for Sherman, who's a good man; as a character, Sherman works best in the early going, when he is a lovable cad. The social message of Sherman's story—that is, Wolfe's editorial position on New York, as opposed to his reporting—is difficult to discern through the dense fog of joyful lampooning. Everything about the way Wolfe writes works against his achieving a resonant "bigness" of character and theme, and maybe he shouldn't have tried.

The Bonfire of the Vanities is on the whole such a pleasure to read that the prospect of Wolfe's continued absence from journalism is actually bearable. But since his first novel is at heart an attempt at tragedy, it seems fair to hope that in the second one he'll try farce. □

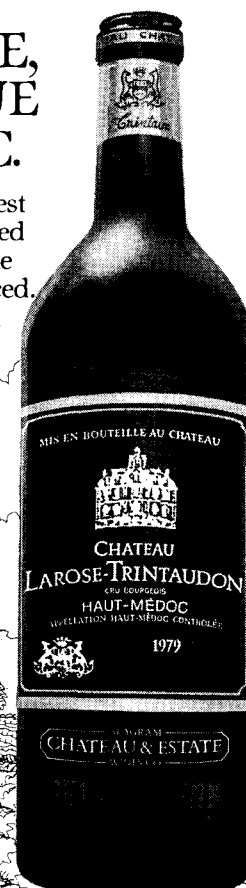
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BEFORE PICKETT CHARGED

BY TOM WICKER

GETTYSBURG: The Second Day
by Harry W. Pfanz.
The University of North Carolina Press,
\$34.95.

THE THREE-DAY BATTLE at Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863, in which Robert E. Lee's second invasion of the North was turned back, is usually described in superlatives—the greatest battle of the Civil War, “the turning point” of the conflict that shaped the nation's history, the apogee of the Confederacy. To some it was the worst of General Lee's battles, in conception and conduct; to others it was the finest hour of the federal Army of the Potomac. Gettysburg is the one Civil War battle that even the meanest student of American history can name, and if she or he knows any other single fact about that battle, it is likely to be that the South lost because Pickett's Charge failed.

With the possible exception of the judgment on Lee's generalship, every assessment in the paragraph above can be and has been challenged; like all battles, Gettysburg was confusing, controversial, and fought by fierce partisans, whose later accounts of what they thought happened tend to shape myth and color opinion even today. It is, for example, highly debatable that when Pickett's men failed to break—only a few even reached—the Union line on Cemetery Ridge, the battle was lost and the Confederacy doomed.

By then, the third day of fighting, it's entirely probable that the battle was *already* lost to the Confederacy; and if defeat at Gettysburg meant that secession ultimately could not succeed, it was the second day's fighting that determined the outcome. Of course, Pickett might have redeemed everything had his attack somehow carried the third day and the field, but it is the burden of Harry W. Pfanz's meticulously researched and immensely detailed account of the fighting on July 2 that its outcome consigned Pickett, hence Lee, to almost certain defeat the next day.

Pfanz is the retired chief historian of the National Park Service, and was for ten years a historian at Gettysburg National Military Park. This background

shows itself in his intimate knowledge of Gettysburg's tricky terrain and his insistence on linking even the slightest features of that hallowed ground to the battle decisions and events he describes. His text and bibliography suggest that he was relentless in tracking down every conceivable unit history, manuscript source, letter home, and other document that might aid his account.

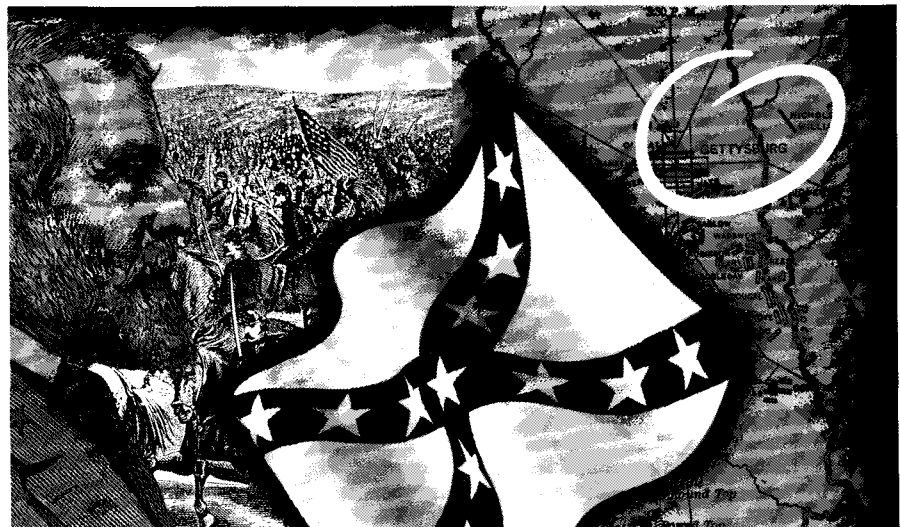
The result is a book so detailed that the sheer accumulation of fact, page after page, and point by point, produces a kind of unassailability. We not only know what generals, corps, and divisions were doing at any point; regiments, companies, and individual soldiers too numerous for a reader to keep track of are followed as well. Pfanz appears to have found out everything that can be known about the fighting on July 2, about the maneuverings that led to it, about the armies that collided so fatefully in the rolling Pennsylvania farm country, and about the men who led them—right down to the sergeants and lieutenants, without whom armies seldom could be led anywhere. Pfanz subscribes to the view that Lee fought the battle rather badly, but not because—as some would have it—he failed to take Longstreet's advice and maneuver his forces into a defensive position between the Federal army and Washington. There's not much to be said for that idea after Pfanz's skeptical analysis of it. Instead Pfanz makes the case that Lee had little choice but to attack General Meade on July 2, despite the strong position the Federals were holding—not least because the inexcusable absence of J.E.B. Stuart and the Confederate cavalry had left Lee without vital intelligence and patrol services.

As for *how* Lee fought at Gettysburg, Pfanz is less forgiving—particularly with regard to the southern leader's custom of allowing his corps commanders great leeway in the tactical deployment and command of their troops, and his reluctance to give peremptory orders. His battle plan for July 2 was badly, perhaps fatally, delayed as a consequence. Pfanz also believes that Lee did not properly use General Richard Ewell's corps, letting it stand relatively inactive before the Federal right, when these excellent troops might have bolstered the Confederate attack on the center and the left.

The Confederates fought well on July 2; Longstreet said his corps's assault that afternoon was "the best three hours' fighting ever done by any troops on any

battle-field." The author does not dispute this expansive testimonial but meets it by saying that "the performance of the Union forces mirrored it, but less brightly." For one thing, they outnumbered Lee's army, twenty-two brigades to eleven (although southern brigades usually were somewhat larger). For another, the Army of the Potomac held the high ground throughout, a fact of which Longstreet was acutely conscious and that contributed to his reluctance to give battle at that time and place.

At least at Gettysburg, moreover, Meade was a more effective hands-on commander than Lee. He personally directed even small-unit troop deployments and saw to it that his orders were carried out. Above all, he concentrated his army quickly and in the right place; and he was as willing as Lee to fight—



which not all of the several previous commanders of the Army of the Potomac had been. (Since this account does not go beyond July 2, Meade's slowness in pursuit of the defeated Confederates, who had the Potomac River to cross, is not discussed.)

After the second day's fighting ended in darkness, leaving the field to the wounded and dead—about 6,000 casualties on the Confederate side and 9,000 on the Federal—the decisive nature of the day's events was well summed up in an exchange between Meade and one of his subordinates, General John Newton. Newton said that Meade should feel gratified, and Meade asked why he thought so. Newton put it in a nutshell: "Why, they have hammered us into a solid position they cannot whip us out of." The next day Lee and Pickett were to learn the truth of Newton's words.

CONCENTRATING ON the second day at Gettysburg, Pfanz has no alternative but to leave us hanging at the end, because of his amply proven thesis that Lee's

opportunity to win a decisive victory . . . had all but passed when complete success had eluded his attacking divisions on the afternoon and evening of 2 July. General Lee still hoped for ultimate success on 3 July. That hope would rest in Pickett's Charge.

Of course the author has every right to focus on what he considers the fighting that really mattered, and the Pickett's Charge of myth and romance does need to be historically reduced to its proper proportion. Yet that charge *was* the climax if not the crucial action of the battle, it did represent as symbolically as any action could the cresting of the Con-

federate cause, and it posed for romantic hearts one of those great what-ifs by which a disappointing world might have become a far different place.

"For every Southern boy fourteen years old, not once, but whenever he wants it," Faulkner wrote in *Intruder in the Dust*,

there is the instant when it's still not yet two o'clock on that July afternoon in 1863, the brigades are in position behind the rail fence, the guns are laid and ready in the woods and the furled flags are already loosened to break out and Pickett himself with his long oiled ringlets and his hat in one hand probably and his sword in the other . . . and it's all in the balance, it hasn't happened yet, it hasn't even begun yet . . . and that moment doesn't need even a fourteen-year-old boy to think *This time. Maybe this time.* . . . □

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BRIEF REVIEWS



THE MYSTERY OF THE BAYEUX TAPES-TRY by David J. Bernstein. *University of Chicago Press, \$29.95.* Aside from the fact that it exists, nothing about the Bayeux tapestry is known with certainty—not who commissioned it, or who designed it, or who embroidered it, or where, or when, or for what purpose. The situation offers a wide field for scholarly speculation, and Professor Bernstein has taken intelligent advantage of it. His comparison of certain figures in the tapestry with illustrations in books known to have been in religious libraries at Canterbury in the eleventh century does make plausible that that city was the source of the tapestry and its designer an Anglo-Saxon artist with ecclesiastical connections. Would an Anglo-Saxon artist, the author asks, have meekly recorded the Norman Conquest entirely from the Norman point of view? Once Professor Bernstein begins pointing out ambiguities in the work, he finds enough of them to require consideration of his theory that the Norman patron (presumably William's half-brother, Bishop Odo) got more in that decoration than he ever realized. The case necessarily remains not proven, but the detective work is consistently intriguing and is supported by well-chosen illustrations.

LINDBERGH'S SON by John Vernon. *Viking, \$17.95.* The reader is asked to believe that Mr. Vernon's first-person narrator is a brain preserved in a laboratory jar. When the owner was intact and at large, he suffered what must be one of the most complicated identity crises ever concocted by an author bent on bewildering his audience. That Charles Cooper—the brain in question—thought himself to be either the kidnapped or an illegitimate son of Charles Lindbergh is merely the start of a family history convoluted beyond reasonable endurance or belief.

REBELS FROM WEST POINT by Gerard A. Patterson. *Doubleday, \$16.95.* In 1861 a Confederate officer wrote, "There is

one West Pointer, I think in Missouri little known and where I hope the Northern people will not find out. I mean Sam Grant. I knew him well at the Academy and in Mexico. I should fear him more than any of their officers have yet heard of. He is not a man of genius but he is clear-headed, quick and daring." It was a peculiar feature of the Civil War that "officers of either side... knew each other's tendencies and capacities too well," a fact that may have contributed to the frankness with which the West Pointers under Lee squabbled for promotion and denounced each other's failings. Men probably did the same thing in the Federal army, but that is not Mr. Patterson's concern. He offers an account of the West Pointers who joined the southern side—their reasons, their eccentricities, their accomplishments and their generally unhappy fates. His book is primarily a collection of character sketches and anecdotes of personal relationships, with no more battlefield action than is required for the clarification of individual conduct. It is an unusual sort of history, but absorbing, because it presents a group of brave, capable, flawed, and extremely varied human beings.

THE BODY IN THE BILLIARD ROOM by H.R.F. Keating. *Viking, \$15.95.* Mr. Keating's modest Indian sleuth, Inspector Ghote, is here set to unravel a murder mystery that is in fact a spoof of its own genre. It is also a mischievous lampoon of that genre's addicts, one of whom is on the spot and determined to convert Ghote into an ersatz Poirot.

LIFE: A User's Manual by Georges Perec translated by David Bellos. *Godine, \$24.95.* The setting of this long and strange novel, which won the Prix Médicis in France, is a Parisian apartment house containing tenants of widely assorted financial positions. The histories of most of these people are given in folk tale style—that is, anecdotally, without exploration of character or analysis of motive. Their quarters, on the other hand, are described in enormous detail with wallpaper, pictures, furniture, bric-a-brac, and books conscientiously inventoried. All this gear—and at one point the author devotes two and a half pages to the morning-after debris of a party—is mildly hideous and has little if any relation to the proceedings of the owners. The text also contains mathematical puzzles, verbal conundrums, and quota

ions from numerous and seemingly irrelevant sources. The exceptional and pivotal figure in this carousel is Bartlebooth, a mad Englishman whose motives do not go unexplained. Equipped with plenty of money and a vast indifference to "what wealth generally brings," Bartlebooth has decided "in the face of the inextricable incoherence of things" to devote his life to "an arbitrarily constructed programme with no purpose outside its own completion." The inextricable incoherence of things is presumably the basic theme of the late Georges Perec's work, but this pessimistic view of life is dramatized with inventiveness, audacity, and even humor.

TOMB OF THE EAGLES by John W. Hedges. *New Amsterdam*, \$11.95. The Orkney Islands are well supplied with undisturbed Neolithic structures, one of which is an ossuary officially called Isbister and known familiarly as the Tomb of the Eagles, because the proprietors deposited eagle carcasses along with the bones of their dead. Mr. Hedges, an experienced archaeologist and an authority on the Northern Isles, has used the remains at Isbister as the starting point for a careful and convincing reconstruction of the organization of Stone Age society in the Orkneys. The book is detailed and methodical, because the author assumes that his readers will have a serious interest in his somewhat remote subject matter, but immersed in his sober prose is the story of a most unusual and wryly funny archaeological dig.

SPANGLE by Gary Jennings. *Atheneum*, \$21.95. Mr. Jennings's novel opens at Appomattox Court House, from which Sergeant Yount and Colonel Edge of the lately defunct Confederate Army head vaguely west. They are men without family, property, or any trade but soldiering, and when they meet a ramshackle circus, they join it. It is the circus—Florian's Flourishing Florilegium—that becomes the real protagonist of this picaresque tale, attracting and losing performers, wandering about Europe, dodging wars, outlasting revolutions, and steadily instructing the reader in the peculiar jargon and wily devices of the profession. Mr. Jennings must have found much pleasure in collecting the circus lore incorporated in his story and in inventing the exotic characters who populate it. Readers in search of uncomplicated pleasure will be grateful to him.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers to the November Puzzles

"CONNECT THE DOTS"

Dotted letters spell Pointillism, Georges Seurat

1. PERIOD PIE(r)CES; PAN(PIP)ES 2. (appr)OVAL; HO(M)LY 3. GRIN-GO 4. HYP(N)OS 5. HA(TIN)G 6. A-V(AR)ICE; L(I)AC (*call rev.*) 7. DR(O)OL (*lord rev.*); NAMELY (anag.) 8. LEG(I)RON 9. IGLOO (hidden); JIG-GLE (*leg anag.*) 10. DIOCES-E (anag. + e); H(O'S)E 11. ME-GRIM; SEMIT-ONE (*Times rev.*) 12. A-GOG(o); ENERGY (anag. minus *all*) 13. S(E)ATED; NI-LE (rev.) 14. S(LIP-SH)OD 15. TRI-COT (pun); C(A)-ROM 16. G-RAINY 17. LOSE (homophone) 18. AD-I-POSE 19. S-(ASH)AY; RH(A-PS)ODY 20. LED-A 21. AM-USED 22. B-A-RELY; M-AR(SEILLA)ISE (*allies rev.*) 23. A-MEN; S(AM)PAN 24. TREY (homophone); HA-BITS (pun)

H	O	M	I	L	Y	S	A	M	P	A	N
A	V	A	R	I	C	E	M	L	E	D	A
B	A	R	E	L	Y	M	E	G	R	I	M
I	L	S	H	A	T	I	N	G	I	P	E
T	R	E	Y	C	R	T	D	R	O	O	L
S	L	I	P	S	H	O	D	A	D	S	Y
J	E	L	N	P	A	N	P	I	P	E	S
I	G	L	O	O	P	E	C	N	I	L	E
G	I	A	S	A	S	H	A	Y	E	H	A
G	R	I	N	G	O	T	R	I	C	O	T
L	O	S	E	O	D	I	O	C	E	S	E
E	N	E	R	G	Y	A	M	U	S	E	D

ACROSTIC NO. 28

"A palindrome is a word, like . . . kayak, tenet or repaper, or a phrase or sentence, like 'Enid and Edna dine,' that reads the same backwards as forwards. The longest known palindromic word is saippukauppia. It is a . . . Finnish word meaning 'soap-seller.'"

—Gyles Brandreth, *Word Games*

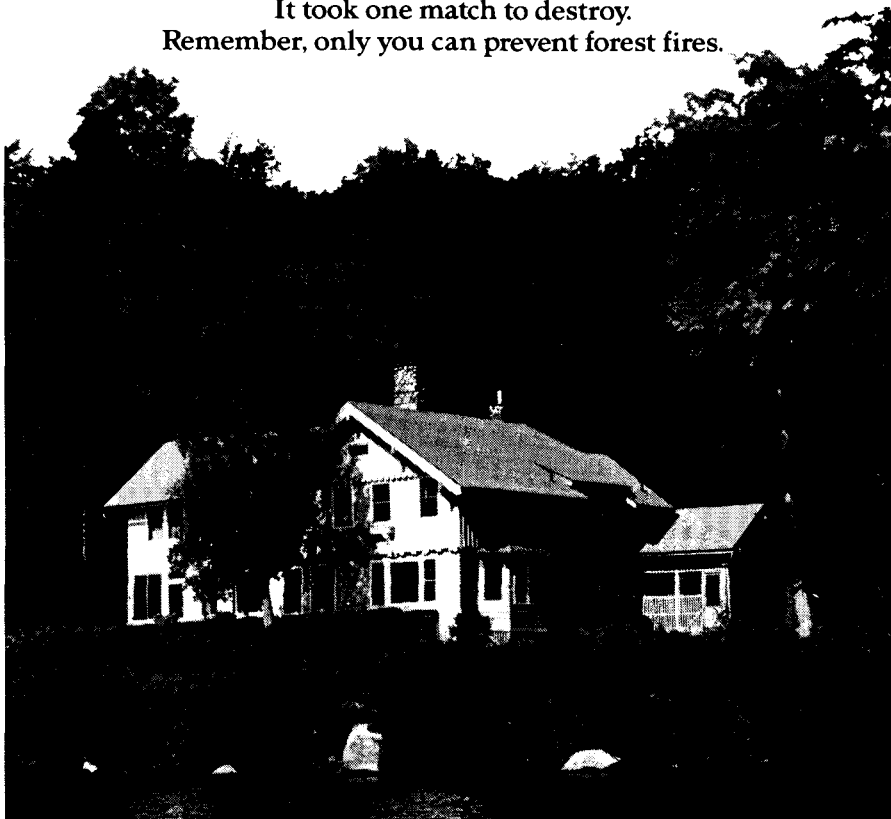


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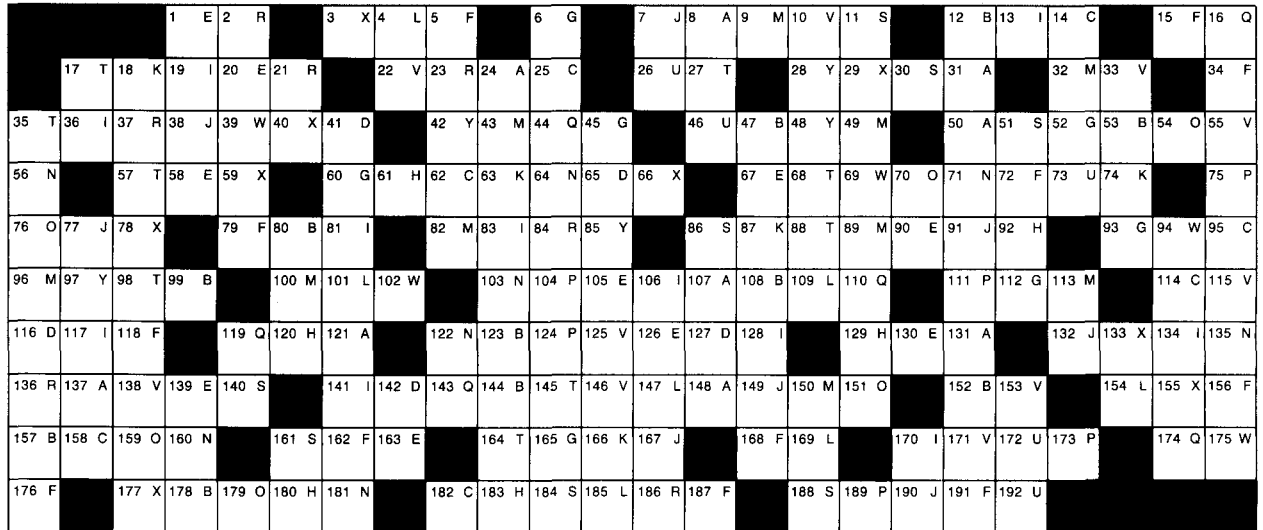
Remember, only you can prevent forest fires.



ACROSTIC No. 29

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 28 appears on page 111.

- | | | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|--|-------------------------------------|
| A. With B., break the news (7 wds.) | 148 31 137 24 8 131 50 107 121 | M. On occasion (3 wds.) | 96 9 100 89 49 113 32 43 82 150 |
| B. See A. | 152 123 53 80 12 157 144 47 108 | N. Establisher of the Pax Romana | 181 64 135 56 160 71 103 122 |
| | 178 99 | O. Environmentalist party of W. Germany | 151 159 76 54 179 70 |
| C. Hitchcock classic of 1940 | 14 158 182 25 62 114 95 | P. Watutsi homeland | 124 75 189 104 173 111 |
| D. Light theatrical entertainment | 41 142 127 116 65 | Q. Troy's commander after the death of Hector | 174 110 119 16 44 143 |
| E. Highly amused (2 wds.) | 126 58 105 20 1 90 67 130 163 139 | R. Tool for cutting sugar cane | 186 23 37 136 84 2 21 |
| F. The Count of Monte Cristo (2 wds.) | 187 34 15 168 79 176 118 191 162 | S. Pop music genre (2 wds.) | 188 51 30 140 86 161 184 11 |
| | 156 72 5 | T. N.Y. hotel where the Round Table literary club met | 57 88 164 68 98 17 145 35 27 |
| G. Barking deer of S. Asia | 93 165 112 45 60 6 52 | U. Japanese assassin | 192 26 172 46 73 |
| H. Folksinger known for African motifs | 120 92 183 129 180 61 | V. Presidential headquarters (2 wds.) | 33 125 55 22 115 146 153 171 10 138 |
| I. Foundling abused by Mr. Bumble (2 wds.) | 13 117 19 83 128 141 106 170 134 | W. <i>Mariner 2</i> destination | 39 94 175 69 102 |
| | 36 81 | X. Swiss symbol of purity | 40 59 78 133 3 155 29 66 177 |
| J. Pre-Raphaelite poet and painter | 77 38 7 132 91 167 190 149 | Y. "Away with him! he speaks _____" (Henry VI, Part 2) | 28 48 42 97 85 |
| K. Drama by Peter Shaffer | 87 63 18 74 166 | | |
| L. <i>Our Gang</i> character | 4 154 169 101 109 147 185 | | |

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SCOTTISH? Looking for information about your Scottish ancestry, clan societies or Scotland? Write COSCA, P.O. Box 778-E, Morgantown, WV 26505.

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YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92672-1053. (714) 492-2976.

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DILIGENT FREE SEARCH. Send author, title to: Hawthorne Boulevard Books, 3129 Southeast Hawthorne, Portland, OR 97214. (503) 236-3211.

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GOVERNMENT HOMES from \$1.00 (U-repair). Twenty states. Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call: (805) 687-6000, extension GH-20061, for repossession list.

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RECORDS: CLASSICAL — Rare, hard-to-find. For listing, write: The Fine Arts Company, Box 2064, Station A, Berkeley, CA 94702.

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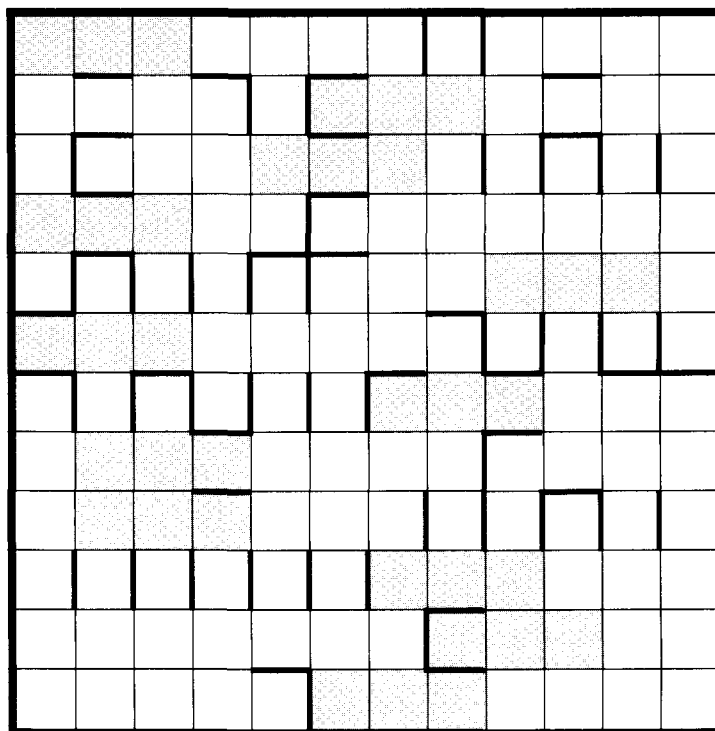
American Library Association

THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

SEGMENTS

Clues, both Across and Down, are listed entirely randomly. Solvers must puzzle out where the answers belong in the diagram with help from the shaded Across segments, whose letters contribute, in order, to a whole. Answers include five proper nouns.



*The answers to last month's
Puzzler appear on page 111.*

CLUES

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Shelter from cold hail (4) | 14. Footwear includes military garb (6) | 27. Princess speaks about beginning of marital shocks (7) |
| 2. Engulfed in rum, for instance, one gets sicker (8) | 15. Caller is again set up (6) | 28. Fire makes tip of cigarette more thoroughly burnt (7) |
| 3. Grass around school has an unhappy look (4) | 16. Get very angry, reversing about 100 laws (7) | 29. Audibly hot review (7) |
| 4. Soldier sees unlimited tribe of Indians (6) | 17. Describe part of tree for audience (4) | 30. Ship I set adrift in worst condition (8) |
| 5. Jacket has split around in back (5) | 18. Congress must come back after one to make cuts (4) | 31. Offensive smell upset routine start of feast (5) |
| 6. Germ-free space—it gets polluted (7) | 19. Teens did dances assigned in advance (8) | 32. Important date, to patron of an art (5) |
| 7. Stranger raises hotels in Eastern countries (6) | 20. Insufficiently record Nebraska river (6) | 33. Justices of the Peace consuming all but the first of Christmas drinks (6) |
| 8. Governess expected Ann back (6) | 21. Write "a" for "n" to make "garment" (5) | 34. One-act plays: gassy stuff? (6) |
| 9. Actor bringing large amount of guffawing? (8) | 22. Bill Ashe, oddly, is boring (4) | 35. Cut off first of ships' passages (6) |
| 10. Man traps auditors in vehicle (6) | 23. Braces for cold rains coming up (6) | 36. Running a temperature, feel rib dislocated (7) |
| 11. Run into rich man's campus group (4) | 24. Company in Joe's appearing tipsily merry (6) | 37. Holds tureens unstably (7) |
| 12. Equine circles past low spot (5) | 25. Half-sexless stripper finally performing—some nerve (6) | 38. Jack goes fishing and makes loud noises (7) |
| 13. Sign for peace in Christmas book (5) | 26. German agreement on cookware varnish (5) | 39. Source of fire is not as serious (7) |
| | | 40. Composer's horn section mostly keeping him disheartened (6) |

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to 'The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

amnesty consumer *noun*, a former illegal alien who has resided in the United States for five years or more, has been granted legal resident status under the provisions of the Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1986, and has accumulated enough capital by working to obtain the credit needed to buy durable goods and real estate: "One group of Hispanics that should be watched closely . . . are *amnesty consumers*" (*American Demographics*).

BACKGROUND: This term was coined last June by Carlos Arce, the president of NuStats, Inc., a market-research firm in Austin, Texas. In an interview Arce pointed out that 2.5 million people will have become *amnesty consumers* by May of 1988. Arce said that *amnesty consumers*, free at last to lay the paper trails that heretofore could have resulted in their detection and deportation, are now "ready to buy." He characterized *amnesty consumers* as determined, industrious, conservative, and clever.

Cassingle *trademark*, a pre-recorded magnetic cassette containing only one musical selection: "Prince's 'Sign of the Times' and Bryan Adams' 'Heat of the Night' are the beginnings of what retailers concede is another ripple in the new wave—the 'cassette single' . . . Industry pressure is pushing for the 'cassette single' moniker, but look for it to be shortened to 'cassingle' by consumers who don't care that IRS Records has copyrighted that name" (*Washington Post*).

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.

BACKGROUND: *Cassingle*, a blend of *cassette* and *single*, dates back to the early 1980s, when the cassette boom was still in its initial stages. The popularity of cassettes was increased by the proliferation of the Sony Walkman and similar compact cassette players. At the same time, sales of 45 rpm records and LPs began what has turned into a dramatic downward spiral. Today the 45 seems "destined to expire," according to a June 11, 1987, article in the *Boston Globe*. *Cassingle* has been a proprietary mark of International Records Syndicate, Inc., since June of 1982, according to the U.S. Trademark Association.

IC *abbreviation*, innocent civilian: "It was standard Vietnam cover-up. Whenever a few ICs—innocent civilians—were killed by mistake—or in less blameless ways—you came up with a hair-raising story of a firefight. No one questioned you" (Nelson DeMille, *Word of Honor*).

BACKGROUND: Nelson DeMille glosses *IC*, a term whose precise origin is unknown, for the benefit of readers who never were *in-country*, and well he might: the Vietnam conflict spawned an entirely new jargon, as is reflected in the great number of books on that war

which contain glossaries. Other terms in the jargon include *BC*, for "body count"; *mighty mite*, a commercial air blower used for injecting tear gas or poisonous gas into tunnels; *crispie critter*, a soldier who has been burned to death; *beehive*, an artillery round filled with hundreds of tiny metal darts; *cut a chogie*, to move out quickly from a position, an expression that goes back to the Korean War; and *MOOSE*, for "move out of Saigon expeditiously."

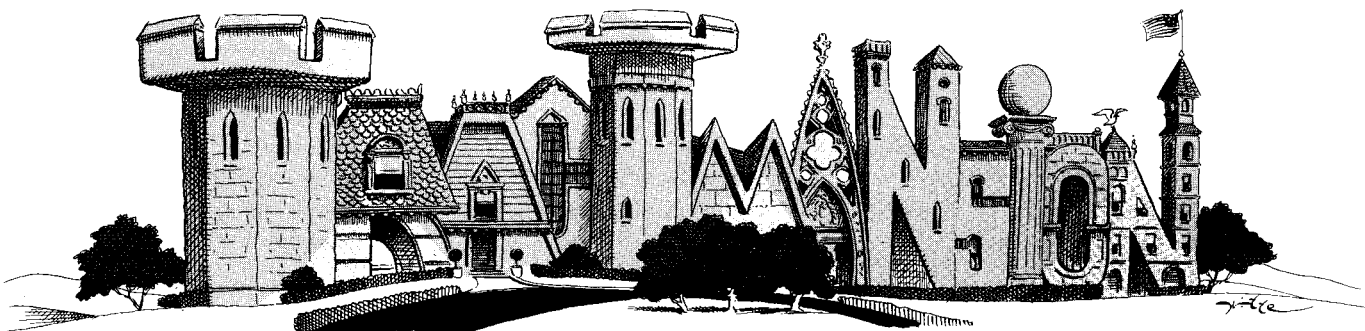
tract mansion *noun*, a new luxury home measuring no less than 12,000 square feet and situated in an exclusive development: "The number of luxury-housing developments, subdivisions of 20 to 100 or more so-called *tract mansions* with prices approaching the \$1 million mark, has sharply increased in the past several years" (*Washington Post*). Also called *megahouse*.

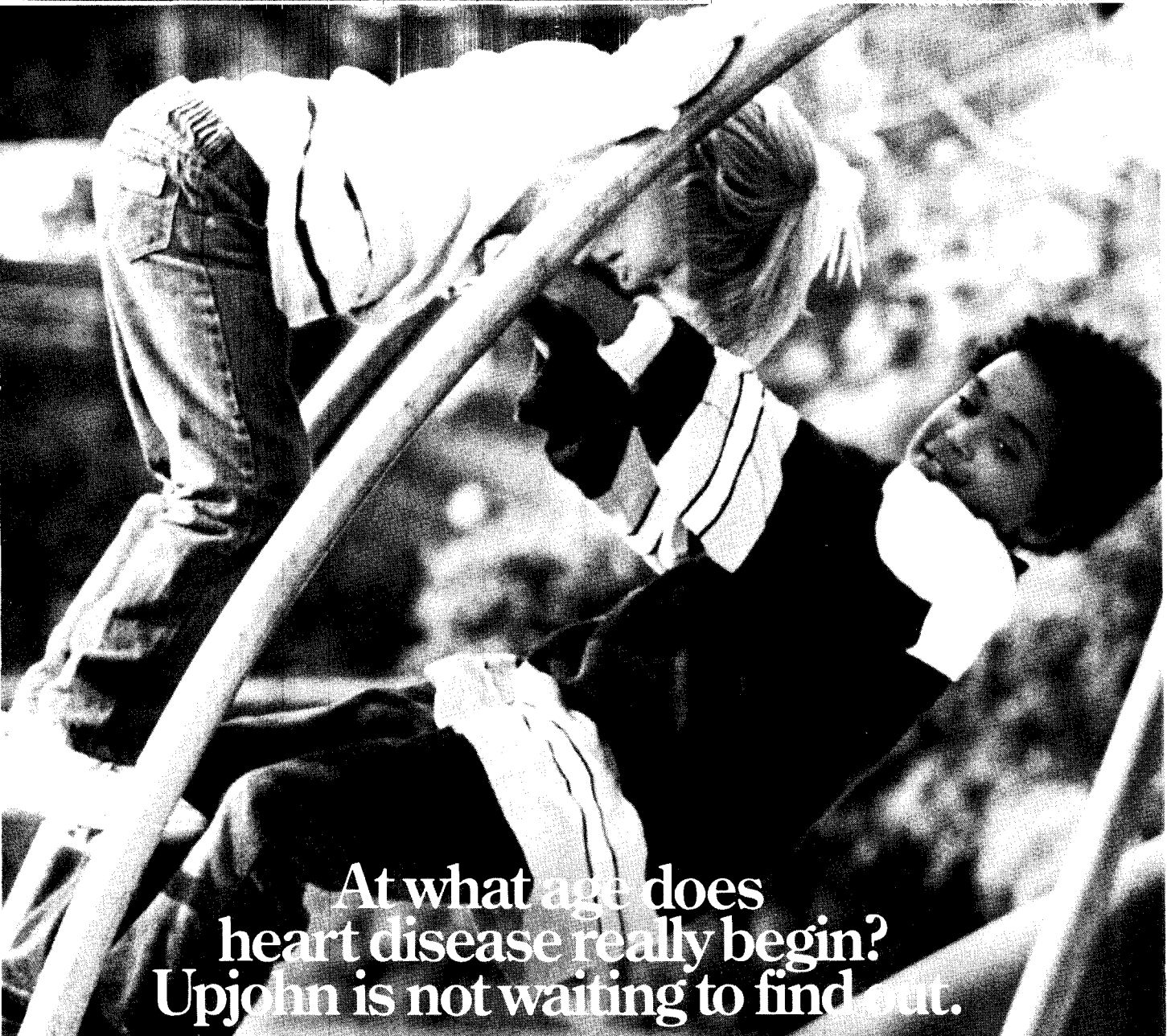
BACKGROUND: According to an article in the May 20, 1987, *Wall Street Journal*, construction of *tract mansions* began in the early 1980s. *Tract mansions*, built by developers before buyers have been found, reflect the taste and expectations of wealthy people who believe that colossal means arrival. A typical *tract mansion* is not contemporary in design; the style

may vary from brick Colonial to Tudor, Mediterranean to Gothic. The mansions can have as many as five floors, connected by elevators and grandiose staircases. Other popular features are dining rooms equipped for banquet serving, living rooms the size of basketball courts, master bedrooms with his and her bathrooms and dressing rooms—perhaps each equipped with a fireplace and wine rack—and poolside spa with wet bars and waterfalls.

universal reactor *noun*, a person who is allergic to a majority of the components of the environment—for example air, water, food, housing, and drugs: "Known medically as a *universal reactor*, [she] is allergic to practically everything. He doctor prescribed living on the beach as the best thing for her health" (*Los Angeles Times*).

BACKGROUND: According to Dr. William Rhea, the director of the Environmental Health Center, in Dallas, terms related to *universal reactor* include *environmentally ill* (often shortened to *EI*), *total-allergy syndrome*, *20th-century disease*, and *chemmi* (which denotes a person who is especially sensitive to man-made chemical products). The branch of the health-care profession concerned with such matters is called *clinical ecology* or *environmental medicine*. Some specialists in *clinical ecology* subscribe to the controversial theory that "man-made pollution is the cause of systemic allergic illness" (*American Journal of Medicine*).





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DEWAR'S PROFILE:

KRIS KRINGLE

HOME: The North Pole.

AGE: Ageless.

PROFESSION: President and CEO, World Gift Distribution Network.

HOBBY: "When you only work one day a year, you need a lot of em."

LAST BOOK READ: The Book of Lists, David Wallechinsky, et al.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Determining who's been naughty or nice.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "There'd be a lot of unhappy people if I didn't."

PROFILE: Jovial, ubiquitous, philanthropic. "He travels fastest who travels alone."

QUOTE: "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

84 2325

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